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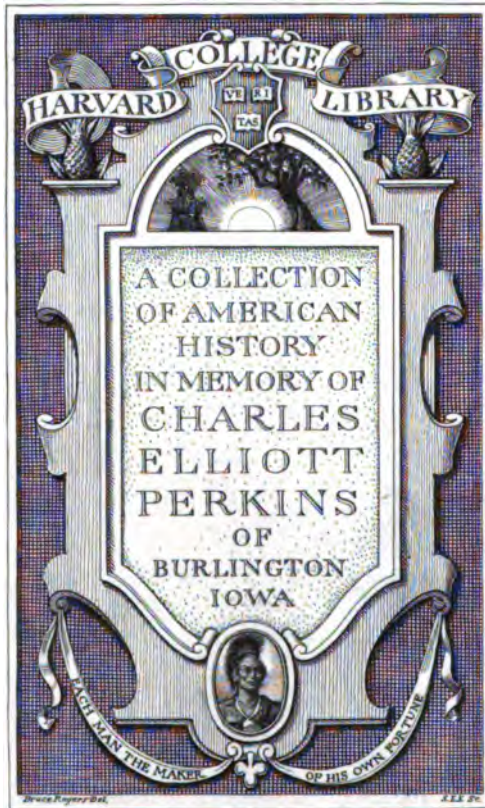
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THE GIFT OF HIS DAUGHTER
ALICE FORBES PERKINS HOOPER

John
"SEEK YE OUT OF THE BEST BOOKS WORDS OF WISDOM."

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, INDUSTRY, BIOGRAPHY,
CURRENT EVENTS, TRAVEL, HUMOR,
EDUCATION, ETC., ETC.

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, EDITOR.

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PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR.

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Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

PRESIDENT JOHN TAYLOR.



WE PRESENT with this biographical sketch of President John Taylor, an excellent portrait of that distinguished man. While in the full vigor of manhood he was decidedly handsome, and even in his latest years his appearance was most venerable and dignified, his figure retaining to the last its erect poise, while his demeanor was urbane and gentlemanly. His height was five feet, eleven inches, although, on account of his carriage, it appeared to be fully six feet. He was broad shouldered and deep chested, and altogether of symmetrical build. His features were unusually large, the forehead projecting besides being broad and lofty, the nose heavy, the cheek bones inclined to be high, the chin somewhat protruding, the eyes—of blue grey color—deep set, and the jaws square and massive. The whole countenance betokened him a man of marked character, and he would have been selected as far above ordinary men in any community. His complexion was dark, his hair

having been, in his younger days, of a brown shade not readily distinguishable from black. In his advanced years it was of almost snowy whiteness. Any one not familiar with him would, without hearing him speak, on first sight anticipate that his voice would be a deep bass. On the contrary, however, it was, in ordinary conversation, light and mellow, indicating repose. Notwithstanding the gentleness of the conversational tone, when aroused on any unusual occasion on the rostrum, it was resonant and far-reaching.

He was of a hopeful disposition, and therefore usually cheerful, even when beset with adversity. His courage, both physical and moral, was remarkable, and was frequently displayed throughout his career. His firmness of purpose was extraordinary, necessarily a prominent characteristic in all leaders of men. His ability to freeze opposition to what he considered the proper course to take, is well known to all who were familiar with him. When it was presented a sort of cold, stolid expression would steal over his face and settle in his eyes, giving the other party the impression that any further attempt to divert him from his view or intention would not have the effect of advancing his cause. To his superior

in office, however, he was always deferential, showing his capacity to follow legitimate direction as well as to direct others. He never, however, could be properly accused of expressing any opinions on any subject other than those he actually entertained, no matter as to their coincidence with or antagonism to those held by others. Take him all in all, he was one of the most remarkable men of his time.

President John Taylor was born in Winthrop, Westmoreland County, England, November 1st, 1808. His father's family migrated to Canada in or about the year 1830, and he left his native country and followed them about two years later. Before leaving England he united with the Methodist denomination, and became a local preacher. Soon after arriving in Canada he met Miss Leonora Cannon, daughter of Captain Cannon, of the Isle of Man, but later of Liverpool, who was sister to the father of George Q. Cannon. She was an accomplished young lady of a religious cast of mind, who had gone from England to Canada as a companion to the wife of the Secretary of the colony, and her acquaintance with John Taylor resulted in their marriage, which event occurred after a comparatively brief acquaintance.

He settled in Toronto, where he continued to preach, though he labored for a livelihood at wood-turning. But his mind was preparing for the future that awaited him. He began to understand and teach doctrines which, though Scriptural, were not comprised in the creed of the sect with which he had united, and at length he, together with some of his fellow laborers in the ministry who shared his views, was disciplined before an ecclesiastical tribunal. He refused to recant the

views he had expressed, and his standing in the Methodist church became clouded and uncertain.

In April, 1836, Apostle Parley P. Pratt arrived in Hamilton, Canada, on a mission to that country, to which he had been duly assigned. He was a stranger and almost if not quite penniless, and was in the midst of deep perplexity as to what move he should next make, when a gentleman, previously unknown to him, entered into conversation with him, and gave him some money and a letter of introduction to John Taylor at Toronto. The latter and his wife had been, for about two years prior to this time, members of a society which met at frequent intervals for the purpose of investigating, and enlightening one another upon, the teachings of the Scriptures. The letter of introduction given by the stranger to Elder Pratt was the means of laying the Gospel before John Taylor and his wife, who quickly yielded obedience thereto; and also before the society of honest religious investigators, of which they were members, many of whom were baptized.

For a short time only had John Taylor been a member of the Church before he was ordained to the office of an Elder and called to preside over the Saints in Upper Canada. In 1837 he was ordained a High Priest, and in that or the early part of the following year he gathered with the Saints at Kirtland, having previously visited that place on several occasions.

On July 8th, 1838, in a revelation given through Joseph the Seer, John Taylor was designated as one to be ordained an Apostle, and received into that quorum in the place of a man who had fallen. At about this time he was called to go to Missouri. On the journey thither he preached the Gos-

pel with success, and organized a branch of the Church near Indianapolis, Ind. He encountered, while on the way, some trying experiences with mobocrats. Arrived in Missouri, he located at Far West, and at a conference held Oct. 8th, 1838, he was sustained to fill the vacancy in the quorum of Apostles caused by the fall of John F. Boynton. The High Council took a similar action on Dec. 19th of the same year, on which date he was ordained to the Apostleship. During the tribulations of the Saints in Missouri, and the founding of Nauvoo, he was an example of courage and fidelity, taking an active part in the building of Nauvoo until called to labor in another field.

In August 1839, in company with Wilford Woodruff, a fellow member of the Quorum of Apostles, he started from Nauvoo on a mission to England, leaving his family in a destitute condition. On the way he was taken so violently ill that he appeared to be nigh unto death for a time. His sickness was the cause of his being temporarily separated from his companion, but they met again at New York and embarked for Liverpool, where they arrived Jan. 11th, 1840.

John Taylor was one of that corps of evangelists of this dispensation to whose labors was due the phenomenal success of the great latter-day work in Great Britain during the decade following his arrival in Liverpool. In pursuit of his calling as an Apostle, his tongue and pen were attended with a power, when engaged in the advocacy of the truth, which was in itself a testimony of the divinity of his calling. He was indefatigable in his missionary labors in England, and signalized his calling by introducing the

Gospel into Ireland and the Isle of Man. While on this mission he aided in the publication of an edition of the Book of Mormon, and of a hymn book, in the compilation of which he was associated with Brigham Young and Parley P. Pratt.

He returned to Nauvoo after an absence of about a year and a half, and immediately found himself the occupant of a number of prominent and responsible positions in the midst of the community who were so rapidly making of that city a beautiful metropolis. He became a member of the City Council, a Regent of the Nauvoo University, Judge Advocate of the Nauvoo Legion, editor of the *Times and Seasons* and editor and publisher of the *Nauvoo Neighbor*. His writings during this period and subsequent years evince a profound comprehension of the principles of the Gospel, and are characterized by a lofty devotion to the rights and welfare of man, which afterwards earned for him the title of "Champion of Liberty."

During the three years following his return from his European mission, he was a close associate of Joseph the Seer, and one of his most trusted supporters and confidants. When the Seer's life was doubly imperiled by the ferocity of foes without and the treachery of false brethren within, John Taylor, with a fidelity that knew no more of swerving than does the earth on its appointed course through the heavens, and with a love like that which his name-sake Apostle had for the Savior, steadfastly stood by the side of the Prophet, to do and say what he could to counsel, support and cheer him. With a devotion seldom paralleled, even among those who are bound together by the tenderest ties of most sacred obligations of nature, he

voluntarily forsook home and safety to share the imprisonment and peril of the Prophet and Patriarch, among men who plainly displayed the spirit of murder and a desire to shed the blood of the Seer.

The part the subject of this sketch performed in the awful tragedy of Carthage is a theme for volumes. A single incident of it throws a flood of light upon his character. Armed only with an oaken stick, he stood by the door through which protruded the bayonets of the guns in the hands of the mob, while a deadly hail of bullets was poured into the apartment containing the prisoners. With coolness and dexterity he struck the guns in a manner to foil their aim, and prolong for as many seconds as possible the lives of his associates. He received four bullets in his own body, and would have received the fifth and probably fatal one had it not been intercepted on its deadly mission by his watch. His escape from death was miraculous, and was aided by Willard Richards, who, like himself, was a voluntary prisoner with Joseph and Hyrum, but who, escaping unhurt, concealed John Taylor after he was wounded, under a mattress in a cell in the inner prison. When the mob learned that the Seer and Patriarch were killed, it dispersed, and an opportunity was afforded for John Taylor's friends to rescue him from the jail building. He was conveyed to Nauvoo, three or four days after being wounded, and in time recovered good health, though one of the bullets which struck him near the knee was never extracted.

After the fall of Nauvoo, he went to Winter Quarters and assisted in organizing the "Mormon" Battalion. In 1846 he left his family in the wilder-

ness, and went on another mission to England. It was a short one and he returned from it and came to Utah the following year. In March, 1849, he was elected Associate Justice of the State of Deseret, under the provisional government then being organized, and at the October conference of that year he was chosen to go on a mission to France. While on this mission he supervised the translation and publication of the Book of Mormon in the French language, at Paris. He also published, while in France, a monthly periodical devoted to the promulgation of the Gospel, called *L'Etoile du Deseret*.

From France he went to Hamburg, introduced the Gospel there, and published, in the German language, the Book of Mormon. Here also he established an evangelical periodical called *Zion's Panier*. He returned from this European mission in 1852, reaching Utah in August. While absent upon it he performed a work for the spread of the Gospel, the magnitude of which it is not easy to estimate.

In 1854 he was elected to the Legislative Council, but resigned to assume the presidency of the Saints on the Atlantic sea board. In February, 1855, he began, at New York, the publication of a weekly journal called *The Mormon*. On account of the Utah troubles incident to Buchanan's administration, he was recalled to Utah in 1857, and the publication of *The Mormon* was discontinued.

Since the last mentioned year he has performed no prolonged missions abroad, but has been an active worker at home. He has filled a number of political offices, has traveled a great deal among the settlements of the Saints, and has done more or less literary work.

At the time of the death of President Brigham Young, John Taylor was president of the Quorum of Apostles, upon whom was placed, by that event, the responsibility of presiding over the Church, and he thus became its highest officer. President Young died August 29th, 1877, but not until the semi-annual conference of the Church held in October, 1880, was a First Presidency again organized. In anticipation of that event a vast concourse of Saints had assembled from all the Stakes of Zion. The auditorium of the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, the building in which the conference was held, had been divided in such a manner as to allot to each body of Priesthood an appropriate portion of the seating space. The gallery was occupied by lay members.

The memorable service at which John Taylor was chosen President of the Church was held on the afternoon of the 10th day of October, and the vast building was crowded in every part, the congregation being seated in the order that had been arranged. All of the members of the Quorum of Apostles were in their places upon the stand. The method of voting was fully explained, and the ceremony of choosing the governing quorum of the Church began. Apostle George Q. Cannon announced that it had been "moved that we sustain John Taylor as President, Prophet, Seer and Revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in all the world," and called upon the Quorum of Apostles to vote upon the nomination first. All of the members of that Quorum rose to their feet, in token of their approval of the nomination.

With formal yet simple solemnity the question was put successively to the Seventies, High Priests, Elders, Priests,

Teachers, Deacons and lay members, and when the affirmative vote was called for, each body stood up as if the mind of one person moved the whole mass, in token that all sustained, by their confidence, love, faith and prayers, the venerable chieftain in the position for which he had been named. Finally, as a grand climax to the voting, which had thus far been conducted by taking an expression of its will from each of the bodies named above, separately, the question was put to the great assembly as a whole, which rose to a standing posture as a single man might rise, in a sublime and impressive manifestation of the unity of the whole Church in receiving the leader who had been selected for it. The names of George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, as First and Second Counselors, respectively, to President Taylor, were presented and voted upon in the same manner in which his had been.

The occasion was one of awe mingled with joy. Israel had assembled to exercise a God-given privilege, that of choosing, by common consent, a Presidency of the High Priesthood, a channel through which the word and will of the Almighty might be communicated to the body of His Church. There was not a negative vote. Not only this, but there was felt and manifested, by the assembled Saints, a deep conviction that, in sustaining John Taylor as the successor of Joseph and Brigham, they were doing an act upon which the heavens would smile approvingly, and which would bring blessings upon their own heads.

His administration as President of the Church was characterized in the main by peace, and a steady progress of the work of the Gospel, both at home and abroad, until some time after the passage of the so-called Ed-

munds law in March, 1882. The policy of the federal courts and officials of the Territory in the pretended enforcement of that law, was so extrajudicial and tyrannical as to make indictment and conviction follow arrest with almost unvarying certainty, no matter whether legal evidence of guilt was forthcoming or not. Trials of men charged with violations of that law became farces. Juries were summarily packed to convict, and they did what they were expected to do with remarkable promptness and precision. There was no hope of a fair trial of any defendant, particularly if he happened to be prominent in Church circles, and under these circumstances President Taylor withdrew from sight. After the month of February, 1885, he did not appear in public.

His enforced seclusion and deprivation of needed recreation and exercise, beyond all doubt, hastened his demise. His magnificent physique and splendid constitution, and the excellent state of his health up to the time of his enforced absence from home and its rest and comforts, warrant the belief that he might have lived for years had he been permitted to enjoy liberty. He seems to have been predestined to meet a martyr's death, and he escaped it at the tragedy of Carthage only to grapple with and succumb to it in his old age, and among the mountains he had helped to colonize. In common with Joseph and Hyrum he sealed his testimony with his blood, and though he survived for forty-three years after having shed his life current with theirs, in attestation of the divinity of the work in which the three were leaders, and although, during that long period he was often tried, and compelled to endure many privations, and saw many once trusted brethren fall, he never

faltered. His life after the carnage of Carthage was always in line with the course that had led him to that awful scene, one of unswerving fidelity to the Gospel and to his brethren.

He last appeared in public on Sunday, February 1st, 1885, on which occasion he preached a long discourse. On the evening of that day he took refuge in a suitable place of retirement, beyond the reach of those who, claiming to represent in their official course the government of the United States, would, as he well knew, take delight in casting him into prison, although it was a matter of public notoriety that he had pursued a course in his domestic affairs which was in harmony with the law. He knew the love of his brethren for him, and he also understood to what an extent popular indignation had been aroused by the high-handed course which certain officials had taken on pretense of enforcing the law; and he presumed that, in case of his arrest, a state of public excitement might be created, which he specially desired to avoid. This fear, together with a desire to continue in a position in which he would still be useful to the Saints, more than any regard he entertained for his personal safety, led him to place himself beyond the reach of the minions of the law.

As an illustration of the ferocity with which he was hunted, it is sufficient to relate one incident: One of his wives was attacked with a fatal illness. He was informed of the peril her life was in, and though he loved her as only men having souls like his can love the companions of their younger days, and felt an unspeakable longing to be with her in her dying hours, he knew that an attempt on his part to minister to her, even at such a time, would be interrupted by his in-

stant arrest, as spies watched around the home in which his wife lay dying, eagerly hoping that his affection would overcome his prudence and make him their prey. Confidently relying upon his known character in this regard, and learning that his wife was nigh unto death, men who disgraced the law by misrepresenting it, searched the home of the dying woman in the expectation of finding her husband at her side.

President Taylor suffered several months with disease, among the earlier symptoms of which was a swelling of the lower limbs, due probably to a deprivation of exercise. He resisted the encroachments of the disorder which was sapping his vitality, with the marvelous will power of which he was possessed. But the circumstances

with which a heartless persecution had environed him aided to place victory beyond his reach, in the struggle for a further lease of life, and at length, on the evening of Monday, July 25th, 1887, his spirit took its flight. So peacefully did he pass away that it was some time before the persons in attendance upon him knew that he was dead.

There is an element of melting pathos in the history of his last days, and especially in the circumstances of his death. Aged, venerable and good, hated and hunted only because of his religion, he was made a fugitive. Members of his family and his nearest kindred were denied the privilege of comforting him, or ministering to him in his sufferings; and he died in an exile that was both cruel and unjust.

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

THE CITY OF MEXICO AND ITS ENVIRONS.

IV.

THE Castle of Chapultepec, or the White House of Mexico, is in the western suburbs of the city, and is reached by a most delightful half-hour's ride down the beautiful drive called the *Paseo de la Reforma*, described in a previous article.

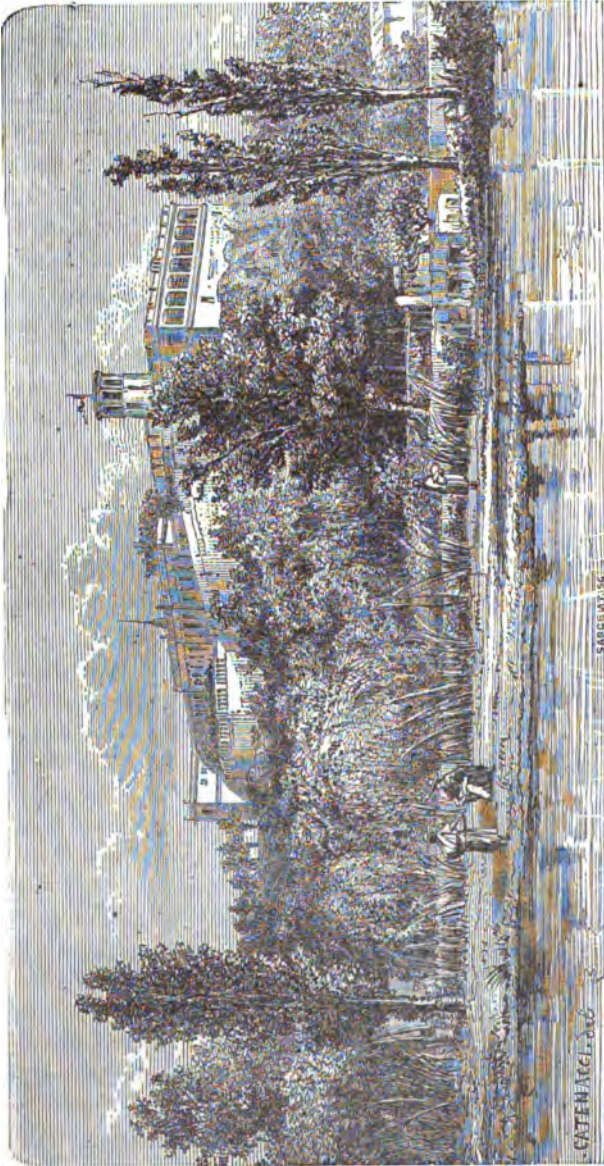
A peculiarity of Mexican landscape often met with, is a single mountain peak suddenly thrusting up its head from a level plain, and many miles distant from companions. Some of these peaks are regular and gravelly, while others are uneven and rugged, often being truncated and presenting the appearance of a defunct volcano. The Castle of Chapultepec is situated on one of these rugged, abrupt up-

heavals of nature, and is surrounded by probably the finest cypress forests in the whole Republic. Some of the trees are sixty feet in circumference and tower to a corresponding height, and all are beautifully draped in grey Spanish moss. They were evidently planted by the hand of man centuries ago, as design is manifested in their arrangement in the form of a beautiful drive around the hill, and in the regularly laid out paths that cross each other, forming huge diamonds and other figures.

This picturesque spot, the ancient home of the Montezumas, has been occupied from time almost immemorial by the rulers of Mexico, and authentic history has woven around it such a

chain of thrilling events, that mythology or legend, be they ever so wonderful, would despair in any attempt to add to the interest that attaches to this historic mount.

above, and adds much to the picturesque of the scene. On one side, not far from the mouth of the cave, is a large spring of clear, pure water which is conveyed to the city in one



THE CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC.

A natural cave on one side of the hill forms a strong and easily guarded under-ground passage to the castle

of the old brick aqueducts built centuries ago by the Aztecs. A portion of the castle is fitted up as a military

school, and is attended by about three hundred cadets. A beautiful monument has been erected just below this part of the castle, to the memory of the cadets who fell while fighting bravely for their country during the assault of the place by General Scott.

This beautiful hill, crowned by a castle whose guns command the valley for leagues on every side, whose heart is pierced by a dark-mouthed cavern, from whose side burst forth copious fountains of crystal waters, and whose approach is guarded on every hand by giant cypress trees that tower to the skies and cast a delightful shade on the grassy carpet beneath, while fertile fields of smiling grain, or huge mag-

ueys stretch out on every side and blend with the mountains in the murky distance, forms a scene which baffles ordinary brush or pen; and, combined with the halo that memorable events have cast around it, forms a royal residence that any ruler might be proud of, and a place well calculated to create profound impressions on the mind of the visitor.

Not far from Chapultepec, but more to the south of the city, are the battle-fields of *Chapultepec*, *Molino del Rey*, and *Cherubusco*, names with which almost every American is familiar, and places of sufficient interest to be worth a visit.

H. C.

THE PLEASURES OF DENTISTRY.

WE ARE told that the late Nero, upon an occasion when he had wearied of the pleasure of burning Christians, and had an unusually bigoted believer left over, cried to his assistants: — "Drag him to the nearest dentist's office, and I will pull his teeth." After that the Emperor never employed any other form of torture, and it is said that he often wept to think that his cherished uncle, Caligula, had been deprived of so acute a pleasure as he derived from the practice.

The ancient tyrants, however, were not able to extract as much enjoyment from the processes of dentistry as the modern professors of that art, by reason of their lesser knowledge of anatomy as well as by the inferiority of their instruments. Nero, for instance, did not know just where to touch a nerve in order to make his victim jump the highest, and neither

did he have a sufficiently delicate instrument to reach the exact spot without lessening the acuteness of the sensation by the irritation of other parts.

The modern dentist, however, has his art down so fine that he is able, while deluding his victim into a sense of security by the narration of the last joke in *Puck*, or the latest witticism of *Life*, to suddenly touch a nerve centre that will transmit a shock of six or seven hundred horse-power from the patient's eyeballs to the tips of his toes in the thousandth part of a second. One dentist is said to have performed this feat with such gratifying success upon a sick woman that he died of joy.

Another advantage that the modern dentist enjoys, which was denied the Roman inquisition, is the buzz-wheel suspended above the operating chair

and worked by the professional pedal extremity. The ecstasy of a dentist after he has thrust a gimlet operated by the buzz-wheel clear through the roots of a victim's tooth, and is grinding it with his foot at the rate of 3,000 revolutions per minute, varies in direct ratio with the expression of agony on the other's countenance; and scientific authorities declare that if the dentist had sufficient vital force to continue the exercise for more than four minutes and thirty-three seconds, consecutively, the extravagance of his glee would undoubtedly impair his reason. But it is, perhaps, from the actual putting of the gold into the tooth that the dentist extracts the most satisfaction. Having drilled a hole from the top of the tooth through the jaw and as far into the bone as possible, the dentist gags his victim with two or three napkins, fastens a rubber apron into the back of the throat with a steal clasp, and pauses to gloat upon him. Next he chops up the gold with a small hatchet, places it upon a swinging table before the unfortunate victim, heats it in a lamp and then gloats again. Then he seizes a pair of tongs with which the gold is placed in the cavity, and prepares to beat it down solid. This is

effected in different ways by different dentists. Some of the milder operators use a pile-driver, but the more savage type of dentist holds the gold in place with a crow-bar, while a feminine assistant pounds the end of the crow-bar with a sledge-hammer. Being broken on the wheel is amusement for the victim compared with this process, and the rack a pleasant sensation.

It is a sad fact that dental mania is on the increase, as is indicated by the frequent signs of "Teeth Filled While You Wait" in our business blocks. The legislature should regulate the traffic in the interests of the dentists themselves, since the practice of the profession is conducive to mendacity. The experienced victim always knows, for instance, when the dentist says, "Now, this will not hurt," that a tide is coming in his affairs that will make him wish his parents had died before they met each other. The most learned ecclesiasts are now inclining to the belief that the outer darkness, referred to in the Scriptures, is only a figurative allusion to the dentist's chair, which is borne out by the declaration that there shall be weeping and filling of teeth.

From the Youth's Companion.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

"Do NOT speak to the man at the wheel" is printed on the wheelhouse of many sea-going steamers. Why must the man at the wheel not be spoken to?

Because during his two hours' turn, his attention ought to be fixed upon his compass. Let him turn to a passenger to answer a question, and the ves-

sel will depart slightly from her course. Time will be lost, force will be wasted, and the steersman will hear a short, sharp word from the officer of the deck, calling him back to his duty.

The compass is the very eye of the ship. A skilful seaman, using the knowledge which the compass has already given him, could navigate a ves-

sel across the Atlantic—in time. It is the compass that enables the captain to shoot his arrowy steamer over the trackless sea in less than a week, through fog, darkness, and storm, without swerving from his course.

Man possesses few instruments more valuable than this, and yet no one knows who invented it. If we ask the Chinese, the people who invented so many useful things, they point to some obscure passages in their ancient books which do not prove their claim. If the Chinese had the compass, why did they not use it? From time immemorial their lumbering junks hugged the shore, and rarely ventured further out to sea than to Japan, which is only a few miles from the coast of Asia.

If we ask the Greeks, we begin to get a little light on the subject, for the Greeks at least knew something of the attractive power of the magnet.

They tell us in their mythological way, that a shepherd named Magnes, while pasturing his flock upon Mount Ida, found one day that the iron at the end of his staff adhered to the ground and to the nails upon his shoes. He picked up some of the dark-colored stones under his feet, brought them home with him, and thus gave to mankind a knowledge of the magnet, which was named after him.

The Greeks were great story-tellers. They had their legend about everything, and this about Magnes is one of them, from which we can at least learn that they were acquainted with the magnet's power of attraction; but they knew nothing of that valuable quality which it imparts to the needle of the compass. They knew no method of steering vessels in the open sea except by the stars, the flight of birds, and glimpses of the distant headlands.

Nor did the Romans. The Roman writers were lost in wonder at the magnet's attractive power, but there their knowledge of it ended. The elder Pliny speaks of it with the simple amusement of a little child.

"What is there in existence," he asks, "more inert than a piece of rigid stone? And yet, behold! Nature has here endowed stone with both sense and hands. What is there more stubborn than hard iron? Nature has in this instance bestowed upon it both feet and intelligence. It allows itself, in fact, to be attracted by the magnet. The moment the metal comes near it, it springs toward the magnet, and, as it clasps it, is held fast in the magnet's embraces."

This was written about the year seventy of our era, and there is no proof that any one in the world had yet detected the marvellous power of the magnet to impart to a piece of iron the propensity to point to the north. The passage in the New Testament which describes the eventful voyage and shipwreck of St. Paul, speaks (Acts 28: 13) of "fetching a compass," but the new version gives a better translation, "we *made a circuit*, and came to Rhegium." No Mediterranean pilot in the time of St. Paul steered his bark by the aid of the magnetic needle.

It was at some time near the end of the twelfth century of the Christian era that the mysterious power of the magnet upon the needle became known to a few of the learned men of Europe. Probably, the knowledge of it was brought to them by the Crusaders returning from the Holy Land, and there is much reason to believe that this power of the magnet was first observed by the Arabs, an ingenious race, and the most skilful travelers in the Middle

Ages, whether on land or sea. The Crusaders began to return home in numbers about A. D. 1100, and the knowledge of the magnetic needle gradually spread over the north of Europe. The bold Norwegians seem to have been the first to use the needle in navigating the sea.

In the year 1258, a learned Italian, named Brunetto Latini, who was afterwards tutor to the poet Dante, traveled in England, and visited, at Oxford, Friar Roger Bacon, a man devoted to the pursuit of science.

Latini wrote letters home to his friends, in one of which he says that Friar Bacon showed him, among other things, "a black, ugly stone called a magnet, which has the surprising property of drawing iron to it, and upon which, if a needle be rubbed and afterwards fastened to a straw, so that it shall swim upon water, the needle will instantly turn toward the Polar Star; so that, be the night ever so dark, neither moon nor star visible, yet shall the mariner be able, by the help of this needle, to steer his vessel aright."

Here we have the fact plainly stated, as it had been known to a few persons in England and France for many years. Friar Bacon imparted this knowledge to the Italian traveller as a dreadful secret, perilous to disclose to the common people, and still more perilous to make known to the ordinary priests of the age. Latini explains the reason, and in truth, Roger Bacon passed ten years of his life a prisoner, partly because he knew a little too much of the secrets of nature, and partly because he advocated the reform of the church.

"This discovery," continues Latini, "which appears useful in so great a degree to all who travel by sea, must remain concealed until other times; because no master-mariner dares to use

it, lest he should fall under the supposition of being a magician; nor would even the sailors venture themselves out to sea under his command, if he took with him an instrument which carries so great an appearance of being constructed under the influence of some infernal spirit."

These two learned men conversed upon this wondrous quality of the magnet, and they looked forward to some happier time, when men should be more enlightened, and not afraid to make researches in natural science. "Then," said Latini, "mankind will reap the benefit of the labors of such men as Friar Bacon, and bestow honor upon them, instead of obloquy and reproach."

Neither Bacon nor Latini lived to see that better time for which they hoped. When they had been dead a hundred and fifty years, the Portuguese, under Prince Henry, the Navigator, were using the compass in their voyages down the African coast. In a few years the Madeiras and the other Atlantic groups were discovered by its assistance.

The Cape of Good Hope was turned, and India reached by sea. One of the mariners formed in the school of Prince Henry was a man destined to put the compass to the sublime use of discovering a new world.

Seamen did not long employ so awkward an instrument as a needle floating in a straw on a basin of water. About the year 1300 an Italian navigator, named Flavio Gioja, there is good reason to believe, constructed the compass such as we now commonly have, a needle mounted upon a pivot, and enclosed in a box.

The Italian word for compass is *bossola*, which signifies box; and from this the French word for compass is

derived, *boussole*, which also means box.

These were admirable improvements, and made such an impression that the improver is frequently spoken of as the inventor of the compass. The true inventor was the unknown man—when did he live, and where did he live? no one can tell—who first observed that a needle, rubbed by the magnet, has an inclination to point to the north.

One curious fact remains to be mentioned. The modern compasses, those used in the naval services of Europe and America, as well as by the Atlantic steamships, resemble in principle the needle and floating straw mentioned by Roger Bacon.

Ritchie's "liquid compass" has the needle enclosed in a thin, round metal case, air-tight, which floats upon liquid, and has also the support of a pivot. The needle, being thus upheld by the liquid, can be heavier, and thus have a more powerful directing force.

This we may call a return to first principles. So much for the history of the compass, which has doubled the area of civilization, and brought the two great continents within easy visiting distance of one another. A needle in a straw, afloat on a basin of water! A charm hanging at a lady's watch! A box with a card in it, suspended upon a pivot! What a little thing to be of such immeasurable value!

JAMES PARTON.

THE LAND WHERE OUR DREAMS COME TRUE.

FAR over some mist-hidden river,
And under a wonderful sky,
Where the rain never blots out the sun-
shine,
And our loves never weary, or die!
Where the flowers never fade—but in chang-
ing
Their magical sweetness renew,
Lies a gloried realm of enchantment,
The land where our dreams come true!

By mystical symbols and tokens
We know of that beautiful land;
But alas! on the threshold of manhood,
The frail clue slipped out of our hand!
And the wild river wanders between us,
The white gates are hidden from view,
And only in sleep we remember
The land where our dreams come true!

We shall find the lost treasures we seek for,
Revealed in that wonderful sphere;
All the aims and the dreams of the bygone,
All the good that eluded us here;
The innocent faiths of our childhood,
The one flawless friendship we knew,
Arrayed in our vanished illusions,
In the land where our dreams come true!

We know in divinest fulfillment,
Our vain hopes are gathered at home;
The jewels we mourn here are hoarded
Where the moth and the rust cannot come;
And oft when the sunset is fairest,
We catch, through a rift in the blue,
A far-away glimpse of the glories
Of the land where our dreams come true!

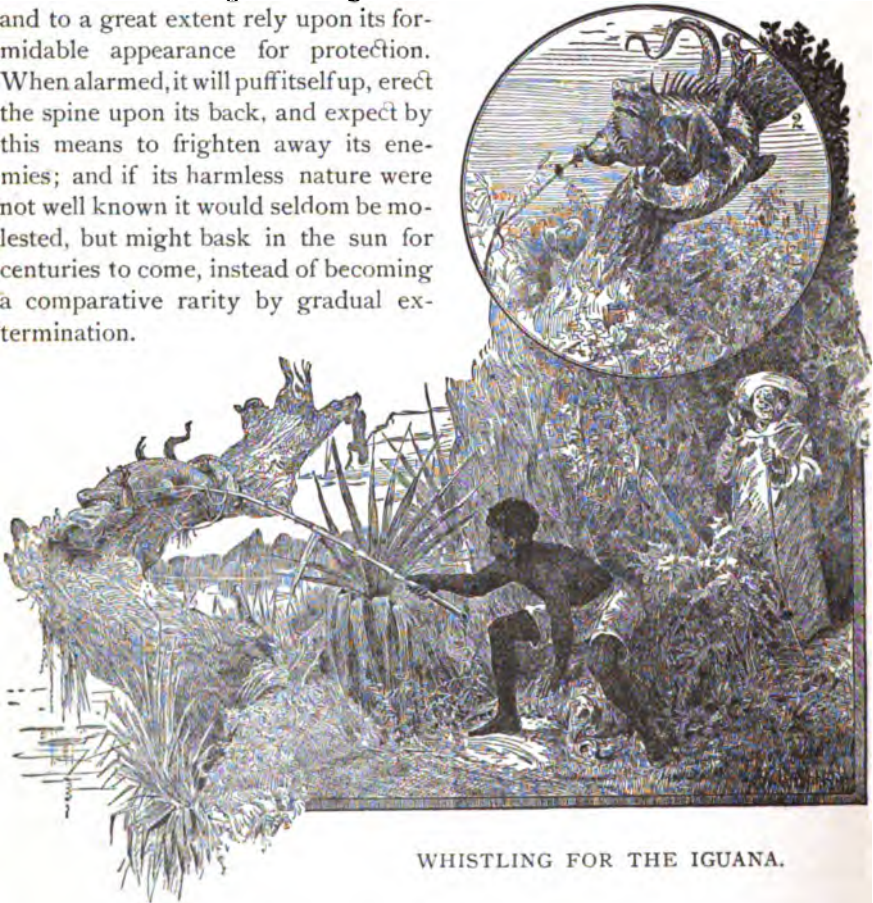
There are garnered the prayers of our mothers,
And the soft cradle songs that they sung;
There they move in the midst with white
garments,
And faces immortally young!
And out of the mists of that river
Their sweet hands shall reach us the clue,
That leads through the Valley of Shadow
To the land where our dreams come true!

So, weeping, we lay down our idols,
And bury our loves out of sight,
Though we know, in our hearts, we shall
find them
By and by, in the Mansions of Light;
And the salt tears that fall on their ashes,
And blossom in pansy and rue,
Even there shall be lilies immortal,
In the Land where our Dreams come True!

THE IGUANA, AND HOW IT IS CAUGHT.

ONE can scarcely imagine a more terrible looking creature than a full grown iguana. Instead of being discouraged, however, by its looks the animal seems to delight in its ugliness, and to a great extent rely upon its formidable appearance for protection. When alarmed, it will puff itself up, erect the spine upon its back, and expect by this means to frighten away its enemies; and if its harmless nature were not well known it would seldom be molested, but might bask in the sun for centuries to come, instead of becoming a comparative rarity by gradual extermination.

the dorsal region. The throat is almost invariably furnished with a dew-lap or membranous expansion of some kind. Their eyes are always furnished



WHISTLING FOR THE IGUANA.

The common iguana (*I. tuberculata*, Lan.) is from three to five and even six feet long when full grown. It inhabits the West Indies and tropical America, and belongs to an exceedingly numerous family of lizards. As a rule, all of these relatives have broad, flat heads, often ornamented with comb-like ridges or membranous lobes; similar appendages usually continue along

with lids which may be completely closed; their tongues are short, thick, and only free at the end, and their ears are freely exposed.

The iguanidæ are an ancient race, but the modern representatives may be divided into two great groups, based upon the character of their teeth.

In the American species, or true iguana, there is a deep furrow in all the

jaws. The teeth are curiously flattened and toothed, and are attached to the inner surface of the jaw bone.

In the Old World species, comprising the sub-family of agamidæ, the teeth always grow upon the edge of the jaw.

Although the common iguana cannot, with propriety, be termed an aquatic lizard, it displays no fear of the water, but will oftentimes escape from pursuers by taking to the water and swimming rapidly away, with its fore feet held, after the manner of a frog, motionless along its sides, and propelling itself by a serpentine movement of its long tail, or, diving, will remain under water until its enemies abandon the chase. According to Wood, the iguana has been known to remain under water for an hour at a time, and at the end of that period to emerge in perfect vigor.

The female iguana will lay from four to six dozen eggs, which are hatched by the heat of the sun, in the same manner as turtles.

It is almost incredible that the meat of this repulsive reptile is used as an article of food by the inhabitants of the country in which it is found. Not only is this so, but it is, further, considered a great delicacy.

The eggs of this animal are also in as high repute as its meat, although both are said to disagree with some persons. The iguanas are vegetarians, their food consisting, as far as is known, of fruit and other vegetable substances.

There can be little doubt that the white population of tropical America learned to eat the flesh of the iguana from the ancient Indians. In Mr. Bryan Edwards' "History of the West Indies," published some hundred years ago, he says: "I believe it seldom happens that they (the iguana)

were served at any English table, but their French and Spanish neighbors still devour them with exquisite relish."

Mr. Edwards also says that he has been "assured by a lady of *great beauty and elegance*, who spoke from experience, that the iguana is equal in flavor and wholesomeness to the finest green turtle."

The old time priests evidently enjoyed the flesh of this lizard as well as the sport of its capture, if we may judge from the following extract from the writings of Father Labat, which appeared in the *Sporting Magazine* for September, 1794:

"We were attended," says he, "by a negro, who carried a long rod, at one end of which was a piece of whip cord with a running knot. After beating the bushes some time, the negro discovered our game basking in the sun, on a dry limb of a tree; hereupon he began whistling with all his might, to which the *iguana* was wonderfully attentive, stretching out his head and turning his neck, as if to enjoy it more fully. The negro now approached, still whistling, and, advancing his rod gently, began tickling with the end of it the sides and throat of the iguana, who seemed mightily pleased with the operation, for he turned on his back and stretched himself out like a cat before a fire, and at length fairly fell asleep; which the negro perceiving, dexterously slipt the noose over his head, and with a jerk brought him to the ground. Good sport it afforded (continues the reverend historian) to see the creature swell like a turkey cock at finding himself entrapped. We caught others in the same way, and kept one of them alive seven or eight days, *but it grieved me to the heart that he thereby lost much delicious fat.*"

DANIEL C. BEARD.

BEING A BOY.

ONE of the best things in the world to be is a boy. It requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do, and not half so much fun. And yet everybody is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy.

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again. I should almost be willing to be a girl, if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand. Perhaps he couldn't explain himself why, when he is sent to the neighbor's after yeast he stops to stone the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. It is a curious fact about

boys that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one. Boys have a great power of helping each other do nothing.

But say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. He is always in demand. In the first place he is to do all the errands, go to the store, the post-office and to carry all sorts of messages. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate in about the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs and do his errands with greater dispatch. Leap frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius of combining pleasure with business.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

IT WOULD probably astonish any one could he form a correct estimate of the amount of energy and effort that men put forth for the mere sake of appearing to be something different from what they really are. That they should try hard to *be* different seems not unnatural, especially as in that endeavor is involved all hope of improvement.

The child longs to be a youth; the youth to be a man; the man strives to become richer, or wiser, or nobler than

he is, foreseeing the many avenues of happiness, or power, or beneficence that will thus be opened unto him. All efforts in such directions are intelligible, and, though many mistaken methods are adopted, and backward steps taken in consequence, the ends in view are recognized as good within their respective bounds. But when men's energies are removed from these objects and fixed upon making other people believe that they are more pros-

perous, or powerful, or skilful, or deserving than they really are, the aim appears so puerile, and the endeavor so wasted, that it is difficult to understand how it can obtain so large an influence.

The man who lives beyond his means to keep up appearances, or who professes to be able to do what he cannot do, or who pretends to know what he does not know, or who apes a virtue which he possesses not, works very hard for very poor returns. Of course, he must learn to endure a certain self-contempt, which he can never wholly escape, and a conviction that the work he has undertaken is a direct obstacle to any true growth of his faculties or improvement of his moral nature. In return for all this what does he obtain? At the very best, only the satisfaction of having deceived a few superficial people for a longer or shorter time, and having obtained from them certain considerations that they would never have bestowed with open eyes. Perhaps his family has been tolerated in fashionable circles, or he has forced himself into some office of trust and responsibility which he has not the ability to fill, or has received applause and honor which he knows he does not deserve.

On the other hand, he who, far from being satisfied with himself, as he is, devotes his energies, not to *appearing* better, but to *growing* better, stands upon solid and enduring ground. He has nothing to conceal, and no exposure to dread. Not wishing to claim honor that is not due to him, he wastes no time in planning or striving for it, but economizes his powers for the purpose of actually rising to heights which others only pretend to occupy. His life is spent, not in imitating others, but in developing himself—not in drawing a veil over his defects, but in striving to overcome them—not in shamming excellences, but in pursuing them. Sincere efforts of this kind, wisely made, seldom fail. With all their temporary drawbacks, their ultimate course is upward and onward. Although they have not worked for it, true men will receive all the honor which they justly deserve. In spite of pretense and its short-lived success men are generally valued at what they are worth. All sincere and earnest lives, seeking realities and spurning shams, bear within them the elements of true success, while those who waste their powers in seeking shadows, where no substance is, will fail even in their own poor aim.

THE CHARM OF GARIBALDI.

GARIBALDI had been dead politically for years before he left this world—to find in the next, let us hope, that St. Peter did once exist—and the interest of his career is now mainly historical. It may be condensed into the question—Why did this man, with no claim of birth, no education, and no great power of thought, so enchant the

European Democracy that he was, for a quarter of a century, a perceptible force in Europe, that he was deeply revered by millions who had never seen him, and that though he had no wealth, he was the single private man in Europe, in an age when private war is extinct, at whose bidding an army would spring up from the ground?

If, in 1880, he had landed in Illyria, as he half threatened, he would have had 10,000 followers, and have instantly, by his mere name, have attracted 20,000 more. The explanation is said to be his career; but not only was his best army raised before men knew that he was a great guerrilla chief, but his career, though marked by one almost miraculous success, was by no means a successful one. He was beaten in Rome, beaten at Mentana, beaten, or at least utterly unsuccessful, in France. He failed entirely as legislator, his Dictatorship in Naples produced no civil fruit, and we can remember no great measure in Italy in which he ever took any very prominent part. His seclusion in Caprera in fact, though voluntary, was the result of a sound instinct. That Italians should love him for his action in Italy, for his defence of Rome, for his marvelous overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty, a feat which stands alone in history, for his still more marvelous surrender for the sake of Italy alone of the kingdom he had won, is intelligible enough; but why did other peoples love him? Patriotism does not necessarily endear the patriot to strangers, nor does all mankind always honor the deliverer of part of it. German love for Hofer was limited, nor did Europe worship William the Silent. It was not any thought that Garibaldi gave out. He must have had practical ability in large measure, but his memorable sayings have been few, and his letters must seem, even to Southerners, mere words, while to Northerners they have in them a kind of feminine screaminess which is to them detestable. Englishmen who think him one of the grandest figures in history cannot read a line of his with pleasure. Even Mazzini thought his marvelous colleague a

kind of "inspired idiot," while to Englishmen, among whom perhaps he had as many believers as among Italians, he seemed like a grand child. The English were certainly not attracted by his religious creed, which was simply that priests are liars, or by his political creed, which in spite of the high political sense he showed in Italy, was, so far as could be ascertained, too nearly summed up in the frightful motto painted on the banners of the Legion with which he advanced to the assistance of the French, "Patatras, Patatras, Patatras."

Nor do we think that his grand faculty of command, his sway over all who served immediately under his banner, quite explains it. The gloomy Wallenstein had that in almost equal measure, and excited no general enthusiasm; and Mahommed, who had that even in larger measure, who was believed in by men among whom he ate and lived under circumstances of terrible hardship, was hated by all but his devotees. Cromwell, who had also this ascendancy, was unknown outside his island; and the enthusiasm for Napoleon, who also had it, was outside France and Poland limited to individuals. That Garibaldi was followed often by trained soldiers belonging to various nationalities, that he was never disobeyed, that it never occurred to any one whom he led to think of him as less than dictator, is full evidence to the innate royalty in him; but it does not explain his nearly world-wide charm. And lastly, we do not see that the very usual explanation, that the Democracy loved him because he was the soldier of Democracy, will bear careful examination. Garibaldi was scarcely a consistent Democrat. He believed in Republics, provided the House of Savoy was not present; when

it was, he accepted kings. Hundreds of his own followers sighed over his royalism in Italy, and though Republicans followed him to the last, it is more than probable that any other man who had done the things he did would have been written out of the lists of the faithful Republicans of Europe. That his feeling for the House of Savoy was most beneficial to Italy may be absolutely true—certainly we shall not dispute it—but it was not consistent with the scheme of thought which the Continent recognizes as Democratic.

Wherein then lay the charm? We think it lay in the two words "unselfishness" and "heroism" which when found together under circumstances in which both can be fully perceived, exert over the masses of mankind a sort of supernatural charm, till they are content to believe, without either seeing or knowing. To the multitude, in all European countries, Garibaldi was a figure nearly resembling that which Joan of Arc must have presented to the peasantry of Northern France,—a being so heroic as to be almost more than mortal, incapable of fear, incapable of mistake, incapable of final defeat, yet seeking nothing, asking nothing, desiring nothing, utterly self-devoted to them. They knew, or believed, that Garibaldi cared only for them, and what he thought their wrongs; and that once in motion he would go forward steadily, moved, as Joan of Arc was moved when she obeyed her "voices," by some internal impulse, apart from a reasoning process, until he was victorious or slain. Charles the Seventh's courtiers might doubt the Maid, or question her gifts, or attribute to her mixed motives; but no French peasant, even in his own heart, doubted her sincerity or her

gift, or thought that she could betray France, or doubted that her impelling force, so far as it was not strictly supernatural, was other than self-devotion for his sake. It was so also with Garibaldi. Nobody felt distrust of him, or rivalry towards him, or suspicion about him. Friend or enemy, detractor or worshiper, no European doubted that Garibaldi desired the good of mankind, to the utter forgetfulness of self, and would, if once in motion, go forward to secure it, uninfluenced by any bribe, undeterred by any danger, unfettered by any fear.

When he handed over Southern Italy to Victor Emanuel, without conditions, there were men among his own friends who felt an electric shock of rage; but the most irritated among them never suspected that Garibaldi had been influenced by any motive, except his own idea of what was best for Italy, strengthened, perhaps, by the inborn feeling of a Nizzard for the House of Savoy. That quality of disinterestedness excites in men reverence to all who possess it, and it has repeatedly been a main constituent in the power of statesmen, and when seen in a great hero, a man who had done marvelous things in a marvelous way, who has, so to speak, walked up to the lion and rent him with his hands alone, who has personal dignity in its highest form, and a face the ablest French caricaturist could make only heroic, it develops reverence to passion. We will not think so ill of human nature as to think men regard disinterestedness as in itself so wonderful as to testify to something supernatural in the man who displays it; that is only a cynical view. Rather it is self-devotion which they regard as at once so marvelous and so beautiful, and the disinterestedness as its

perfect, because visible and comprehensible test. They found it in its supreme degree in Garibaldi, and found it, too, in a man who was not a saint, but a born warrior, a man who delighted in adventure, and who, in battle, had that serenity which cannot belong even to the bravest when he commands, unless he feels that for him the guidance of battle is natural and wonted work. They worshiped it in him, and followed him with an ungrudging fidelity which the ablest statesmen have often failed to evoke, and which was not evoked by the man whose nature in many respects most closely resembled Garibaldi's,—the serenely heroic Genoese who gave us a new world. Columbus had all the heroic virtues; but if he did not seek money, he sought power, power as of a born King.

It seems a strange and even absurd thing to say, but we have never been able to resist an impression that circumstances, and, perhaps, the age, spoiled Garibaldi's career. His character would have fitted him best for the part of a new religious leader. With a little more knowledge and a faith, that royal nature of his would have made of converts devotees, and he would have founded a sect which might have made Italy Christian, or have changed the whole character of the

peasantry of France. The feeling he excited in his followers was precisely that evoked by great religious teachers, and like that, appeared to be independent of any alteration from events. Mentana no more broke his influence than Ohod broke the influence of Mahommed, and he was as fully believed to be a democrat after he had crowned Victor Emanuel, as Mr. Wesley was believed to be a Churchman after he began ordaining his own preachers. We can imagine Garibaldi controlling a vast religious organization almost without orders, raying out devoted missionaries to the ends of the earth, and infusing new fervor into them in strange, half-unintelligible epistles, which, after all, resemble nothing so much, in their half-poetic, half-angry screaminess, as some of Mahommed's Suras. That he would have been greater in that capacity we cannot say, perhaps it is enough to have enfranchised eleven millions. But he certainly would have been more intelligible to posterity, which will be sorely puzzled to account for a man apparently without a mind, in whom three nations at least believed, who took a kingdom as a passenger in a railway train, and with all Italy at his feet lived an unmeditative anchorite on a little island in the Mediterranean.

ABSENCE.

THE shortest absence brings to every thought
Of those we love a solemn tenderness;
It is akin to death. Now we confess —
Seeing the loneliness their loss has brought,
That they were dearer far than we had taught
Ourselves to think. We see that nothing less
Than hope of their return could cheer or bless

Our weary days. We wonder how—for aught
Or all of fault in them — we could heed
Or anger, with their loving presence near,
Or wound them by the smallest word or deed.
Dear absent love of mine—it did not need
Thy absence to tell me thou wert dear—
And yet the absence maketh it more clear.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

JESSIE'S DUTY.

I.

MRS. BOGGS, the postmistress and "storekeeper" at Buxton Falls, had just remarked to Mrs. Clinton, the minister's wife, "Waal, July has sot in pretty hot."

"Yes," said Mrs. Clinton, examining the calico she was negotiating for over the counter. "It's lucky the fever that broke out in March is well over. We'd have had a lot more funerals if it hadn't been for Jessie Palmer's nursing."

"Waal," replied Mrs. Boggs, "what I say is, Jessie Palmer has give herself to good works like I've give myself to groceries and the post-office, so she'd oughter look after the sick. She expects her pay jest like I do, only she calculates to git it in heaven. Sho! she only does her duty."

"It's a very blessed duty," ejaculated the minister's wife, solemnly.

"There's Billy. Come here, sonny," said Mrs. Boggs, as a great loafing fourteen-year-old boy entered the store. He was a loose-jointed, long-limbed chap, who was given to "shyin' rocks" at passers-by from under his raised knee, had a vicious certainty in the art of tripping heels, and even as he came into his mother's presence killed a fly, broke off a barrel stave, and whipped a handful of sugar into his mouth; then, without touching the counter with his hands, sprang upon it, and sat swinging his long legs.

Mrs. Boggs, who was helpless without glasses, and whose nose was never constructed to wear them, threw her head far back to more carefully focus her promising son, and asked, "Did you carry that bag o' coffee to Ferguson's?"

"Yep," replied Billy, and whistled a queer sort of cadence in a queer sort of way through his front teeth.

"Yep" as an affirmative was held by the youth of Buxton Falls to be a mark of easy elegance.

"That's right, sonny, and you shall have a splendid time at the Fourth of July picnic to-morrow. I hope Jessie's doin' everything to make you enjoy yourself. She'd oughter bake plenty of cake."

"I reminded her of that," said Mrs. Clinton.

"Now," added the indulgent mother, "you may take about a dozen raisins, Billy." Whereupon Billy left the counter like a coiled-up watch spring, without any visible means of propulsion, grabbed at a certain box, stuffed his mouth and pockets, and slunk off to the woodshed. "Ah!" ejaculated Mrs. Boggs, "under a good teacher my Billy had oughter make a smart man. I hope Jessie's learnin' him proper."

Another boy just then entered the store. He was an immensely fat creature—Farmer Johnson's son Rufe. "Say," he remarked, slowly, setting a small bag on the counter, "I found this 'ere down the road under the chestnuts."

Mrs. Boggs so threw her head back to focus the speaker that she displayed the stringy tendons of her throat, and she cried, "Goodness gracious me! ef that ain't the coffee as Billy said he'd left to Ferguson's!"

"Guess he was playin' Jackstones," suggested Rufe, practically, "I see knuckle marks."

"Billy! Billy!" called the mother, opening the woodshed door. But by

this time Billy was cooling his feet in the brook a mile off. "Ef that boy," said Mrs. Boggs, "had the right trainin' in school he wouldn't do such tricks. Here comes Jessie Palmer now, and I'll jest give her a piece of my mind. Jessie, come here, do."

A sweet voice answered cheerfully, and a girl of two-and-twenty, with a neat figure and a pleasant face, who was just passing the door, checked her steps and entered. Jessie Palmer was born at Buxton Falls. Her parents had died when she was but fourteen, and since that time she had kept the village school, taught the boys' class in Sunday school, and managed her own little piece of property besides. She never spoke of her own cares, and indeed she worked so methodically that she seemed to have none; so Buxton Falls looked to her for assistance in every emergency. In short, if Jessie hadn't been a Yankee girl, and if Eben Shipman, a lawyer of Buxton Junction, a town twelve miles off, had not—Well, we won't introduce Shipman prematurely, but certainly if Jessie's surroundings had been European she might have made a Sister of Charity.

"Jessie," cried Mrs. Boggs, excitedly, "you told me there must be a lot of good in my Billy, and you'd try to make a first-rate boy out of him!"

"Oh yes, there must be good in everybody," responded the teacher. "I shall try to reform Billy."

"Waal," said Mrs. Boggs, violently, "I should hope so. I should hope you wouldn't be settin' down at ease when there's children that need learnin' at Buxton Falls—Buxton Falls, where your mother and father lived and died and was buried." There seemed to be some occult force in the fact that Jessie's parents happened to lie in the

church-yard close by. "Now Billy," continued Mrs. Boggs, "has been and told a lie."

"Oh!" cried Jessie, looking grieved and shocked. "But, Mrs. Boggs," she suggested, timidly, "if you would govern him just a little bit—"

"Now see here," said Mrs. Boggs, displaying the stringy neck liberally, "it's as much as us parents can do to keep the children clothed and fed; it's your duty to make 'em good."

"My dear Jessie," remarked the minister's wife, with gentle firmness, "my husband says you enjoy a blessed privilege moulding young spirits, and you should be thankful for it."

"Yes, so I am," answered the conscientious teacher.

"And," Mrs. Clinton went on, "I wish you'd see that my little Mary learns to tie her aprons more neatly; and I really think you ought to walk home after school with a delicate child like her."

"I will," said Jessie.

"I really think you ought to," repeated the minister's wife.

Just then a farm wagon lumbered up, and Johnson, the father of the fat Rufe, called out, "Say, Miss Jessie, I'd jest like yer to know that Rufe eats more'n ever, and keeps gettin' fatter."

"I always talk to him about controlling his appetite," replied Jessie.

"Humph! what's the use o' talkin' if it don't have no effect?" said Johnson, sarcastically, and grumbled audibly as he drove away.

"Well," remarked Jessie, pleasantly, changing the subject, "to-morrow will be the Fourth, and I'm getting ready for the picnic."

"Have plenty of raised biscuit," said Mrs. Boggs; adding, reproachfully, "there warn't enough last year." Then, with a searching glance, she

handed Jessie a letter that bore the postmark of Buxton Junction.

The minister's wife at once placed her forefinger on it as it lay in the young girl's hand, and said: "You ought not to think of marriage, Jessie. 'No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit—' You know the text, and you've put your hand to the plough."

"Oh," answered Jessie, visibly moved, "don't fear; I'm quite conscious of my duty."

"And a blessed duty it is, my dear," Mrs. Clinton called out with emphasis, as Jessie hurried away down the village street.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Boggs; "she can't ever be thinkin' of that lawyer from the Junction when she'd ought to marry Jake Jordan, who's Billy's own cousin, and would take Billy on the farm!"

"She has no right to marry anybody," said Mrs. Clinton, gravely. "She has put her hand to the plough, and must not look back."

On the way home Jessie was stopped by one of the Davis children, who came running down an unkept garden walk, shrieking, "Oh, baby's sick, and ma says come help her!"

Now the Davis family were notoriously vagabond and shiftless, and the baby was the victim of neglect and ignorance; so Jessie plucked up moral force and entered the untidy house with a stern purpose.

"Now, Mrs. Davis," she said, in a silvery voice, "I'm really going to scold you. Baby was well yesterday, and I saw you feed him with greasy soup."

"Dear me!" fretted Mrs. Davis in a high key, grabbing together the dress of a slattern, all apart at the neck. "Why, baby's three months

old; soup had oughter be good for him." Then she trotted the poor pain-stricken thing in such a violent way that it gave out a heart-breaking wail. That wail was enough for Jessie. She threw off her hat, practically tucked up her fresh muslin dress, and took the misunderstood mite into her plump tender arms, and not until the child was properly bathed, fed, and soothed to sleep did she resume her way homeward. As she walked along she read the note from Buxton Junction. It was dated the day before, and said, "I shall drive over to-morrow afternoon and spend a good long time with you," and it was signed "Eben Shipman." Jessie hurried to her neat little house, and laid out a pretty dove-colored gown that had once struck the legal mind from Buxton Junction as peculiarly adapted to the school-teacher's demure good looks. This young person was hardly a beauty, for her nose was neither saucy nor classic, and her hair did not flow in bewildering waves; but she had a fine glow on her cheek, healthy lips, brown eyes that were deep and honest, and a round lithe figure. She was looking particularly well just now under a spell of dreamy contemplation that lent a grace to her attitudes; but suddenly there came an imperative thump at the front door, and she scampered away to open it. There stood a goodly, stout, red-faced, middle-aged bachelor—the village doctor.

"Miss Jessie, I know you'll come help me with a poor farm hand who has broken a collar-bone," he said, with an admiring look at her. "Come, jump right into the gig," and willy-nilly, as usual, she was to be carried off to assist the doctor in a trying case. In five minutes she was ready to start. "Ah," exclaimed the

medical man, tenderly, "what a wife for a doctor! Jessie, it's your duty to marry me. My sister thinks so too."

"Some people say it's my duty to marry Jake Jordan, and some that it's my duty not to marry at all," sighed Jessie.

By-and-by Eben Shipman arrived. He drove up in his own neat turn-out, and was certainly a presentable lover; well built, with a face so handsome and an eye so melting that whenever the Buxton Junction girls saw his light wagon bowling along in the direction of the Falls they called him at once "a horrid homely old thing." Eben strode up the garden walk to find only a closed door and a bit of paper stuck in the key-hole. He snatched it eagerly and read: "Gone to help man who has broken collar-bone. Home soon as possible." Then he tied his horse and quietly sat down on the doorstep to wait. Waiting and staring at the ants building their Ghizehs, Eben was thinking out a very knotty problem. In his absorption he never noticed that a giant of a young fellow known as Joey Nudd passed by the gate and scowled at him.

This Joey Nudd, after seeing Eben, went straight to his home, and burst in at the kitchen door with, "Mother, I say, mother, that Shipman is up to Jessie's again."

Then a large woman with red elbows and sharp black eyes turned from the kitchen sink and exclaimed, "Well, ef that ain't imperence! The idee! Don't you worry, Joey. I'll dress and go right over."

"Say, mother," coaxed the giant, "gimme a quarter."

"For shame!" cried the woman; "you want to spend it at the tavern. Oh, Joey, you need a wife, a wife with

a little property, to settle you. Now be good, and keep sober over the Fourth, and go to the picnic all tidy and nice, speak to Jessie, and I'll see she don't refuse yer."

"All right," muttered Joey.

Shipman waited very patiently, and at last, as the doctor's gig appeared, he stepped down to meet Jessie at the gate. "My darling," he said, as the doctor, purple in the face, drove reluctantly away, "I thought I'd be sure to have you to myself for a long afternoon.

"Oh, but think of that poor man's collar-bone!" said Jessie.

"Think of this poor man's heart, though," Shipman returned, and was trying to put his arm about her waist, when a small voice piped out from the gate, "Oh, Miss Jessie!" and a small dumpling of a girl toddled up the walk and set down before them an unhappy-looking chicken. "Chickey is sick," lisped the child. "Jessie make it well." Then she deliberately walked off again.

"Well, Jessie," asked Shipman, as he assisted, with unnecessarily vigorous action, to put that chicken under a hospital coop, "when will you marry me?"

"Oh, Eben," answered Jessie, "how can I marry? There's the Davis baby, and Johnny Spies who can't learn addition, and Rufe Johnson who eats too much, and there's our minister's oldest daughter, whom I promised to help with her wedding outfit, and then there's Billy Boggs—he's perfectly dreadful. Oh! I never could abandon Billy Boggs; it wouldn't be right."

Eben was about to try that little arm exercise again, when a loud "Ahem!" at the open door announced the presence of Mrs. Nudd.

"Jessie," she said, sternly, "I want to speak with you *private*." Jessie hurried into the hall-way, and Mrs. Nudd delivered herself most passionately. "My son Joey, the best and the handsomest man in the county, wants to marry you, my dear. It's your duty to take him, for if you don't he'll drink himself to death; and Jessie Palmer, it's a ser'us thing for to drive a man to drink himself to death. What would your parents, as lie buried in the church-yard, think of your drivin' a Buxton Falls boy to drink?"

"Oh! I—I don't want to marry," faltered Jessie.

"Ha!" exclaimed the anxious mother, tragically, "then what's that Junction lawyer hangin' round for? Jessie, don't you dare refuse my Joey. I declare to gracious his ruin will be right on your soul, and you'll have to answer for it Judgment Day."

Shipman thought it was time to step into the hallway himself; then Mrs. Nudd hissed audibly, glared at him, and took her capacious person away.

The little teacher stood with tears in her eyes, saying, "I wish I could know just what my duty is."

"To marry me," answered the lover, promptly.

"Oh, but that would be so selfish!" cried the poor girl, in genuine distress. Eben's eyes shone as she so naively confessed just what he most wanted to hear, but he let her talk on. "You see there's the school and there's the Sunday school to be looked after, and I was born here, and mother and father died here, and I—well, as Mrs. Clinton says, I've put my hand to the plough, and I can't —"

"Come now," interrupted Eben, who had long ago ceased to ridicule the fallacy of her premises, "suppose

you could make all the children good, all the sick people well, and the vagabonds industrious, would you feel your mission accomplished, and be willing to marry me?"

"Of course," she answered, shyly.

"Well, suppose, on the other hand, you should see the village getting decidedly worse under your care; suppose the people should find you obnoxious, and refuse your services; suppose Billy Boggs should be more wicked, Joey Nudd more drunken, the doctor more presuming, the women more exacting—what then?"

"Oh!" sighed Jessie, "I'd just go away."

"Very well; but I'm only supposing a case. Let us change the subject," said Eben, lightly.

Jessie cried that night after he had gone away; but Eben, driving along the lonely road, only sang softly to himself, and remembered with satisfaction that he had under the wagon seat a little package of fine stationery which he had meant as a present to Jessie, but forgot to deliver, and that he had some wax tapers for lighting cigars. He drove at last into a clearing in the woods, lighted taper after taper, pencilled, sealed, and directed half a dozen notes. Then he tied his horse securely, and went back on foot to the village store. Reckoning on his knowledge of village life, he stepped round to the wood-shed door, and whistled three times in a fashion known to boys; then he turned up his coat collar, slouched his hat over his eyes, and waited. In a few minutes Billy Boggs came stealing out, with the whispered question, "Say, Tom, are we goin' for old Ferguson's cherries?"

"It isn't Tom," replied Shipman, softly but sternly, and holding the

boy's head down with one strong hand on the back of his neck. "You're not to look at me or to speak a word, but you're to deliver some letters, and you get a quarter for each one. Do you hear?"

"Yep," answered Billy, scared, and half choking.

"Now go straight to the doctor's," Shipman ordered him, and walked close behind the boy until a note was duly delivered at the doctor's door. "Now straight to Jake Jordan's farm. Don't turn round to look at me or you won't get a cent"—this with a twist of Billy's collar that brought a gurgling sound. At Jake Jordan's another note was left; then one at the minister's; at Mrs. Davis's, and so on. To Joey Nudd, who was hanging sober and thirsty about the tavern door, an envelope containing five dollars was quietly delivered. "Now," said Shipman, in a bass voice, as he dragged his slave under a big shady tree, "Some dark night I'll have you pounded to death and cut up in little bits if you breathe a word of this until the Fourth of July is past.

"Wish I may die if I do," answered the scared Billy, affectionately clutching seven bright quarters. Then Eben walked briskly out of Buxton Falls, found his wagon where he left it, and with a clear conscience drove home to the Junction.

II.

The "Glorious Fourth" had come. There was a holiday stir in Buxton Falls: fully a dozen men stood about "the store" in clean shirt sleeves, a ten-cent flag was nailed to the door-post, a child in a white frock bought half a yard of blue ribbon to tie her hair, and there was a little snapping and popping heard from the village

gardens. In front of the church stood Jessie marshalling the children, and she wondered mildly when little Mary Clinton whispered, "Miss Jessie, ma says I'm not to walk with you." Presently, when by force of habit she took the little girl's hand in her own, the minister's wife bore down upon them and led the child away, remarking, sternly, "Some persons can't appreciate their blessings."

Jessie stared a moment; but she had to look after the boys who carried the baskets—baskets that she had filled by sitting up half the night baking and boiling. As Mrs. Davis chanced to pass near, the little teacher inquired, "How's baby to-day?"

"The baby is *shiftless*, thank you," answered Mrs. Davis, with a sarcastic laugh. "We're all *shiftless* folks. Aha!"

"What!" said Jessie, greatly puzzled. But then she had to arrange for what was to be sung on the march, and she was busy here, there, and everywhere. Presently the imposing procession, full fifty strong, was started, little flags waved, some limp wreaths on poles were borne aloft, the Sunday-school standard was unfurled, "The Star-spangled Banner" was shouted out by all the juveniles. Only a few steps had they gone, however, before Mrs. Johnson, the mother of fat Rufe, stepping ahead, turned about, flourished her parasol, and called a halt. "I propose," she shouted, very loud and impressively, "that that good Christian woman Miss Phoebe Pendleton shall lead this procession."

Jessie was perplexed, but sweetly resigned her place, and a little, hard-featured old maid, who wore a chintz gown, stepped to the head, struck the opening note of the national anthem much too high, and the procession

screeched its way to Buxton Grove. At this grove were swings, a half-dried brook, some rocks, a swampy hole, plenty of mosquitoes, and all the characteristics of a popular picnic ground. The children made straight for the swings, Billy Boggs leading the van. That loose-jointed animal at once perched himself on a high branch, and began throwing lighted fire crackers on the dresses of the little girls below.

"Billy," pleaded Jessie, "please come down."

"Guess not," answered the pirate, and whiz went a cracker right across Jessie's face.

"Mrs. Boggs, can't you help me with Billy?" Jessie called out.

But that matron only answered, "Billy ought to be learnt in school how to behave himself."

A great deal of whispering was going on, but Jessie never observed it, so busy was she caring for the safety of the little children who were being tormented by Billy. He stole their hats, tore their aprons, pulled their hair, and pommeled the boys right and left so fast and so promiscuously that they became confused, and actually fell to fighting among themselves. At last noon came, and Jessie thoroughly worn out, approached the grown people, who were inclined to gather in knots and speak low. She bowed to the doctor, who had just arrived, and he stalked up to her, seized both hands, pressed them openly, and ejaculated, in a loud whisper, "*My* Jessie!"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the poor girl, and turning crimson, walked away.

But the doctor followed close, and still closer followed a young farmer, Jake Jordan, whom she had refused positively a dozen times. Jordan was a little chap, rather shy, and though he colored to his ears and his hands shook

with nervousness, he jerked out ardently, "Say, Jessie, let's get married right off slap."

She opened her eyes wide in astonishment and indignation, and flung away from the obnoxious young man, but only to throw herself by accident into the arms of the doctor, who gallantly caught her.

"Whoop!" yelled Billy Boggs, calling attention to the situation; "the doctor's huggin' the teacher!"

Mrs. Clinton pronounced audibly the word "Horrible!" but Mrs. Nudd was agitated beyond measure, and ran about wildly crying, "Joey! where are you, Joey?" There was a sound in the underbrush as of a trampling steer, and Joey Nudd burst upon the party in a frightful state of intoxication. His hair hung over his forehead, he was hatless and coatless, and he hallooed wildly, "Jessie Palmer's goin' to marry me; mother says so." With the word the drunken brute made a lunge toward where the poor victim, pale and angry, stood protesting between the other two claimants. The children gathered about, staring; Rufe Johnson opened a basket and sat devouring cakes swiftly and silently; Billy danced and yelled like a red Indian; and finally old Miss Phœbe Pendleton trotted out from among the whispering women, and declaimed, with great effect, "Jessie Palmer's conduct is perfectly shameful!"

"Look how badly she brings up my Billy!" cried Mrs. Boggs. "Oh, some folks is shiftless, eh?" sneered Mrs. Davis. And the well-meaning clergyman, misled by the force of public opinion, raised his ministerial finger and remarked, "I fear, my dear Miss Jessie, you have not appreciated the blessedness of your position in this village."

"What," cried Jessie—"oh, what have I done?"

"Who dares say a word against my Jessie?" asked the doctor, defiantly.

"Oh!" screamed the girl, "I'm not his Jessie."

"Guess she ain't; she's *mine*," stammered Jake Jordan, pretty manfully.

"Look-a-here," yelled the drunken Joey, "mother says she's goin'ter'cept my heartan'hand ter-day."

There was a general melee. The doctor and Jake struck Joey back from where the innocent object of contention stood, and jostled each other in struggling for the right to protect her. Jessie ran to Mrs. Clinton, her eyes streaming tears, her hands outstretched. That lady stalked haughtily away. Jessie turned to Mrs. Boggs, who said, "I've found you out, miss;" and the doctor again gallantly came forward with an embracing arm. Then Jessie shrieked—shrieked as in all her gentle life she had never done before, and at the sound, from behind a big tree stepped Eben Shipman of Buxton Junction. She flew to him, crying, "What shall I do?—oh, what shall I do?"

"Come with me," he said, coolly.

Jake and the doctor ran forward to stop her, but that imp Billy tripped their heels and sent them both sprawling. The minister ejaculated, solemnly. "For shame, young men!" But the ladies called out, in shrill tones, "*They* ain't to blame." Jessie ran, crying bitterly, down to where Eben's wagon stood on the turnpike. He seated her safely in it, then turned to observe from where was thrown the stone that had just viciously struck his back. Billy Boggs could be seen grinning down from a little wooded knoll. Eben made a spring in that direction,

there was a moment of flying twigs and snapping branches, there was a struggling mass of howling boy on the ground, a muscular arm going up and down like a pump handle, and presently Billy Boggs had received a most thorough and tremendous whipping.

In ten minutes Eben had his little sweetheart well toward the Junction.

"Do you care to devote your life to Buxton Falls?" he asked.

"No," she sobbed; "though I'm sure somebody has been scandalizing me. But then to think they should believe the first unkind word! Oh, Eben!"

"Never mind," said Eben, "you see it's not in human nature to believe in an entirely unselfish devotion. Suppose we get married, dear?"

"I think my usefulness at the Falls is over," sighed Jessie.

"I'm afraid so," he rejoined, slyly.

While waiting for the minister the tired-out girl had such a happy hour with her lover—free from the responsibility of the Davis baby, or Billy Boggs, or that broken collar-bone, and free from managing mothers and marrying men—that Eben ventured to confess the trick he had played in scribbling to several people a few base and anonymous lines. To the doctor he wrote that a bold claim upon Jessie publicly at the picnic would overawe her timid nature and force her to marry him. To Jake the same suggestion was thrown out. For the gentle Joey he had merely furnished abundant means for a night's carouse. To the women he had hinted that Jessie felt herself rather thanklessly overworked in a village where some people were selfish and some were shiftless. With rural simplicity and ordinary human cruelty they had given credence to information coming in such doubtful

form, the matter being settled by an apt quotation which Mrs. Boggs snapped out, "Where there's so much smoke there must be some fire."

Jessie looked very grave, scolded her lover, forgave him, and married him out of hand.

When the Buxton Falls people heard from Billy the awful tale of a monstrous masked man who forced him by bodily torture to carry those notes, they were greatly puzzled and greatly ashamed. Of course there were suspicions of Eben; but Billy, to

properly maintain his own dignity, swore that the man was at least eight feet high and strong in proportion—"wish I may die if he wasn't." About the chinking quarters he never breathed a word.

Of course Eben Shipman's house was an asylum for lame dogs and friendless cats, and several orphans grew up with his own children; but still, as he remarks, with satisfaction, "Jessie doesn't carry a whole village on her little shoulders now."

FANNIE FOSTER CLARK.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE ROMANCE OF THIEVING.

ALTHOUGH a man always looks upon a clever theft with an air of romance, he never quite realizes the position until the thief or sharper has fleeced himself. We are apt to laugh at the misfortunes of the man who puts his head out of his cab on a foggy day, in answer to a knock at the window, and finds his hat disappearing in the gloom. Nor do we show more sympathy with the man who collides with another individual in the street, and who, on having his hat, which has fallen, handed back with profuse apologies for the accident, finds from its size and general appearance, that not many hours before it must have adorned a scarecrow. But these incidents in no way illustrate the coolness and intrepidity of the professional thief, who does not usually aim at trifles.

Last winter, an ingenious theft was perpetrated by two well-known pick-pockets who had followed a gentleman out of the stalls of a Leeds theatre. For a moment they parted company, and when the younger joined his com-

panion, he handed him a pocket-book, from which were taken some notes and money. To substitute false notes was the work of a second. "You have lost your pocket-book, sir," said the elder thief, hurrying after the gentleman. With a cool bow, the thief hastened away, pleased with the gentleman's thanks—and his watch.

At Birmingham, not long ago, a thief was detected in the act of stealing a gentleman's watch. In his haste to escape, he ran into the arms of a detective, who had been watching him for some time. Naturally the thief must have felt somewhat excited at such a moment; but if he did, he showed no symptoms of being so. Although instantly secured by the unenviable handcuffs, he had the presence of mind to pass the watch unobserved into the pocket of a passer-by. This person was puzzled to know how he became the possessor of the watch, and being afraid of keeping the gift, was sufficiently honest to hand it to the police.

Another instance of the remarkable

coolness and audacity of a thief, though perhaps not an uncommon one, is worth relating. One day a Liverpool "stalk"—a man capable of doing mischief of any kind for a trifle—having watched his opportunity, took up a coat that hung outside a pawnbroker's shop. Flinging it over his arm, and carrying it into the shop as if intending to make a purchase, he offered it for sale. Not recognizing his own property, the pawnbroker bought the coat. But even this did not satisfy the thief. He handled some silk handkerchiefs, and in choosing one, remarked carelessly; "Take pay for this out of the money for the coat."—"But I have given you the money," indignantly answered the pawnbroker.—"O no; you haven't," said the thief. A warm altercation ensued. In vain the shopman protested that he had paid the money; and at last the thief went out in search of an officer to settle the dispute, taking with him some silver spoons, several silk handkerchiefs, as well as the silk handkerchief in question, which in his excitement the broker had forgotten.

But the thief is not always so cool and collected as we are wont to believe him. He is especially unnerved by hunger and the police. Not long ago, a well-known actor, whilst in the provinces, had occasion to walk some distance at midnight, and was stopped on a lonely road by an ill-clad ruffian. "Fool!" muttered the actor coolly, "there's an officer within a hundred yards of us; I'll—" With an exclamation the thief disappeared over a wall; and the next morning his dead body was found in a river close by, into which in his haste he had fallen.

Some five or six years ago, the

shopkeepers of Bradford were thrown into a state of alarm by a couple of young lads. One of the two used to make a small purchase at a shop, and, by telling a plausible tale that a boy outside would take the purchase from him if it were seen, he got the shopman to put the article down the back of his coat. Whilst thus employed, the ingenious youth very easily relieved the shopman of his watch, and then bolted. After him came "the boy outside," to inform the shopman of his loss. The latter having had carefully described to him the road the thief had not taken, ran at once after the culprit, the second boy in the mean time helping himself to the contents of the till. How often this larceny was practised, few shopmen in Bradford care to remember.

Once, for the writer's edification, a young lad, not more than fifteen years of age, undertook to stand in a prominent thoroughfare in Leeds and open the ladies' satchels as they passed, without being observed. He never failed once, and very often succeeded in taking out their purses also, which of course were immediately returned intact. It is often argued, that if taken from their evil associates, many thieves would reform. It is very doubtful; they love their notorious orgies and their liberty too dearly. One instance in support of this is enough.

A clergyman in Bristol once interested himself in the welfare of a penitent thief, and secured a situation for him in South Australia. But while at his benefactor's house, listening to the bright prospects that awaited him, the thief was stealing the good man's spoons, watch, and ring. The chances of becoming rich in a day are further inducements, as in the case of the

gambler, to continue their life of recklessness and crime.

A Liverpool detective once stated that four hundred pounds and several watches were found upon a notorious

pickpocket during a festival in that city; and it is no uncommon thing for a couple of thieves during the Derby week to steal five or six hundred pounds' worth of valuables.

THE EVENING NEWSPAPER.

AN ENGLISH writer thus graphically describes the workings of a metropolitan newspaper. To the many who have not an intimate acquaintance with the inside of a newspaper printing office it will be an interesting revelation.

Let us describe what goes on inside the evening newspaper office. As the earliest edition of the paper has to go to press soon after noon, the staff must be at their posts at an early hour. The editor, after making himself acquainted with the news contained in the morning papers, and ascertaining what telegrams have come in in course of the morning, selects topics for leaders and leaderettes, and the writing of these is proceeded with at once by himself, and his assistants, the printer having in the meantime been instructed as to what occasional articles and reviews (which are usually put in type a day or two before they are required for publication) are to be inserted.

The news is dealt with in the sub-editor's room, and it is in that department that the contrast between the work exacted by an evening paper and that required for the production of a morning journal is most strikingly illustrated. The work of the day opens with a perusal of the morning papers, and the selection therefrom of such items of news as are of special interest. These are put into concise form, and help to fill up the first edition of the evening journal. By the time so much

as is deemed necessary of this kind of matter is prepared and passed to the printer, the various news agencies, whose services are subscribed for, begin to pour in "copy" from all quarters. This comes written by the manifold process on thin sheets of oiled paper, and is technically named "flimsy." By-and-bye the flood of news is swelled by the reporters at the law and police courts, and at such public meetings as it may be thought desirable to give an account of. A good deal is also certain to come in from the "liners," who are ever on the alert for chance pieces of news, fires, murders, street accidents, &c. Nor is this all. The daily newspaper in gathering news makes a liberal use of the telegraph which brings hourly intelligence of every sort from every part of the known world.

Before the day is done so much copy is usually received as would fill the entire paper several times over. This mass of material has to be examined as it arrives by the sub-editor and his assistants, likely contributions picked out, read, and if approved of, put into shape for publication. In very rare cases is the copy allowed to go to the printer in the condition in which it arrives. It is either too carelessly written, or spun out to a length far beyond requirements, and has to be either rewritten or abridged—operations which have to be performed with

the utmost expedition. It will be understood from this that a clear head and a ready judgment are essentials in the execution of work of this kind. Hence it has been said that "sub-editors, like poets, are born and not made."

While guarding against blunders of diction, and mistakes as to names, the sub-editor must have a keen scent for libellous statements. The law is very severe on newspapers nowadays, and when unhappily a libel is perpetrated, no allowance is made for the conditions under which it has been allowed to creep into print. Libels for which the sub-editor can be held blamable are, however, exceedingly rare. The sub-editor must also be on his guard against the inventors of bogus paragraphs. From time to time enterprising men have appeared in the ranks of the "liners" who have not scrupled to "fudge up a bit of copy." Few readers of newspapers care to verify incidents reported to have occurred even in their own neighborhood, and, taking advantage of this fact, it has been found easy to concoct such things as "Panic in a Chapel at Hackney," "A Mad Dog in Greenwich Park," "A Leap from London Bridge," and so forth. The writer has in his possession a rare collection of fictitious flimsies. The author of some of these overdid the thing and fell into the clutches of the law, and since then—until the other day when one of the morning papers came out with a bogus narrative of a particularly sensational type—business in this line has not been brisk. A safer exercise of ingenuity of this kind has been tried from time to time. Two or three men meet at some out-of-the-way public-house, and constitute themselves into a meeting of the "inhabitants of the

district" convened to discuss and pass resolutions upon some great imperial question. A report embodying resolutions is drawn up, and copies of this are dropped into the letter boxes of the newspaper offices. If done by an experienced hand, this sort of paragraph may find acceptance in several quarters; and, if so, the payment for it is collected in due time and divided.

If we follow the "copy" from the editorial rooms to the composing room, we shall find ourselves in the midst of a very busy scene. Here a large staff of compositors are engaged putting the matter into type. There is, however, nothing exceptional in their work until the last fifteen minutes before the completion of what is required for the edition in hand. Then there is general bustle, and sometimes a little excitement.

It is desired to get as much as possible of the latest news into the paper, and to do this, a minute subdivision of labor becomes necessary and the utmost watchfulness is essential on the part of everyone to prevent mistakes.

A stranger visiting the composing room when the work is being completed would never cease to wonder at the high degree of accuracy which is maintained, notwithstanding the bewildering rapidity with which everything is done.

At length the last page of the paper is placed in its iron frame, screwed up, and passed to the foundry. Here an impression is taken of it on a sheet of papier mache, and from that as a matrix a type-metal cast is taken. The cast is about a quarter of an inch thick, and is curved to fit the cylinder of the machine on which it is to be fixed. Immediately the last plate is in its place, the machine is started, and papers are pro-

duced at a speed of from 30,000 to 60,000 complete papers per hour, all folded and ready for delivery.

The publishing department has now its hands full. Parcels of papers for the news agents in town and country are quickly made up and despatched to the shops and railway stations in light carts drawn by fast-trotting ponies. The time of publication is so nicely arranged that certain important trains are usually on the very point of starting when the newspaper parcels are tumbled in.

The sub-editor has to visit the composing-room when the time of going to press approaches, to see that the news of the day is properly arranged. It is he

who determines what pieces of intelligence shall have preeminence, and so forth. This duty having been discharged, he returns to his own room, and the preparation of copy for the next edition is proceeded with. For the fresh matter to be inserted an equal quantity of the news culled from the morning papers is struck out. Proceeding thus, he is able by the time the latest edition is reached to get rid of all stale matter, and present a paper filled entirely with news of the day. In the meantime, the contents placard has had to be reconstructed over and over again, the latest items of interest displacing those that went before.

LETTERS ON THE GOSPEL.

I.

HOTEL SAN CARLOS,
CITY OF MEXICO.

My Dear Cousin:

Your welcome and very interesting communication has just reached me. I thank you for it, for I am always delighted to hear from my relatives residing in the old State of Virginia. Especially is this the case when the information comes through the medium of your esteemed letters, which ever breathe a spirit of kindness and tender sympathy, touching a responsive chord in my heart.

Please accept my sincere thanks for the detailed information afforded me, regarding the late illness and death of your beloved brother and my dear cousin Hezie. To me he was like an own brother, though I never knew, until informed by your last letter, the nature of his feelings toward me. I am glad that our sentiments of regards were mutual. After he and Gilbert returned from their visit in Utah, I

wrote to him hoping by that means to open and continue, at least an occasional correspondence. But from cause unknown to me, I received no reply. His silence, however, I attributed to one of two supposed causes, first, to pressure of daily temporal affairs, and second, to an aversion to writing.

And now we say that "he is dead." And yet he but "sleeps." As "all in Adam die," so, thank God, shall "all in Christ live again." There are many things pertaining to what we call death, and particularly pertaining to the first and second resurrections, about which I would like to *talk* with you, your husband, and all my relatives. Writing, as you doubtless have realized, is, at best, but a slow and imperfect medium through which to convey the glorious principles of the gospel, especially those pertaining to that highest grade of human salvation—"Lives Eternal." I do not know what your religious convictions and

practices are, nor upon what foundation you have built your hopes of eternal salvation.

You say in your last communication that "from your infancy you had been taught that dancing was sinful." This declaration leads me to the conclusion that your ideas of right and wrong, of what is "sinful" and what is not "sinful," have not always been based upon, nor drawn from, the "Law" and the "Gospel." While you and perhaps thousands of others have been taught by uninspired men that dancing is "sinful," I am satisfied that you can find nothing in the Bible that at all conveys such an idea. Indeed, I think its teachings show quite the reverse, which I will endeavor to prove before closing this letter, in order that you may see that the teachings of man, even in this enlightened day, do not always harmonize with Holy Writ; by close investigation we too frequently find them in direct, open opposition to the teachings of the Scriptures. Before directing your attention to passages bearing upon the subject of "dancing," I respectfully desire and earnestly pray you to reflect upon a few points of far greater importance.

The fifth verse of the third chapter of St. John reads as follows: "Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." This being positive, and therefore leaving no other condition upon which any man can enter God's Kingdom, and as all honest and good men must desire a place therein, it becomes very important to us that we commit no error in rendering and fully comprehending the meaning of the above words of our Lord. Will you therefore please

request your husband to search the Scriptures diligently and then inform me if Jesus meant by being "born of water"—baptism by immersion in the water? "And of the Spirit"—baptism by the Spirit? And if not, what did he mean? You may ask why you should request your husband to answer these questions. My reply is this, he is a minister whose calling necessarily implies the duty and privilege of teaching others how they may "enter the kingdom of God;" and believing him to be sincere, good and honest, I am anxious to know how far, if at all, he also may have received "for doctrines the commandments of men." (see Mat. 15:9). Christ was himself baptized by immersion by John in Jordan to "fulfil all righteousness." Not as in others for the "remission of sin," for he had committed no sin, being spotless and without guile. Paul after "seeing the light and hearing the voice," after being made to feel the power of God in being "stricken blind," and after being told that it was hard for him to kick against the pricks, was baptized.

The Holy Ghost fell upon Cornelius and his household before they were baptized in water. But this was to convince the Apostle Peter and the Jews with him, that the Gentiles as well as the Jews were subjects of salvation. (See Acts 10:15). Peter was sent by God to tell Cornelius what to do to be saved, both him and his household. And he did it. Commanding them to be baptized in the name of the Lord, as he had commanded thousands of others to do on the day of Pentecost. (See Acts, 2:38, 41). Faith is the first principle of the gospel, and is likewise the first of all action. A true faith will always be followed by true repentance, which is the second principle of the gospel. I say *true* faith,

and *true* repentance, for there are both true and false. Satan himself "believes and trembles." But he has not a *true* faith, neither a saving belief. (See James 2: 19). Please read the whole of that chapter and a part of the preceding, as they will show you how vain is faith, so called, without works, and will, I am sure, also cause to be better understood the sayings of the Lord, wherein he declares that he that heareth these sayings and *doeth* them shall be likened unto a man who buildeth his house upon a rock, and it should stand when the winds and rains should beat tempestuously upon it; whereas the man who heard them and *did them not* was likened unto the man who built his house upon the sands which, when the winds and rains beat upon it it fell, and great was the *ruin* thereof. A thing may be injured—a house may be damaged and repaired, but when a thing, be it a house, or a person's hopes of salvation, is "*ruined*" I understand that to be an end of that matter, how do you view it? I have referred to the above from memory; you will, I think, find the matter in the 7th chap. of Mat. and 6th chap. of Luke.

Regarding false repentance, I merely refer you to what John said to the Pharisees when they came to him to be baptized. "Oh, generation of vipers etc;" and he told them to bring "forth fruit (not professions) meet for repentance." True faith, leading to true repentance will bring the sinner to embrace the third principle of the gospel, which is baptism by immersion in water by one *having authority*, thus "being buried with Christ in baptism."

Many people believe in and practice "Sprinkling," substituting it for baptism. But sprinkling is not baptism,

neither would people say that a person had been "*buried*" if but a handful of earth had been sprinkled upon him.

"And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water," etc. (Mat. 3: 16). He went up straightway *out* of the water because he had been, or was before *down* in the water; else how can a person go out of anything unless he had first been in something? and the something in this case as we are told was "*water*." Please read what follows and learn how God the Father approved the act by sending the Holy Ghost to rest upon him in the form of a dove, and proclaimed that he was pleased in his Son. But lest you still may doubt as to the correct mode of baptism, I quote further: "And John also was baptizing in Ænon, near to Salim, because there was much water there, and they came and were baptized," (John 3: 23). The Catholics, I understand, in the earlier ages of Christianity, practised baptism by immersion; now, however, having changed the ordinance, I presume for the sake of *convenience*, they represent that the Savior was "sprinkled." I do not complain of this but simply bring it up to show how men will depart from the ways of God and then teach their children to do likewise. Now as a picture, the representation of John sprinkling water from an oyster shell upon the head of Jesus may be well enough, and even pretty enough to lead the minds of children astray regarding the ancient mode of baptism; but it represents that which never occurred. Educated Catholics, and the different Protestant sects who derive this idea from the Catholics, know that such a scene never occurred.

MOSES THATCHER.

To Mrs. B— N—,

TWO WAYS.

As the blood thirsty but expressive proverb has it, "there is more than one way to kill a cat," and there are likewise, at least, two methods of grappling with an awkward situation. The "Listener," of the Boston *Transcript*, says, that he one day saw two stout elderly ladies standing in the street facing each other, glaring rage and defiance. In meeting and undertaking to pass, their clothing had come in contact, and a projecting button upon the dress of one had caught in the lace on the garments of the other.

Their strain to disentangle themselves had drawn them into a regular snarl; the wrath of each had been roused to the boiling point. Each was tugging away spitefully at the point of jointure.

There seemed to be likelihood of an occasion for the interference of the police, for the faces of the two ladies were growing redder and redder, and their eyes snapping more and more furiously. Presently one lady gave a desperate tug; the lace gave way, and

the tie was severed. But imagine the feelings of her whose lace had been lacerated!

Next day, passing over almost the same ground, the "Listener" saw a pretty girl, brown-eyed, ruddy-cheeked and short-haired, and a stout Irish woman in a bonnet, a red and black shawl and a green poplin dress, who were walking in opposite directions, stop all at once, caught fast, just as the two women of the day before had been. The young girl smiled faintly and good-naturedly. The Irishwoman took in the situation and courtied.

"Sure, miss," said she, "an' it's a sign that we'll meet in heaven!"

The young lady smiled more pronouncedly, and said, "Wait a moment, and I will unfasten it."

In half a minute she disentangled the snarl.

"Ah, miss, remimber it," said the Irishwoman, as she moved away, radiant with smiles, "we're to meet in heaven, sure."

FOR THE OTHER FELLOW.

LEARN of all men,
As well as of the few that write their thoughts,
And trust them with respect but not with money
Until you know them. What things are for
The bettering of others, do those things;
Yet be not drawn into a dangerous whirl
Of various action. Notice the volumes
In your friend's book-case, and judge him by them;
But in a public library, beware
Of well-thumbed books, except the few good works
Of tried and sterling worth, which every one
Feels duty-bound to read; for *homo sapiens*
Runs by the myriad to uselessness.
While very few are wise as they might be:
Be of the few. Treat love with kindness.
Although distasteful, for its roots are deep

In all the best and vital parts of man.
And some day you yourself may want a friend.
Beware lest your maligners have a cause.
Be honest with yourself, and in as far
As it be possible, drop prejudice.
And love and cleave to truth for its own self.
Though it should prove you wrong; for this is best.
And the best motive is, because 'tis right.
Be neither grave nor giddy. Working out
The thing that we call life, use diligence
For though we cannot tell how it awoke,
Or what it is, still is it wonderful
And full of great import; and marred but once.
'Tis like the crimsoned snow that will not lose
Its ugly stain till every vestige fades.

C. L. PRIFER.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J. H. PARRY & Co., *Publishers.*

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER, 1887.

PROSPECTUS FOR VOLUME FOUR.

IN BEGINNING another volume of PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE we wish to call attention to a few changes which experience suggest be made in its make-up and appearance.

Many of our friends have intimated that a few original articles on local and other topics would make the MAGAZINE more valuable to its readers. As the number of pages have been increased to forty in each issue, a few original articles will be included hereafter in the make-up of the MONTHLY.

We will also continue the same amount of the best selected matter that heretofore appeared in each issue.

The aim and purpose of the publication, and the distinctive field of usefulness which was mapped out for it in the commencement—that of supplying the best current literature and placing it within the reach of all readers—will be strictly adhered to; and other improvements will be made from time to time as opportunities offer. On our part no pains for improvement will be spared which may be warranted by the increasing number of our friends.

Much of the reading matter will be illustrated with fine engravings, which will not only increase the attractiveness of each number, but will add much to the value of the volume when bound.

Some of the engravings will represent Rocky Mountain scenery, others will illustrate the life, customs and

habits of the people of other countries.

The leading writers of the day will be represented in the columns of the MAGAZINE, whose productions will be selected with much care from the best current literature.

A number of articles will appear from the pen of Apostle Moses Thatcher, and other of our best home writers, arrangements for which have already been made.

The series of illustrated papers on Mexico and its people, which began in Volume Three, will be continued, and will cover a variety of interesting topics relating to Mexico and the life, habits and customs of its people. The articles will be written by a talented Utah author now residing in Mexico.

Early in the volume a number of highly interesting papers will appear illustrating the History of the Jews in general, and of the Rothschilds in particular, showing how the money princes of Europe rose from obscurity to become the rulers of the world.

The Summary of Current Events, illustrated with portraits of prominent people, will be made specially valuable to every reader.

We cordially invite original articles and poems of merit and of general interest from all friends of good literature. All contributions will be carefully and critically examined, and if found suitable will appear in the MAGAZINE.

No effort will be spared in making the MAGAZINE the leading paper of its kind in the Rocky Mountains, and one that will find a welcome in every family. Nothing but the very best and most wholesome reading will appear in its pages. We hope, therefore, that we may rely upon the encouragement of every lover of good literature in this work of diffusing healthful and valuable reading, to the extent at least of his patronage.

THE PORTRAIT of President John Taylor, which appears as the frontispiece of this number, is a fine piece of wood engraving executed by Mr. J. W. Whitecar, a local artist, and reflects great credit upon his skill and ability. While it is not to be compared to a steel engraving in appearance, it is the *fac simile* of the last photograph taken of President Taylor, and will be valued on that account as well as for its striking likeness.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed September 20, 1887.

AUGUST 30, it was announced that the English government had agreed upon a new commission to represent British interests in the North American Fisheries Convention. A like commission will be appointed by the United States, and it is probable that at an early day the misunderstanding existing between the two governments, growing out of the fishing privileges in Canadian waters, will be adjusted by a peaceful settlement.

THE enforcement of the coercion act in Ireland is beginning to cause the predicted collision between the police and the people. Warrant being issued for the arrest for sedition of Wm. O'Brien, member of parliament and editor of *United Ireland*, an indignation meeting was held Sept. 9 in the market square of Mitchellstown. A government stenographer was sent to report the speeches, and the crowd attacked him. The police interfered, and the result was a riot, in which two men were killed and several wounded.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1887, the hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States was duly celebrated by a grand fete given in Philadelphia, in honor of that event. So many centennials have been commemorated during the last ten years that the importance of this one does not appear to be appreciated at its worth, by those who should be most interested. The Constitution adopted one hundred years ago, with the addition of a very few amendments, has been found adequate to the requirements of the most diversified nation upon the earth.

The principles of liberty defined in its clauses and the rights guaranteed to all who live under its sway, elicit the praise and admiration of the whole world. The framers of the Constitution were undoubtedly inspired of heaven in their work. An incident, related in the life of Benjamin Franklin, justifies the belief that the convention itself felt the need of Divine help in its labors. The delegates had met for several days and seemed unable to arrive at any understanding of the nature of the work expected of them. A few mornings after the commencement of their sittings, Franklin arose and, calling attention to the fact that they had not heretofore invoked Divine aid in their work, moved "that hereafter the days' proceedings should be commenced with prayer."

Sept. 17, 1787, the Constitution was unanimously adopted by all the State representatives present. Before the government could be organized, it needed the ratification of nine States. On June 21, 1788, the last of these nine States ratified the Constitution, and it became the supreme law of the land on the organization of the government, March 4, 1789.

April 30, 1789, General Washington was inaugurated as the first President, and the government, which went into effect March 4, or nearly two months before, was set in motion with two of its departments, executive and legislative, complete. The judiciary was not organized until after the approval of the act of September 24, 1789, creating the Supreme Court.

RECENT "Mormon" trials in the Third District Court have been characterized by such

fairness, and by a number of just and logical rulings from the bench, that it marks a new era in judicial affairs that is quite encouraging to lovers of fair play. It is not many months since, when to be arrested on the prevailing charge, the presumption of guilt was considered sufficient evidence to convict. In instructing the juries, Judge Zane now requires that the verdict shall be based upon the legal evidence brought before them.

A COMPANY with very strong backing, has been incorporated in this Territory, for building a railroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, California. The building of this road is to commence, it is promised, at an early day in the coming year, and will be pushed vigorously.

THE cowboys of Colorado made an attempt to raise an Indian war by firing upon a small band of Indians, belonging to the Ouray agency, who were out on a hunting expedition. The militia were called out and excitement ran pretty high. A skirmish occurred, Aug. 25, in which several were killed and wounded. Through the prompt action of the government, further hostilities were avoided, by calling in the militia, and removing them from the reservation.

THERE is probable trouble brewing between France and Brazil, growing out of the disputed boundary of French Guiana. The country lying between the two disputed boundaries, held as neutral ground between the two nations, is practically worthless, and has but one town, Counani; the whole territory is inhabited by 1000 people, descendants of runaway slaves from Brazil, escaped convicts from Guiana, and pirates; but Counani practically commands the mouth of the Amazon, and so controls the commerce of that river. To establish a French naval and military station at the mouth of the Amazon, is, no doubt, the real object of violation of the Counani neutrality treaty.

WHILE it seems to be true that Blaine is the first choice of the majority of stalwart Republicans for president, there are many in the party who fear he cannot be elected and who therefore oppose his nomination. In seeking for a more "available" candidate, these Republicans have hit upon Robert T. Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, and secretary of war under Garfield and Arthur. To show how favorably the idea of nominating Lincoln is regarded by the average Republican, it may be noted that the Toledo *Blade* in taking the vote of

21,000 of its subscribers as to their preference for president and vice president, found Lincoln exceeded by only two candidates—Blaine and Sherman—in the vote for president, and emphatically first favorite in the vote for vice president. The publication of these figures has called forth a general endorsement of Lincoln by the Republican press. The fact that he was never elected to any office higher than a town supervisor and the further fact that his views on public questions are known only to a few, are held against him, of course, but these objections are not insuperable. The real danger to the Lincoln "boom" lies in the probability that Blaine or Sherman may be put up with Lincoln as



ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

the "tail of the ticket." Since Van Buren, no vice president has stood any chance of being elected president. On the other hand, the governorship is a recognized stepping stone to the presidency, and Mr. Lincoln could be readily elected governor of Illinois in 1888.

Robert Todd Lincoln is the oldest (and only living) son of President Lincoln. He was born in 1843; graduated at Harvard in 1864, when he enlisted and served on Gen. Grant's staff to the end of the war. He then became a lawyer and practiced in Chicago till 1881, when Garfield appointed him secretary of war. Leaving that office in 1884, he again renewed the practice of his profession in Chicago, where he still resides.

SALMAGUNDI.

A CROSS old bachelor suggests that births should be announced under the head of "New Music."

BEFORE MARRIAGE AND AFTER.—Before marriage the question a girl asks her lover oftenest is, "Do you really love me?" After marriage the query becomes, "Is my hat on straight?"

PROUD MOTHER (*haughtily*): "You allowed yourself to be won altogether too easily, Edith!" **EDITH**: "I suppose I did. But as Albert is rather bashful, and I am nearing thirty, I thought it only proper to make it just as easy as possible for him."

"AND do you really love me, George?" she asked. "Love you!" repeated George fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-by on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home. Love you!"

"John, I wish you would rock the baby!" "What'll I rock the baby for?" "Because he is not very well; and, what's more, half of him belongs to you, and you should not object to rock him." "Well, don't half belong to you?" "Yes." "Well, you can rock your half, and let my half holloa."

WIFE (*who has been very silent all through breakfast*). "John Smith, you talked in your sleep last night about a Miss Ford. I distinctly heard you say that she was a daisy. And you the father of a family! Mother shall hear of this." **JOHN** (*who had been to the races*). "Miss Ford, my dear, is a horse." **WIFE**. "John, love, let me send you some hot coffee."

It is related that a gentleman who was trying a horse in company with a jockey noticed, after having driven him a mile or two, that he pulled pretty hard, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, and the gentleman inquired, "Do you think it is just the horse for a lady to drive?" "Well, sir," answered the jockey, "I must say I shouldn't want to marry the woman who could drive that horse."

"VERY well," she replied, "I shall sue you for breach of promise." "But I never promised to marry you." "I know you never said it in so many words, but you gave me to understand that you would." "When was that?" "You remember last summer when you asked me if I could cook, and I replied, 'Yes.' If that wasn't proposing I don't know what else it could be."

"YES," said a man who is always in difficulties, "as a success I have always been a failure, but as a failure I have been an unqualified success."

SHE (*blushing slightly*). "Do you know, George, I've heard it said that in ancient times kissing a pretty girl was a cure for a headache." **HE** (*with monumental stupidity*). "A headache is something I've never had."

A little boy, watching a severe thunderstorm in which the sheet-lightning flashed almost continuously, seemed very much interested and entirely unawed. Turning to his father, he asked, "What makes the wind open and shut its eyes so fast?"

"YOU must understand, Mr. Dumley, in seeking the hand of my daughter," said the old man, "that she will bring you no dowry until after my death." "I understand, sir," responded Dumley, hopefully; "but you must bear in mind, my dear sir, that you are getting well on in years."

OLD LADY (*to grocer's boy*): "Don't you know, boy, that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?" **BOY**: "That's what the boss told me to do, mum." **OLD LADY**: "Told you to whistle?" **BOY**: "Yes, 'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money."

PRECOCIOUS CHILD: Oh! mamma, me and Dick kissed each other last night." Sister Nell (anxious to change the drift of the conversation): "Do not talk in that way, pet; say 'Dick and I.'" "But it wasn't Dick and you. You were in the porch with Mr. Nice-fellow." "I—I—what I mean is, you should not mention yourself first." "Why I thought that you didn't want me to tell about you."

MR. WILBUR F. STEELE, a Dakota legislator, takes no interest in woman suffrage, except when he is obliged to do so. Once the Woman Suffrage Bill was before the House. A call was made for a vote, and the clerk proceeded to call the roll. When Steele's name was reached, he rose with the dignity of a Demosthenes, and commenced, "Mr. Speaker, I am sorry that I cannot support this Bill; but —" At that moment a well-dressed lady was seen to bend over the gallery-rail. In a loud voice she exclaimed, "W-i-l-b-u-r!" He glanced upward. It was enough. He turned and said, "Mr Speaker, I vote 'Ay.'" The lady was Mrs. Steele.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

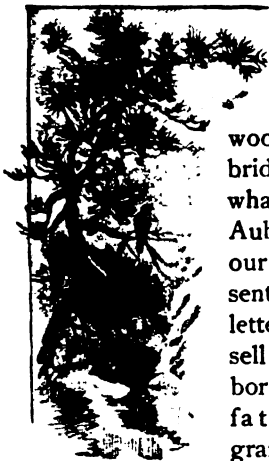
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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.



IN THE year 1819, in the old manor-house of Elmwood, in Cambridge, close to what is now Mount Auburn Cemetery, our finest representative man of letters, James Russell Lowell, was born and bred. His father and his grandfather before

him lived here, the former a Unitarian clergyman of the old school, well read, earnest, somewhat narrow, but an essentially religious man. His mother was a gifted woman, and a woman of high culture. She read foreign languages, was a musician, and a woman of high breeding, and she stamped her own individuality strongly upon at least three of her children.

Mr. Lowell entered Harvard College in his sixteenth year, and, though never what was called a brilliant student, was graduated in due time, and entered upon the study of law. He passed through the usual course and took his degree of LL. B., but he was not noted for his love of study in the law school, more than in college. He was noted for his love of reading in

both places, but it was of books outside the established course. His literary bent was strongly marked from the first, and his poetic talent developed itself at an early day. When only twenty-two years of age he published his first volume of poems, much like the youthful poems of other bards, and far inferior to the work of Bryant at the same age. Three years later he put forth a volume of verses much more worthy of his genius, some of them being favorites still.

There was not a large sale for books of poetry in this country at that time, and these first ventures of Lowell fared much like other books of that day. If he was not quite as badly off as poor Thoreau, who, a year after his first thousand was printed, wrote to a friend that he was now the owner of a library of about a thousand volumes, over nine hundred of which he wrote himself, he certainly was not far ahead of that original writer in the matter of sales. His books, however, attracted some attention, and could hardly be classed under the head he proposes for certain books, in the "Fable for Critics," namely, "literature suited to desolate islands,"—

"Such as Satan, if printing had then been invented,
As the climax of woe would to Job have presented."

Mr. Lowell was married in 1844 to Miss Maria White, of Watertown near Cambridge, the lady to whom some of his first poems were addressed, and who was herself a writer of very sweet and tender verse. Mrs. Lowell was most beautiful and accomplished, a fit wife for a poet, and the maker of a restful but inspiring home. Beautiful children came to them to gladden their lives for a little season; but all except one were recalled in early infancy, and the grief of the parents was both acute and lasting. Many a time, as he tells us, he—

“looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.”

And only in after-years he—

“Remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.”

For many years a pair of tiny baby-shoes, half-worn, hung over a picture-frame in the poet's study, and told their sad tale of the little feet that had gone on before. Like Sydney Smith, Lowell learned to think that “children are horribly insecure,—that the life of a parent is the life of a gambler;” and he held the one who still remained to him with a trembling grasp for a long time. Happily, she was spared to him, and still adds interest and pleasure to his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell went to Europe in 1851, and spent a year in travel, partly for the benefit of Mrs. Lowell's health, which was always delicate. They spent the greater part of their time in Italy, although they made brief tours in France, Switzerland, and England. About a year after their return Mrs. Lowell died, and

another little mound in Sweet Auburn was

“Folded close under deepening snow.”

During the nine years of their married life all had been peaceful and beautiful, and now there seemed nothing left but—

“To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,”

and many hopeless tears over—

“the thin-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair.”

For a long time the heart of the poet would admit of no consolation. He replied to every attempt to soften his grief,—

“There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard,
Would scarce stay a child in his race;
But to me and my thought it is wider
Than the star-sown vague of Space.

“Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your morals most dearly true;
But since the earth clashed on *her* coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

“Console if you will, I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam,
Has made Death other than Death.

“It is pagan; but wait till you feel it,—
That jar of the earth, that dull shock,
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

“Communion in spirit! forgive me,
But I, who am earthy and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dream-land
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

“That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.”

On the same day that Mrs. Lowell died a child was born to Mr. Longfellow, who sent to his friend the beautiful poem, “The Two Angels.”

“’T was at thy door, O friend, and not mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
Whispered a word that had a sound like
death.”

In 1854 Mr. Lowell was appointed as Mr. Longfellow's successor to the chair of *belles-lettres* in Harvard University,—a place for which he was most admirably fitted by nature and by training. He went abroad again and studied for two years, chiefly in Dresden, when he returned and began his lectures, which were much enjoyed by his cultivated audience.

In 1857 Mr. Lowell was married for the second time, to Miss Frances Dunlap of Portland, Maine, who had had charge of the education of his daughter while he was abroad. They returned to the ancestral home at Elmwood soon after the marriage, and continued to reside there until the poet was appointed Minister to Spain by President Hayes, when they repaired together to that country. Upon his transfer to the Court of St. James, they removed to London, where both were universally and justly popular. Few ladies have received such warm encomiums in England as Mrs. Lowell, and few have as richly deserved them. Few men whom our nation has sent to represent us in England have been so highly praised by the English press as Mr. Lowell, and probably no one has been so much liked by the class of people with whom he came chiefly in contact. There seemed to be much wonder in court circles there that America could produce so finished a gentleman as Mr. Lowell; and perhaps they had had some reason to doubt this, if they judged by the average American tourist. They wondered, too, at his delightful public speaking,—a thing to which Englishmen are not as much accustomed as Americans. Much regret was felt in England when he was called home; much also in this country by those who had the honor of the nation at heart, although

the whole people were glad to welcome him back to his native land once more. Mrs. Lowell died during their residence in London, and the sympathies of the world went out to the husband in his affliction.

Mr. Lowell came to the aid of the despised Abolitionists at an early day. While it was still inviting social ostracism and public indignity to do so, he bravely lifted up his voice in their defence, and began lending his vigorous and powerful pen to the cause they represented. All the traditions of his life seemed to bind him to the conservative classes; but he broke away from them, and boldly faced their derision and their sneers, to do what seemed right in his own eyes. As far back as the publication of the "Fable for Critics," he had dared to praise Whittier, whom all the conservatives affected to despise,—

"For singing and striking in front of the war,
And hitting his foes with the mallet of Thor."

It still required bravery as well as kindness to say of the despised Quaker:—

"All honor and praise to the right-hearted
bard
Who was true to The Voice when such service
was hard;
Who himself was so free he dared sing for
the slave,
When to look but a protest in silence was
brave!
All honor and praise to the women and men
Who spoke out for the dumb and the down-
trodden then!"

The first of the Biglow Papers had appeared even before this,—as early as 1846, during the progress of the Mexican war,—and had showed his countrymen very plainly where he was to be found in the coming struggle. These brilliant coruscations of wit were the first gleams of light which irradiated the sombre anti-slavery

struggle. The Abolitionists were men too much in earnest to enliven their arguments with wit or humor, and the whole conflict thus far had been stern and solemn in the extreme. This had prevented much popular enthusiasm, except in natures as earnest as their own; and many men who had before been indifferent to the subject were at once attracted and interested by the railleury and satire of Lowell. They enjoyed his keen thrusts, and began to talk with one another about them, and unconsciously imbibed a little of their spirit. Some of the more jingling rhymes caught the ear of the street, and in a little while

"John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wun't vote for Governor B."

was heard on every hand. And even across the sea, we are told, travelers would hear some one repeating the catch,—

"But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they did n't know everything down
in Judee."

The first series of these papers undoubtedly had a powerful influence in forming public opinion upon the subject of the abolition of slavery; and the second series exerted a still more potent influence in favor of sustaining the government in the prosecution of the war, and in urging it to the emancipation of the slaves. Early in the war he wrote,—

"It's slavery that's the fangs and thinkin' head,
And ef you want salvation, cresh it dead."

He suffered much in his own family from the war, three of his favorite nephews being killed,—one at Winchester, one at Seven Pines, and one at Ball's Bluff. Another relative was

the gallant Colonel Shaw, who led the colored troops in the assault on Fort Wagner, and who there gave up his heroic life. In the "Commemoration Ode"—the greatest poem which Lowell has ever written—he celebrates the death of these young heroes in fitting verse, and gives their names to immortality. The effect of the poem at the time was simply overpowering, so many other hearts were bleeding with his own; and it at once took its place as one of the noblest poems in the language. The poet William W. Story came over from Rome purposely to hear Lowell deliver this ode, and felt abundantly paid for the journey by the pathos and sublimity of the scene, which has seldom been equalled in this country.

In person Lowell is of medium height, rather slender, but sinewy and active. His movements are deliberate rather than impulsive, indicating what athletes call staying qualities. His hair at maturity was dark auburn or ruddy chestnut in color, and his full beard rather lighter and more glowing in tint. The eyes of men of genius are seldom to be classified in ordinary terms, though it is said their prevailing color is grey. . . . Lowell's eyes in repose have clear blue and grey tones, with minute, dark mottlings. In expression they are strongly indicative of his moods. When fixed upon study, or while listening to serious discourses, they are grave and penetrating; in ordinary conversation they are bright and cheery; in moments of excitement they have a wonderful lustre. Nothing could be finer than his facial expression while telling a story or tossing a repartee. The features are alive with intelligence; and eyes, looks, and voice appear to be working up dazzling effects in con-

cert, like the finished artists of the *Comedie Francaise*.

As a conversationalist Mr. Lowell is unrivalled. His wit is apparently inexhaustible, and irradiates his whole conversation, as it does all his writing except his serious poetry. His "Fire-side Travels" was pronounced by Bryant the wittiest book ever written; and it is not more witty than much of his conversation. The brilliancy of his conversation and the charm of his manners unite to make him one of the most fascinating companions in the world; and this charm is felt by all who come in contact with the man, and is not a thing reserved for his more favored companions. One who has witnessed an encounter of wit between Lowell and Dr. Holmes has witnessed one of the finest exhibitions of mental pyrotechnics of the day. His reading has been wide and varied, and he has all his resources at command. His observation of men and things has also been keen, and every variety of anecdote and illustration come forth from apparently inexhaustible sources as the needs of the moment demand. His love of Nature and his observation of all her finer moods make him a most delightful out-of-doors companion. In the beautiful environs of Cambridge he used to take those long walks which furnished him with such a fund of accurate observation of the sights and sounds of the natural world. No man has a keener eye for a bird than he, nor a quicker ear to distinguish between their songs; and no unusual sound of insect life escapes his scrutiny,—he is keenly alert to know what is going on under his feet as well as over his head. The most modest flower does not escape his eye, nor any peculiarly marked leaf, nor any rich bed of leafy mould. He sees everything

with his poet's eye, even to "those rifts where unregarded mosses be." He has never been what is called a society man, though latterly he has gone more into general society. Formerly, dinner-parties and balls were his pet aversions, as one might suspect from his poem "Without and Within:"—

"My coachman, in the moonlight there,
Looks through the sidelight of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear,
As I could do,—but only more.

"Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant lot;
Blows on his aching fists in vain,
And dooms me to a place more hot.

"Meanwhile, I inly curse the bore
Of hunting still the same old coon;
And envy him outside the door,
In golden quiet of the moon.

"I envy him the ungyved prance
By which his freezing feet he warms,
And drag my lady's chain and dance,—
The galley-slave of dreary forms.

"Oh, could he have my share of din,
And I his quiet!—past a doubt,
'T would still be one man bored within,
And just another bored without."

But he was always fond of good company, and collected around him in Cambridge, in the old days, a brilliant circle of congenial friends. Of these, Longfellow, and Professor Felton, and Agassiz, and Dr. Estes Howe his brother-in-law, were perhaps the closest; but John Holmes and Edmund Quincy and Robert Carter were very warm friends,—members of the famous Whist Club, and royal companions all. Dr. Holmes was not far away, and always a constant visitor at Cambridge; but there is scarcely a man of note in the literary world whom he has not known in the course of his life; and he has made friends of nearly all he has known. He has been a busy worker, too, all his life,—industrious, concentrated, and indefatigable. A

man who could write the whole of "Sir Launfal" in two days knows how to toil, and has been accustomed to concentrate his faculties.

Of his own personal faith and trust in Providence he gives a picture in "Sea-Weed:"—

"The drooping sea-weed hears, in night
abyssed,
Far and more far the wave's receding shocks,
Nor doubts, for all the darkness and the mist,
That the pale shepherdess will keep her tryst,

And shoreward lead again her foam-fleeced
flocks.

"For the same wave that rims the Carib shore
With momentary brede of pearl and gold,
Goes hurrying thence to gladden with its roar
Lorn weeds bound fast on rocks of Labrador,
By love divine on one sweet errand rolled.

"And though Thy healing waters far with-
draw,
I too can wait, and feed on hope of Thee
And of the dear recurrence of Thy law,
Sure that the parting grace my morning saw
Abides its time to come in search of me."

HATTIE T. GRISWOLD.

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

WHEN, in 1752, Franklin succeeded, through a kite sent up into a storm cloud, in obtaining an electric spark at

the extremity of the cord, which had been made a conductor through the rain, it was no longer possible to doubt that



FIG. 1.—AURORA BOREALIS OBSERVED NEAR THE COAST OF NORWAY.

lightning was but an immense electric discharge between two clouds, or a discharge between a cloud and the earth. This discovery was of great importance, since it connected with the laws of physics certain phenomena which, until then, had passed for marvelous, and in which nothing but supernatural and mysterious manifestations were seen.

heavens, and that the clash of arms has been heard.

It is now known that the aurora borealis has the same origin as lightning, that it is one of the visible manifestations of atmospheric electricity, and that it is due to slow movements of that fluid, while lightning is the result of violent motions. The effects of the aurora and of the thunder-bolt are



FIG. 2.—AURORA BOREALIS OBSERVED IN LAPLAND.

The aurora borealis, which is more difficult to understand, and which necessitates more extended scientific notions, has remained much longer unexplained. This enigmatic phenomenon was especially striking to the imagination of ancient peoples. It was regarded as an omen of inauspicious events, and the historians who describe it affirm that, at times, armies have been seen passing through the bloody

absolutely different; but between them there is an intermediary that connects them, and this is heat lightning.

These elementary notions are now the property of science; but the study of the aurora has hitherto been only partially outlined. Travelers and physicists have, indeed, given numerous descriptions, but it has remained to find the bonds that unite these so important phenomena in the economy of

the globe, to study the causes that set them in action, to observe the correlations that they may offer, and to discuss theories. This is a labor that Mr. S. Lemstrom has been engaged in for several years, and we now propose to analyze the results published by this great Finnish physicist.

The author of this important work, who has long been occupied in the study

with a summary of new and incontestable facts.

Mr. Lemstrom has observed a large number of auroræ, and before touching upon theoretic questions, we shall give his description of one of the phenomena that seems to be the completest. On the 18th of October, 1868, the steamer *Sophia* was nearing the coast of Norway, after battling with a fu-



FIG. 3.—AURORA BOREALIS OBSERVED AT THE PRESBYTERY OF ENARE.

of the aurora borealis, so frequent in his country, was attached to the polar expedition made in 1868 by Nordenskjöld. He was led to begin a series of important observations. In 1871 he visited Finnish Lapland, and, after a series of ingenious researches, constructed an apparatus that permitted him to artificially reproduce the light of the aurora, and to present science

rious sea for three days in succession. To the west of the horizon we remarked two strata of clouds that were clearly separated by a blue band of the heavens, crossed by a band striated with a pale yellow. It was the feeble beginning of an aurora, whose splendor was soon to surpass all the phenomena of the same kind that we had up till then observed. The edges of the upper

stratum of clouds gradually lighted up, and we soon saw isolated flames issuing from them that sometimes rose to the zenith. Suddenly, the phenomenon embraced the entire horizon. Everywhere were flames, everywhere were jets of brilliant light, yellow below, green in the center, and reddish violet above. In an instant, all the rays united in a regular and dazzling crown, situated in the heavens to the south of the zenith. When the phenomenon reached the maximum of its in-

According to Mr. Lemstrom, Fig. 1 gives an idea, although a feeble one, of the phenomenon at its height. It reproduces only half of the horizon, and the reader may supply the missing portion of this grand spectacle in imagination. The streams of light verging toward a common center were alternately rose colored and pale yellow, and overlooked an immense violet zone. The rosette in the center was of a beautiful red, and stood out upon a greenish blue circle.

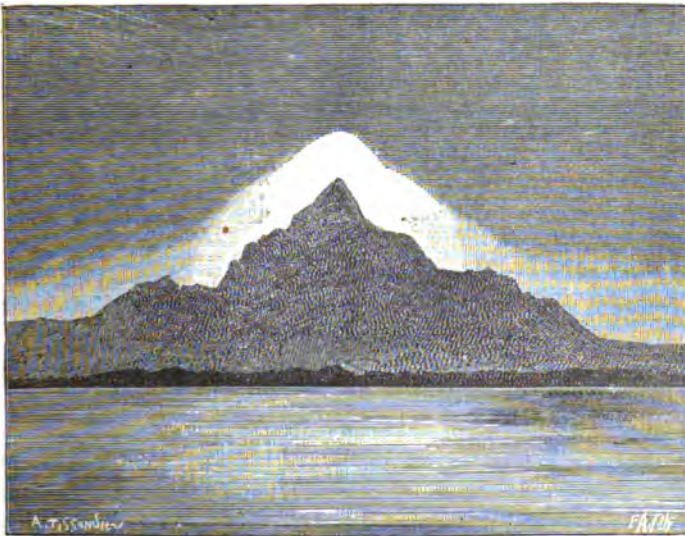


FIG. 4.—AURORAL LIGHT AROUND THE SUMMIT OF A MOUNTAIN.

tensity, it reminded us of the immense vault of a temple, with a brilliant chandelier in the center. The apparition lasted but a few minutes, but, on vanishing, left behind it a luminous zone between the banks of clouds. From the upper bank there continued to emanate, at short intervals, isolated rays that rose to the zenith, and there formed the fragments of a crown. The edges of the banks of clouds remained luminous, although the rays had disappeared."

Fig. 2 represents an aurora that was observed on the 19th of November, 1871, in Finnish Lapland. At the beginning, and at 30° above the horizon it formed an arch from whence rose waves of light, and which gradually ascended. The figure shows it when it had reached about 60° above the horizon. The base of the aurora was yellow, and the oblique and very brilliant rays were, slightly higher up, rosy, violet, and blue. The colors of the polar light are usually clear and

bright, but never did they exhibit greater luster than on this occasion.

Fig. 3 gives an idea of the variety of forms that the phenomenon may affect. It represents an aurora that was observed at the presbytery of Enare on the 16th of November, 1871. The aurora this time took on the form of a glowing red band, curved as shown in the figure. The two extremities bordered on yellow and green.

There is another form of aurora frequently observed in northern countries, and that is the one that is seen to occur above clouds, and that has the appearance of a wide piece of drapery with undulating folds. As it is the form most usually represented, we shall not dwell upon it. On the contrary, we shall speak of other phenomena of the same origin, and much less known, that Mr. Lemstrom describes. It concerns those auroral lights that shine at the edges of clouds, or that form around the tops of the mountains in Spitzbergen or in the Alpine districts of Lapland. According to the Finnish observer, it would be impossible to tell by the naked eye whence this light comes, but, by means of a spectroscope, we find that it is of the same nature as the aurora. Sometimes, these strange lights take on the form of flames of but little brightness, which, at short intervals, rise from the crest of the mountain and suddenly vanish (Fig. 4).

These phenomena sometimes exhibit themselves at the level of the earth's surface, or upon roofs of houses.

Finally, Mr. Lemstrom describes the diffuse light which sometimes fills the atmosphere of the polar regions, thus proving that the phenomenon shows itself from time to time in the vicinity of the earth itself.

Meteors of the same nature as the light of the auroræ boreales do not occur solely in the polar regions, and the author demonstrates, not without attaching much importance to it from this standpoint of the theories to which he has been led, that they are observed in other countries of the earth. In Peru, Bolivia, and Chili the summits of the mountains are often seen illuminated by brilliant lights. This light, which occurs especially in summer, has been compared to heat lightning by scientists.

Similar observations have been made in the Swiss Alps. Dr. De Saussure has seen electricity escape through all the projecting parts of objects, and the same phenomena have been observed upon the high plateaus of Mexico. Again, we may cite the fact that Brewster observed a light upon a church tower during an aurora borealis. In every country phenomena similar to polarized light may occur.



WHAT THE OLD MAN DOES IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

I WILL tell you a story which was told to me when I was a little boy. Every time I thought of the story, it seemed to me to become more and more charming; for it is with stories as with many people—they become better as they grow older.

I take it for granted that you have been in the country, and seen a very old farm-house with a thatched roof, and mosses and small plants growing wild upon the thatch. There is a stork's nest on the summit of the gable; for we can't do without the stork. The walls of the house are sloping, and the windows are low, and only one of the latter is made so as to open. The baking oven sticks out of the house like a little fat body. The elder-tree hangs over the paling, and beneath its branches, at the foot of the paling, is a pool of water in which a few ducks are disporting themselves. There is a yard-dog, too, who barks at all comers.

Just such a farm-house stood out in the country; and in this house dwelt an old couple—a peasant and his wife. Small as was their property, there was one article among it that they could do without—a horse, which made a living out of the grass it found by the side of the high-road. The old peasant rode into the town on this horse; and often his neighbors borrowed it from him, and rendered the old couple some service in return for the loan of it. But they thought it would be best if they sold the horse, or exchanged it for something that might be more useful to them. But what might this something be?

"You'll know that best, old man," said the wife. "It is fair-day to-day, so ride into town, and get rid of the

horse for money, or make a good exchange; whichever you do will be all right to me. Ride to the fair."

And she fastened his neckerchief for him, for she could do that better than he could; and she tied it in a double bow, for she could do that very prettily. Then she brushed his hat round and round with the palm of her hand, and gave him a kiss. So he rode away upon the horse that was to be sold or to be bartered for something else. Yes, the old man knew what he was about.

The sun shone hotly down, not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for many people who were all bound for the fair were driving, or riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the sunbeams.

Among the rest, was a man trudging along, and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow can be.

"She gives good milk, I'm sure," said the peasant. "That would be a very good exchange—a cow for the horse."

"Hello, you there with the cow!" he said; "I'll tell you what—I fancy a horse costs more than a cow, but don't care for that; a cow would be more useful to me. If you like, we'll exchange."

"To be sure I will," said the man; and they exchanged accordingly.

So that was settled, and the peasant might have turned back, for he had done the business he came to do; but as he had once made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to proceed, merely to have a look at it; so he went on to the town with his cow.

Leading the animal, he strode stur-

dily on; and after a time he overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said the peasant to himself. "He would find plenty of grass by our palings, and in the winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more practical to have a sheep instead of a cow. Shall we exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was struck. So the peasant went on in the high-road with his sheep.

Soon he overtook another man, who came into the road from a field, carrying a great goose under his arm.

"That's a heavy thing you have there. It has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string, and paddling in the water at our place. That would be something for my old woman; she could make all kinds of profit out of it. How often she has said, 'If we only had a goose!' Now, perhaps, she can have one; and, if possible, it shall be hers. Shall we exchange? I'll give you my sheep for your goose, and thank you into the bargain."

The other man had not the least objection, and accordingly they exchanged, and our peasant became proprietor of the goose.

By this time he was very near the town. The crowd on the high-road became greater and greater; there was quite a crush of men and cattle. They walked in the road, and close by the palings, and at the barrier they even walked into the toll-man's potato field, where his one fowl was strutting about, with a string to its leg, lest it should take fright at the crowd, and stray away, and so be lost. This fowl had

short tail feathers, and winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning. "Cluck, cluck!" said the fowl. What it thought when it said this I cannot tell you; but directly our good man saw it, he thought, "That's the finest fowl I've ever seen in my life! Why, it's finer than our parson's brood hen! On my word, I should like to have that fowl. A fowl can always find a grain or two, and can almost keep itself. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get that for my goose."

"Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-keeper.

"Exchange!" repeated the man; "well, that would not be a bad thing."

And so they exchanged; the toll-keeper at the barrier kept the goose, and the peasant carried away the fowl.

Now he had done a good deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and a glass of beer to drink; and soon he was in front of the inn. He was just about to step in, when the hostler came out, so they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the hostler; "a whole sackful of them—enough to feed the pigs with."

"Why, that's terrible waste! I should like to take them to my old woman at home. Last year the old tree by the turf-hole only bore a single apple, and we kept it on the cupboard till it was quite rotten and spoilt. 'It was always property,' my old woman said; but here she could see a quantity of property—a whole sackful. Yes, I shall be glad to show them to her."

"What will you give me for the sackful?" asked the hostler.

"What will I give? I will give my fowl in exchange.

And he gave the fowl accordingly, and received the apples, which he carried into the guest-room. He leaned the sack carefully by the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot—he had not thought of that. Many guests were present—horse-dealers, ox-herds, and two Englishmen—and the two Englishmen were so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold coins, and almost burst; and they could bet, too, as you shall hear.

Hiss-s-s! hiss-s-s! What was that by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast!

"What is that?"

"Why, do you know—," said our peasant.

And he told the whole story of the horse that he had changed for a cow, and all the rest of it, down to the apples.

"Well, your old woman will give it to you well when you get home!" said one of the two Englishmen. "There will be a disturbance."

"What?—give me what?" said the peasant. "She will kiss me, and say, 'what the old man does is always right.'" "Shall we wager," said the Englishman. "We'll wager coined gold by the ton—a hundred pounds to the hundred weight!"

"A bushel will be enough," replied the peasant. "I can only set the bushel of apples against it; and I'll throw myself and my old woman into the bargain—and I fancy that's piling up the measure."

"Done—taken!"

And the bet was made. The host's carriage came up, and the Englishman got in, and the peasant got in; away they went, and soon they stopped before the peasant's hut.

"Good evening, old woman."

"Good evening, old man."

"I've made the exchange."

"Yes, you understand what you're about," said the old woman.

And she embraced him, and paid no attention to the stranger guest, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse," said he. "Heaven be thanked!" said she. "What glorious milk we shall have, and butter and cheese on the table! That was a capital exchange!"

"Yes, but I changed the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, that's better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything, we have just pasture enough for a sheep. Ewe's milk and cheese, and woolen jackets and stockings! The cow cannot give those, and her hairs will only come off. How you think of everything!"

"But I changed away the sheep for a goose."

"Then this year we shall really have roast goose to eat, my dear old man. You are always thinking of something to give me pleasure. How charming that is! We can let the goose walk about with a string to her leg, and she'll grow fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl," said the man.

"A fowl? That was a good exchange!" replied the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens: we shall have a whole poultry-yard! Oh! that's just what I was wishing for."

"Yes, but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shriveled apples."

"What!—I must positively kiss you for that," exclaimed the wife. My dear, good husband! Now, I'll tell

you something. Do you know, you had hardly left me this morning, before I began thinking how I could give you something very nice this evening. I thought it should be pancakes with savory herbs. I had eggs and bacon, too; but I wanted herbs. So I went over to the schoolmaster's—they have herbs there, I know—but the school-mistress is a mean woman, though she looks so sweet. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. Lend! she answered me, 'Nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a shriveled apple. I could not even lend you a shriveled apple, my dear woman.' But now I can lend her ten, or a whole sackful. That I'm very glad

of; that makes me laugh!" And with that she gave him a sounding kiss.

"I like that!" exclaimed both the Englishmen together. "always going down hill, and always merry; that's worth the money." So they paid a hundred weight of gold to the peasant, who was not scolded, but kissed.

Yes, it always pays, when the wife sees and always asserts that her husband knows best, and that whatever he does is right.

You see, that is my story. I heard it when I was a child, and now you have heard it too, and know that "What the old man does is always right."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON

"LITTLE NAN."

LITTLE Nan Gordon,
 With the red hair,
 Down by the post-office,
 You know where,
 Sold big, red apples,
 Two for a cent,
 Gum-drops, lozenges,
 Rose peppermint.
 Left her stand
 In the broad daylight,
 Ran clear up *here*
 In a *terrible* fright.
 "Tell the doctor
 To please come quick.
 There's a man," she said,
 "That's *awful* sick.
 A poor old man
 Got hurt by a cart;
 Nobody'd come
 And I hadn't the heart
 To stand like the rest
 And only stare.
 So I *had* to come,
 And I wouldn't care
 If the boys stole everything I had;
 I'd rather be *poor*
 Than be so *bad*."
 I'll tell you what
 My mamma said
 That very night

When she put me to bed.
 A beautiful angel
 With shiny wings,
 One of the kind
 That always sings,
 Will come some time
 And find little Nan.
 Who forgot *herself*
 And for sick folks ran;
 He'll take her hand
 And say to her "Come
 And go with me."
 And he'll show her his *home*,
 Where no one is selfish
 And loves his ease,
 But every one tries
 All the rest to please.

I tell you what,
 I'd like to go;
 And a good many boys
 And girls that I know,
 And we're going to try
 Very hard to do
 All that is right
 And to tell what's *true*.
 Now, don't you think
 That if we do
 An angel will come
 And take *us* too?

"LITTLE NAN."

A SEQUEL.

LITTLE Nan Gordon,
With the red hair,
Ran back to her stand,
You know where,
And told the sick man :
" The doctor will come,
Quick as he can,
And take you home."

But what a *surprise*
There met her eyes ;
None *cared* for poor Nan
While *she* cared for the *man*.

While she was gone
Some *awful* bad boys
Stole her apples, gum-drops,
Money and toys ;
Turned over her stand,
In the broad daylight,
And left what they left
In a *terrible* plight;
Stamped on her basket,
And did—what boys can—
All that they could
To injure poor Nan,
Who cried at her loss,
But still was real glad
That *she* did what was good,
If others *were* bad.

But an angel stood by,
With a smile on his face
And a tear in his eye,
Who whispered, quite softly,
" I'll make it all right
With Nan bye-and-bye."

The very next morning,
When Nan got there—
Down by the post-office,
You know where—

Big, red apples,
Two for a cent,
Gum-drops and candies,
Rose peppermint—
Lots of things she hadn't before,
Of such as she *did* have
Twice as much more ;
A nice new table,
A nice money-drawer,
For the money stolen
Twice as much more ;
New baskets and candy-jars,
Clean and bright,
All ready for Nan
In the broad daylight.
And the angel stood by,
With a stick in his hand,
Keeping bad boys
Away from the stand.

Then he kissed little Nan,
With the red hair,
And gave her the things
That he'd *fixed* for her there.
So twice glad was Nan
That she went to get help
For the sick old man.

Moral.

'Tisn't always true what folks frequently say
That children must wait till the judgment
day
Before their good actions will draw any pay ;
But *this* is the point—Nan did what she could,
What made her real *glad* was she was real
good :
To have angel's help you needn't wait till you
die,
Do good when you *can*, the angel stands by.
A. W. DODGE.

HOW TO GET RICH.

IN ANSWER to a request of the Boston *Herald* to write some practical hints for young men on the acquirement of wealth, Gen. Benj. F. Butler responds as follows:

A difficult task is set me, as circumstances under which young men com-

mence life are so widely varied. But I think that more young men fail in the investment of what they earn or receive than in any other way to acquire property. The temptations to speculate are so great, and the desire to become suddenly rich so strong, that I believe

eight out of ten, if not more, of young men are wrecked at the very beginning.

If a young man is earning something more than the expense of his living, and has no object in view, he is likely either to increase those expenses carelessly or to loan his money to his friends, and in so doing in the majority of cases he will lose both friends and money. So that the best thing that he can do is to have an object, gather up his money, and to have a call for it which shall be a profitable one. He makes no investment because he says, "I have got so little money that it won't come to anything. I will wait until I get more;" and in waiting, generally, what he has goes.

When a young man has a very little money, let him buy some property, preferably a piece, however small, according to his means, of improved real estate that is paying rent. He had better buy it when sold at auction, under a judicial sale, paying in cash what he can, giving his notes for the balance in small sums coming due at frequently recurring intervals, secured by a mortgage on the property, and then use all his extra income in paying up those notes. It is always safe to discount your own note, and if the notes come a little too fast, as he gets anything paid his friends will aid him when he is putting his money where it cannot be lost, and where the property is taking care of the interest, and in a very short time he will find that he has got a very considerable investment. He will become interested in it, save his money to meet his notes, and he will directly come into a considerable possession of property, and hardly know how it came to him. That is, he will have had a motive for saving, and will get the result of that saving, and

will not be tempted to enter into speculations.

Nothing is so safe for an investment as improved real estate. Nothing is likely to grow in value faster. In the last 50 years 90 per cent of all the merchants and traders in Boston have failed. In the last 50 years 60 per cent of all the business corporations have failed or gone out of business, so that their stock has been wiped out. In the last 50 years all the improved real estate on the average has paid its interest and taxes and quadrupled in value. If a young man's father can give him anything to start him in the world, he had better invest it in that way and let it accumulate and earn his living, and he will be richer than if he had gone into business.

Jay Gould is said to have started from a mouse trap seller to become a millionaire. Assuming that to be true, he is only one of 60,000,000 of people; and if any young man thinks that he is going to imitate Jay Gould, there are 60,000,000 chances to one that he won't succeed.

The rule I would lay down for a young man is, never do a mean thing for money. Be prudent and saving of your money. Be careful to have no interest account running against you, unless you have an equal or greater interest account running in your favor. Work diligently, and you are sure of a competency in your old age; and as early as possible, if you can, find a saving, prudent girl who has been brought up by a mother who knows how to take care of a house, and make a wife of her. She will aid, and not hinder you.

I claim no originality in this advice, and will relate you an incident in my own experience to illustrate it: In my earliest practice in my profession I was quite successful in earning money, and

I had a small balance in the Lowell Bank, at the head of which was Mr. James G. Carney. The bank was directly across the hall from my office. I stepped into the bank to deposit a little money on one occasion, and Mr. Carney said to me: "Why don't you invest your money?" "Invest," said I; "I have nothing to invest." "Oh, yes," he says; "you have quite a little sum of money, and I see that your young friends come with your checks occasionally, evidently borrowing it. Now you had better invest it" "How can I invest it?" "Invest it in real estate." "I know nothing about real estate." "Go to the first auction and buy the property. You cannot be much cheated in that, because you will have to give very little more than somebody else will be willing to pay for it. Give your notes for it, save your money, collect your fees, pay your notes as they become due. See that the property is improved property, so that the rent will keep down your interest account, and when you get any other money, invest it in the same way, and if your notes press upon you a little faster than

you can pay them, why we will, when we find that is what you are doing with your money, discount your note and give you a little more time, so that you can pay it up. This will necessitate the prompt collection of your bills, for I know that you would rather work and earn a hundred dollars than dun a man for it, unless you have a pressing need for it. You have not even asked for a little bill that we owe you in the bank, which shows me that you do not promptly collect your dues." I followed the advice and bought a number of pieces of property in that manner, and I never did exactly know how they were paid for, but they were, and in a few years I owned some twenty different pieces of property in Lowell that came to me in that way. I can only say that I wish I had been wise enough to have continued this course through life.

I do not think that I need to extend these suggestions any further, because if a young man won't mind these, he won't any others, and I cannot suggest any better ones.

I am, yours truly,
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

THE CITY OF MEXICO AND ITS ENVIRONS.

V.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE Mexican is very fond of amusements, and seems to the stranger visiting his country, to spend much of his time and most of his money in diversions and celebrating feast-days. He has inherited from the Spaniards a love for the drama, as may be inferred

from the fact that at least five theatres, besides numerous concert halls, shows, etc., are supported by his money in the City of Mexico. He is also unable to restrain the "light fantastic toe" when invited by the beautiful harmony of a Mexican flute and guitar to engage in the dance.

Sunday afternoon and evening is the most popular time for bull-fights,

theatres, balls, and other recreations. The morning hours from five to seven o'clock are devoted to worship: the churches are thronged, and the streets lined with devout people who pay their devotions to the Virgin and saints at that early hour; but in the latter part of the day business is suspended—even in the churches, and the populace seem to abandon themselves to pleasure and sport, forming a strong contrast with the quiet manner in which the Sabbath is spent in Utah.

Smoking is allowed everywhere and at all times, and is freely indulged in by both sexes of all ages. All cars, in Mexico, are smoking cars, and it is never impolite to smoke in theatre, ball, parlor or Pullman. A bunch of two dozen cigarettes cost only three cents, while cigars sell for from one to five cents each, the kind mostly used costing a *thaco*, or a cent and a half. Thus the weed is within the reach of all, and they all use it.

Fiestas, or feast-days, are very common here. Most of them are religious and in honor of Catholic saints, and important events that have taken place in the history of that church; but there are twenty-seven which the government recognizes by raising the national flag, and giving its employees a whole or half holiday. These latter are not religious, and the most important among them are celebrated by forming processions, parading of troops, firing guns, speech-making, etc., much the same as the Fourth of July is celebrated in our country. But the religious *fiestas* are often grotesque and curious, and differ from each other according to the persons or events in whose honor they are held. For instance, on the day set apart in honor of John the Baptist, men, women and children take a bath, or go in swim-

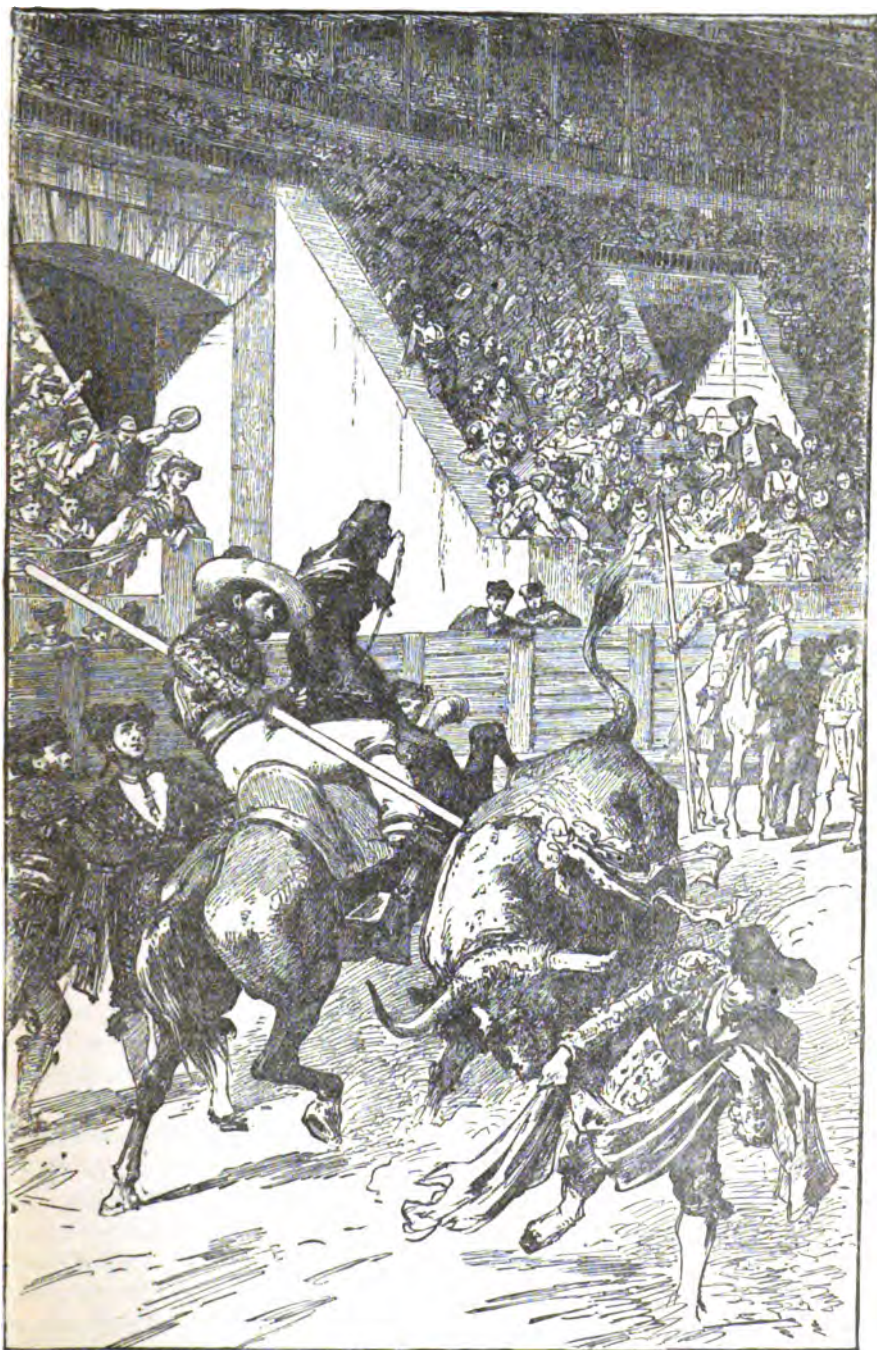
ming, as a type of his baptising in the river Jordan, and all the canals, ponds and streams are alive with the bathers.

On Good Friday, they show their spite and hatred toward the traitor, Judas, by making grotesque paper images of him of all sizes. Thousands of vociferous venders crowd the principal plaza and streets, and supply the multitude with these figures at reasonable prices. Each of these paper men hides, within his painted exterior, a quantity of fireworks, and after being carried on the end of a long, slender pole or reed all day through the streets, and bearing the jeers and hoots of the small boy until the shades of night appear, the fuse leading to the explosives within is ignited, and poor Judas, in less time than it takes to tell it, is dissipated into small fragments and smoke, amid a great crackling and loud roars of delight from the crowd. This for the Mexican *muchacho* who owns the paper image, is the grand culmination of a long day of anticipation, and his *gusto* is only equalled, perhaps, by young America with his fire crackers and sky rockets on the Fourth of July.

On another feast-day, the shop windows and pedler's baskets are filled with white skulls made of candy, wax, and other materials, and the centre-tables and mantles in the houses of all good Catholics, are adorned with grinning skulls and ghastly skeletons. I think this occurs on All Souls' Day. Sometimes these *fiestas* last a whole week, and many, who can illy afford to do so, spend their time and money in celebrating them.

Cock-fighting is a great sport among the Mexicans, and generally takes place on Sunday afternoons, being announced weeks beforehand by large, gaudy posters in conspicuous places.

Rival towns often compete with each other in such matches, and I once saw a great poster bearing in large type the head line; "The Valley of Mexico



A MEXICAN BULL-FIGHT.—THE COMBAT.

against the Valley of Toluca," and then gave the details of a cock-fight. Pitting one great valley against another in such an insignificant contest, seems so ridiculous, yet it occurs frequently.

But of all the diversions to be seen here, none occupies so prominent a place as that relic of barbarism bequeathed to the Mexicans by their conquerors—the bull-fight; and but few persons are ever more lionized in any country than are the popular bull-fighters in Mexico.

The bull-rings in which these *funciones de toros* take place, are built in the form of an amphitheatre and often capable of accommodating from 5,000 to 10,000 spectators. The bull-fighters are noted for their agility rather than for strength, and are generally expert jumpers. They are divided, according to the part they take in the cruel pastime, into four classes, viz.: the *chubos* and *capas*, who tease the bull with gayly colored cloths; the *picadores*, who ride blind-folded horses and pierce the poor brute with their lances, the *banderilleros*, who thrust barbed darts into their necks; and the *espadas*, or *matadores*, who kill him with a long, straight sword.

Having never witnessed a bull-fight, I determined to celebrate Washington's birthday by spending a dollar and a couple of hours in witnessing the first one that has been given in this city for several years. It occurred in a large and well built ring that had just been completed in the western part of town.

I succeeded in getting a very good seat, and promptly at the hour for commencing, a bugle sounded, and the ponderous gates that open into the ample ring, creaked on their hinges, and, swinging apart, admitted the performing company which consisted of

thirteen unmounted and eight mounted fighters, two horsemen with lassoes, three mules in harness and whiffle-trees accompanied by their driver, and several attendants. They marched around the ring a few minutes to strains of music from the band in attendance.

The chief, fighter or *matador*, was Ponciano Diaz, who was received with lusty cheers from the throng that had gathered to enjoy the cruel pastime. He was dressed in a very short, tight-fitting, red jacket; tight knee-breeches of the same color, both profusely adorned with gold; white stockings and low shoes. A large black cap, and a beautifully embroidered cape hanging from his shoulders completed his attire. His companions were similarly, though not so elegantly dressed. The horsemen who were mounted on very inferior animals, were clad in regular Mexican riding habits.

At another sound of the bugle the gates again opened, and six of the horsemen, the mules, attendants, etc., suddenly withdrew, while each of the footmen snatched from the high circular fence that separates the audience from the performers, a large, bright colored shawl, or cloth used to tantalize the bull, and then prepared to meet the wild animal which made its *debut* a moment later.

As the fighters cautiously advanced toward the bewildered animal, I could not help recalling the great old Amphitheater of Rome, and the barbarous scenes that history tells us were enacted there—a relic of which was about to be repeated before me. The audience—perhaps 10,000—did not consist of Roman lords and ladies, but was largely made up of the poorer classes of Mexicans, though the admission cost them nearly a week's wages.

The first act is to tantalize the bull as much as possible by shaking the colored cloths in his face, the fighters dodging dexterously when the enraged animal lowers his head and makes a pass at them. When pursued too closely by the bull, they retreat behind a strong timber breast-work erected at short intervals so close to the encircling fence that he cannot touch them when they are behind it. The horsemen, armed with strong steel-pointed, wooden lances, also dash back and forth in front of the bull, aggravating him to make an attack.

The first animal brought in was not long in getting warmed up, when he made a lively scattering among his tormentors, some of whom had a narrow escape from taking an æronautic expedition from the tip of his horns. After the footmen had been driven behind their retreats, he turned his attention to the horsemen, evidently determined to clear the ring. The horses, being blind-folded, did not become unmanageable through fear, but yielded ready obedience to rein and spur.

His furious charge at the first horse was skilfully met by its rider who thrust his blunt spear into the bull's shoulder, diverting his course, and he passed harmlessly by. Shaking himself as if to get rid of the pain of the wound, he turns to renew the attack. Seeing the danger, the footmen spring from behind their retreat and try to divert the bull's attention by dangling their colored cloths in his face. All is now excitement. The tormented brute dashes at the red cloths, and makes many fruitless attempts to toss their owners into the air. The wildest shouts rend the air. At last a favorable opportunity comes, and he makes a fearful dash at one of the horsemen who

is taken at a disadvantage, and thrusts his sharp horn deep into the horse's side, fairly raising the poor blind-folded animal off his feet. Following up his advantage, heedless of the colored cloth shook in his face, he withdraws his horn and makes another rush, ripping a long gash in the horse's neck with one horn, while the other lodges under the jaw.

The excitement is now at its highest. The vast multitude unconsciously rise to their feet, and are holding their breath or shouting in the most frenzied manner. At this moment the bugle sounds, the great gates open, and the horsemen, their animals weak and staggering from loss of blood, make their exit, and the fighting is suspended for a few minutes.

The bugle soon gives the signal for the second act, however, and one of the leading fighters lays aside his colored cloth and takes in each hand a *bandera*, a short barbed dart, the shaft of which is highly ornamented with colored paper and ribbons. Watching his chance, while the rest of the fighters are tormenting the poor bull, he makes a sudden rush and thrusts the *banderas* into the animal's shoulders where they dangle, while the poor brute jumps stiff-legged with pain. This dangerous feat is repeated three times, and the animal's shoulders are adorned with six dangling *banderas*, three on each side.

The death knell of the persecuted and well nigh exhausted brute is then sounded by the bugle, and the *mata-dor* takes a red banner in one hand and a long straight sword in the other and slowly advances toward his intended victim, presenting the banner first. Rush after rush the maddened animal makes at the man, but in vain; his horns pierce the banner or pass harm-

lessly under it, while the active fighter dexterously springs aside. This dangerous amusement continues for about ten minutes, the fighter often narrowly escaping being gored, when he decides to give the fatal thrust.

Watching a favorable opportunity when the animal with head lowered is making one of his fruitless rushes at the banner, the swordsman suddenly thrusts his weapon into the heart of the doomed brute. The animal suspends hostilities, and stands looking his foe in the face. Presently he coughs, and the blood rushes in a stream from his mouth; he begins to reel and stagger and finally falls. He is conquered, and dies amid the wildest applause, while his slayer is bowing his acknowledgments to the enthusiastic multitude. Instead of throwing bouquets of flowers to the victor, the men and boys throw a cloud of hats at his feet, accompanied by quite a shower of bright silver dollars—a very substantial recognition of his skill. He gracefully returns the hats but pockets the money. In the meantime the poor animal has been dragged out by the trio of mules, the bloody earth all shoveled into a wheelbarrow and taken away, and the whole ring put in order for the entrance of another victim.

The same programme was followed with the second bull. He fought hard, killed one horse and fatally wounded the other, but in the end shared the same cruel fate as his predecessor.

Number three did not take kindly to the sport, and could not be induced to fight, so he was lassoed and led out. Number four used up both horses badly, received the six *banderas* in his shoulders, was also killed and dragged out.

The fifth bull proved to be *muuy valiente*. He dispatched the two horses

provided for him, so quickly, that two extra ones were brought in. The cruel riders of the almost disemboweled horses, would make their animals continue to fight as long as they could stand. This sickening barbarity seemed to please the rough element in the audience who yelled and howled like demons with delight. Defeat and death, however, is the certain fate of the poor bull, let him fight ever so bravely; and after suffering the cruelties of the programme through which his companions had to pass, he too, was put to the sword.

Number six was even more fierce. He was but a few minutes in unseating the two riders in the first act, and piling them and their horses in a heap in the middle of the arena. The greatest excitement prevailed, as the bull often succeeds in killing the riders when in this predicament. Two fresh horsemen and all the footmen came to the assistance of the fallen men, and succeeded in diverting the bull's attention until they had disengaged themselves from the prostrated horses, and retreated to a place of safety.

In the second act, when the *banderiellero* came forward to plant the *banderas* in the bull's shoulders, he was caught on the horns of the animal and tossed into the air. The plucky fighter was not so badly hurt, however, as to prevent him from finishing his part and planting successfully the six darts in the bull's shoulders.

When the bugle called the third act—that of killing the bull—the crowd protested loudly, and pleaded for the brave animal's life. Their loud cries of "*Salva el toro!*" and "*No le mata!*" ("Save the bull! Do not kill him!") were of no avail. He, like the rest, received the fatal thrust, and was dragged from the arena. The

seventh and last, after a hard fight, shared the same fate.

This ended the cruel exhibition, which was throughout one of the most intensely exciting performances imaginable. Six horses and as many bulls had been sacrificed to the cruel god of pleasure, the intense sufferings of the mangled victims seeming to excite the keenest feelings of pleasure among the audience. How such a cruel pas-

time can continue to be so popular among such a people as the Mexicans, who, like their climate, are generally mild and pleasant, and who are almost as kind to their domestic animals as to their children, seems paradoxical; yet the "*funcion de toros*" is always one of the most attractive features of their Sundays, feast-days, and grand celebrations.

H. C.

WEDDINGS AND FLOWERS.

"SUCH a wedding! No bridesmaids, no music, no breakfast, no reception! I declare, I should not feel as if I had been married!" exclaimed Marion Willoughby, throwing herself down upon a low arm-chair in her own elegantly appointed drawing room, and throwing off the delicately-tinted gloves which served as a finish to the exquisite Parisian toilet. There was only one other occupant in the room, a man, tall and handsome, standing with one hand resting on the back of her chair. She did not glance up as she spoke, or note that Chester Thornley's face had lost color.

"You are speaking of Miss Marvin's wedding," he said. "There is one essential to most marriages that you have not enumerated in your list of things lacking. Was love wanting?"

"Oh, no. I believe she loves him. She certainly must do so to an almost absurd extent. They are to go to housekeeping in an unfashionable locality up town, where he must be away from early morning until quite six o'clock. He occupies some salaried position—clerk in a bank, I believe

—and she might have married anybody."

"Honest labor degrades no man, Marion," came the firm, quick answer. "Even a clerkship is not always found, and I would rather break stones in the street than live on money acquired dishonestly or doled out of charity, though in such case I would ask no woman to share my lot."

"This looks like breaking stones, does it not?" she laughingly answered, letting her own jeweled fingers close over the man's hand where it rested—a hand whose shape betokened its aristocracy, and which was soft and white as a woman's.

At her light touch his strong arm quivered. He bent and let his lips rest an instant caressingly on her hair, for the girl beside him was his affianced wife.

"It could break stones, though, dear, and I don't know but it would make me a better man. Suppose I lost my money Marion? Suppose it were all swept away from me in an hour, and I had a position offered me—a position which would enable me to live humbly, very much as your

friend is going to live—tell me what you would do?"

"You are only talking to try me, Chester, and I hate such questions. In the first place it is entirely out of reason, for even were it so, papa, you know, is very rich, and we could always live with him."

"I said to you that I would rather starve than eat the bread of charity. Therefore, putting this possibility aside, tell me what you would do?"

Her fingers relapsed their hold upon his hand. Was there significance in this action? He smiled bitterly as he saw it. His face was very pale now. Except that he stood still behind the chair she must have noticed it.

"You are utterly absurd this afternoon, Chester," she said, petulantly. "Have I not just told you that Edith Marvine's wedding was more like a funeral than a wedding?" And though I presume I shall one day have to attend my own funeral, I will not, I assure you, be a voluntary agent. Have you nothing more agreeable that you can find to say to me?"

The man shook off a certain something which seemed to envelop him in an almost invisible cloud, and he answered with the old courteous grace which suited him so well, and made his power with women almost a proverb. Money always seemed to belong to him by an inherent right. It was so natural that he should be rich. No one could have imagined Chester Thornley poor. He knew so well how to expend his wealth. He gave it so generously, yet without ostentation, that no man envied him. Yet he knew half an hour later, when he left his farewell on Marion Willoughby's lips, that it was a farewell to all hopes and happiness.

The blow had already fallen. He was a ruined man, with scarcely a shilling he could call his own; he had had no wish ungratified money could procure in his thirty years of life. It had fallen, too, through no fault of his own, though there was feeble comfort in that. There was comfort, however, in the knowledge that he owed no man, and that he might start afresh in the world with no burden on his broad shoulders or his conscience. True, there was a deep wound in his heart. He had loved Marion so well that to give her up was to voluntarily renounce God's sunlight. But all her life had been spent in luxury. It was to her a necessity. Deprived of it she would droop and fade; better any lot than to see her struggle and know that he had brought it upon her. Besides, she had made her choice. To her a wedding meant flowers, music, friends, the toilet of a bride. The future, the communion of two hearts, the solemn responsibilities incurred were but secondary considerations.

"Good-bye, my darling," he said, as they parted; but when she added "until to-morrow," he added neither yea or nay.

"To-morrow" the world knew that Chester Thornley's ship had gone upon the rocks. Many of his business associates would have held out to him a helping hand, but firmly and kindly he refused every offer. He wrote Marion a few lines, recalling to her mind the conversation of the day before, and released her from her vows to him.

"If any good fortune comes to me," he concluded, "you shall hear of it. If I am silent it is because my life is wrapped in silence and shadow. Bless you, darling, for the light you have cast upon it. It will be like looking back to Heaven. I dare not see you

again—I tested my strength to its full extent yesterday. God grant that some better man may win you; to love you better is not within his power. Nor must you think that I blame you that you shrank from sharing the new life upon which I enter. Flowers cannot live without sunlight. I only wanted to be sure that I made no mistake in interpreting the best course for your happiness.

And then with a few more warm, passionate, loving words of farewell, the letter closed. Two years passed, and the little world that had known Chester Thornley so well knew him no more. He had entirely disappeared. It was as though the sea had opened and swallowed him up. Marion Willoughby was Marion Willoughby still. If she suffered she made no sign, those who had seen the one sparkling stone which had been the pledge of her engagement to Chester Thornley noticed that she wore it still, and others, yet more narrow watchers, observed that always when she entered a crowded room she would take a hasty glance around, as though expecting to find some one not there. She was yet but twenty-two, a belle and beauty still. The third winter of his absence she left home to spend several weeks with an aunt.

“I can not spare you,” her father had said when the invitation came.

But she, going close to him and laying her head for a moment on his breast, said:

“I think, papa, it would be best.”

They were simple words, but he interpreted them aright. The old wound would not cease its bleeding. She wanted to go amid new scenes, so he only kissed her and bade her to remember that the old father awaited her return.

* * * * *

“You have not been through the steel works,” some one said to her one day. “It is really a most interesting sight. Will you join a party if we make up one to visit them, Miss Willoughby?”

“With pleasure,” she answered.

And her aunt, charmed with the success of her beautiful niece, smiled at Clay Clayton’s numerous devices to ensnare Marion’s society. He was the great *parti* of the place. She had heard something of some early disappointment in Marion’s life. It would be a splendid triumph to obliterate it.

The morning appointed for the expedition dawned beautiful and bright. They seemed, indeed, like drones intruding upon some busy hive of workers as they entered the great building and looked about them. Department after department they visited, watching with interest the ponderous machinery and its wonderful working.

Marion’s cheek flushed with interest and Clay Clayton, noting, thought he had never seen her look so beautiful. To-day he determined he must speak, when suddenly he heard a cry, and glancing up he saw her standing quite apart from the group, her eyes blazing, her lips quivering. At a little distance from her, adjusting some piece of machinery, was a man in a working blouse. Her cry attracted him and he looked up. Their eyes met. His face grew deathly pale, but gave no other sign of recognition. She went straight towards him, oblivious of all, with hand outstretched.

“Chester,” she said, in a voice scarce louder than a whisper, “at last?”

He bowed low in response and took no notice of her hand, but the old dauntless pride was in the uplifted head and fearless glance.

"Did you know that I was here?" she questioned.

"No," he replied. "I am no longer in your world."

"You will come to see me?"

"I can not."

Here his voice broke a little.

"Mr. Clayton," she said "let me present my friend, Mr. Thornley."

Spite of the innate breeding of the man, some of the instinctive surprise at hearing a steel worker addressed by Miss Willoughby as a friend made itself apparent in the manner he yet strove to conceal.

Then the party passed on. He wondered, however, why Marion lingered a moment in the office to address the superintendent some questions as they came out into the air. He had meant, too, to ask her on the way home the question which all the day, and for many days, had been trembling on his lips, but there was a new expression in her eyes and mouth which instantly told him this was not the time to plead his cause.

Had that fellow inside, who bowed so like a gentleman, been otherwise than a workman, he might have suspected him as in some way responsible. It was quite singular enough as it was that Miss Willoughby should have addressed him as a friend. Doubtless some man who had seen better days, and for whom she felt womanly pity.

* * * * *

"Can I see Mr. Thornley?"

The mistress of the humble little cottage in one of the suburbs of the large city looked up amazed at the beautiful young lady who asked the question.

"Indeed, I suppose you may. He's gone up to his room, where he spends all his evenings, and not a bit of sup-

per to-night has he touched. Shall I call him down?"

"No; let me go to him."

"It's the first room to the right of the stairs, miss. He is the only lodger I have, and you are his first visitor."

But the girl heeded not the words. A strange vision she surely was as she stood an instant outside his door, clad in costly velvet and rich furs. Then she softly turned the handle and entered. He did not hear her. He had thrown himself upon his sofa and buried his head in its cushions. He was so still, so motionless, she thought he must be sleeping. She swiftly crossed the room, and laying her hand on his shoulder, called his name.

"My God!" he cried, and would have started to his feet, but she held him back, falling on her knees beside him.

"Chester," she pleaded, "you would not come to me. My pride is less than yours, my love greater. I have come to you. Do you think my heart uttered the unworthy words for which you have punished me all these years? I have tried to find you so long—so long and hopelessly."

And she bowed her beautiful head and sobbed outright.

"Hush, dear, hush! You should not have come here, Marion. It might compromise you."

"Compromise me with my future husband? See, Chester," and she held up the hand on which gleamed the ring, "I have never accepted my freedom."

"My own brave girl!" he said, his voice softening, even while he girded himself up for the strength of which he stood in such need. "But the heaven you open for me can not be. I am foreman of the works where you saw me to-day, Marion. My knowl-

edge and love of machinery stood me in good stead. I heard of this opening and secured it. To-day I was adjusting some difficult piece of work I dare not trust to any workman. I am in receipt of a liberal salary, which I am laying aside, dear, living as poorly as I can, hoping one day to buy an interest in the business. One or two improvements I have made are rapidly attaining me the goal, but it is still far off. I can not ask you to wait, nor to forget the years of labor which have helped me to reach it."

"I have waited already too long, Chester," she whispered. "I'm ready now to become your wife."

His face grew deadly white.

"Oh, Chester," she said, "when I have so much money why are you so cruel and so proud?"

"I can not go back to a life of ease and dependence," he answered, "even with you, dear love, to brighten it. Bless you for coming to me, Marion! Bless you for showing me all a noble woman can be! The memory of this hour will lighten all the future years."

"Chester, you do not understand me," she persisted. "I will forget that I have a single penny in the world except what you give me. I will share whatever home you offer me—even this. For better, for worse, darling,

we pledged ourselves as sacredly as though we stood before God's altar. In God's sight I am your wife. I claim my right to share your dark days as well as those on which the sun of prosperity may shine."

He strove to answer, but his voice broke. She had conquered, but, woman-like, she gave him the glory of her victory, as she sobbed ont her happiness upon his heart.

A month later there was a quiet wedding, at which there were neither flowers nor bridesmaids nor music; but Marion Willoughby missed nothing. It was only after the ceremony had been performed that Chester showed her a document which had been his wedding gift from the firm he had served so faithfully, and which admitted him as junior partner from that date. But she smiled half sadly as she looked at it through a mist of tears.

"You said once, dear," she whispered, "that flowers to live needed sunlight. My darling, I had not then made the wonderful discovery that love made sunlight everywhere. With your heart for my home, be its outward adornment what it will, I envy no king his palace nor queen her throne."

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

A SONNET.

Could I but read the heart of him I love
And claim the half of every secret thought,
Or as a white dove folds its wings above
The little nest its tenderness hath wrought;
Might my love 'compass him by night and
day,
And that dark hour when God seems far away.
.. Could I but drink from lips I love so well
The wine of life, for which I faint and thirst,

No song of earth my holy bliss could tell.
Sorrow and death, defied, might do their
worst;
Like Bethel's radiant star that lone should be,
To light the dark road to Eternity.
Thought, heart, and soul, bows to this love of
mine,
I wonder what must be a love divine!

ELLEN JAKEMAN.

MEN AND WOMEN.

I REMEMBER once at a dinner party hearing my host piteously lamenting over his gout, because of which his doctor had prohibited wine. Immediately afterward I saw him toss off a bumper of champagne. "Why do you do that?" I asked. "Oh, because"—he hesitated—"because I can't help it." He is dead now, and his wife and children were earning hardly their daily bread. And why? Because of that miserable, contemptible "can't help it."

Now, if there is one thing in which the average woman is superior to the average man, it is because she generally *can* "help it." But some, nay, many men are found, nobler than the very noblest of women. One, perhaps, toils all his life at a calling he hates, yet which happens to be the only one in which he can earn the family bread. Another resigns silently all the lawful pleasures of existence, intellectual and social, to that same cruel necessity of providing for his dear ones. A third, year after year, endures with sublime patience the fretfulness of an invalid wife, or the sin and misery of a drunken one. A fourth—less wretched than these, yet still most unfortunate—having married from gratitude or impulse, year after year, honorably and faithfully, puts up with the companionship of a woman who is no companion at all, with whom he has not the slightest sympathy, whom he either never loved rightly, or has long ceased to love; yet for a whole lifetime he hides this fact and its consequences in his bosom, without ever letting the world find out, or guess that he himself has found out, what he now knows to have been a terrible mistake. Such instances, not

rare, are enough to prove, even to the most virulent of his feminine detractors, that man, "made of the image of God," has something godlike about him still; something that we women are justified in admiring and adoring, devoting, nay sacrificing ourselves to him; as I am afraid we shall do to the end of the chapter.

But the sacrifice ought to be a just and right one, else it is worse than useless—sinful. Any self-devotion which makes its object selfish and conceited—as a man can scarcely fail to be with a circle of women blindly worshipping him; any foolish tenderness which, instead of strengthening, weakens him; any slavish fear which rouses his dormant love of power into positive tyranny—these things are, in us women, not virtues but vices. A certain novel lately published, entitled "This Man's Wife," in which a "pattern" woman believes blindly for about twenty years in a villain of a husband, sacrificing to him her father and mother, her child, two faithful friends, once lovers, and herself, is a picture that outrages all one's notions of common sense and justice; and when the woman dies at last, one is inclined to say, not "What a martyr!" but "What a fool!"

The relation between men and women ought to be as equal and as righteous as their love; also as clear-sighted, that by means of it each may educate and elevate the other; both looking beyond each other to that absolute right and perfect love, without which all human love must surely, soon or late, melt away in disenchantment, distaste, or even dislike. For love can die; there is no truth more certain and more terrible; and each human

being that lives carries with himself or herself the possibility of being its murderer.

Neither sex can benefit by over-exalting or lowering the other. They are meant to work together, side by side, for mutual help and comfort, each tacitly supplying the other's deficiencies, without recriminations concerning what qualities are or are not possessed by either. The instant they begin to fight about their separate rights they are almost sure to forget their mutual duties, which are much more important to the conservation of society. For, let them argue as they will, neither can do without the other; and though, as I remember once hearing or reading, it is most true that only at one special time of life are they absolutely essential each to each; that after the heyday of youth has gone, most men prefer the society of men, and women of women (unless of the one, if ever found, who is their other

half, "their spirit's mate, compassionate and wise") still, in most lives, and above all, the married lives, a man is to a woman and a woman to a man, even when all passion has died out, a stronghold, a completeness, such as no two women or two men ever can be to one another. To sum up all: I fear that, argue as we may, we shall never arrive at any clearer elucidation of this great mystery than the eminently practical one conveyed in most perfect poetry by one of the wisest of our century, whose serene old age will only confirm the belief of his ardent youth, that women and men are

"Not like to like, but like in difference,
Yet in the long years liker they must grow:
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the
world:
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind.
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto nobler words."

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

LETTERS ON THE GOSPEL.

II.

HOTEL SAN CARLOS,
CITY OF MEXICO.

IF SPRINKLING was the mode approved by God, why was it necessary for John to be at Ænon, because there was *much* water there? Why not have it more convenient as modern "so called" theology has arranged it, to please divines who have changed the ordinance, then a single bucket of water, which could have been procured, doubtless, as easily at Jerusalem as at Ænon, would have been sufficient for the baptism of thousands.

This changing of "ordinances" and teaching for "doctrines the commandments of men," making perhaps innocent amusements heinous sins while neglecting the more weighty things of the kingdom is easy enough, but the consequences as foreseen and foretold by Isaiah 24:5 are indeed terrible. Hear what he says: "The earth also is difiled under the inhabitants thereof: because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinances, and broken the everlasting covenant."

Here we find a good reason for many things which we might frequently wonder at, defilement, wickedness,

abominations, corruptions and darkness in the midst of Christian nations for instance. The prophet plainly tells us the cause; let us not forget it. And if we think that he saw not clearly, let us examine every religious sect in Christendom and that will show us that Isaiah understood quite well what would occur in relation to this matter. Lest you may think this had reference to the time preceding the advent of our Savior, I respectfully request that you read verses 3, 4, and 6 of the same chapter. And that you may know that the early Christians were not ignorant of a falling away which should transpire before the second coming of Christ, I refer you to 2 Thes. 2:3: "Let no man deceive you by any means: *for that day shall not come* except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition." Again, 2 Tim. 4: 1, 2, 3, and 4: "I charge thee therefore before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom: Preach the word: be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure *sound doctrine*; but after their own lusts shall heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears. And they shall turn away *their* ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables. Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." (See 2 Tim. 3: 11 and 12). They, these deceivers, are like those to whom Jesus spoke: "Let them alone. They be blind leaders of the blind, And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." (Matt. 15: 14.) Thus, the followers of blind leaders will receive

the same fate as the leaders themselves. Paul, speaking of such says, [See 2 Tim. 3, 5] "Having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof: from such turn away." Please read the chapter and you will see to what *times* the apostle makes reference.

A man having believed, repented and been baptized for remission of sins by one having authority—and God will recognize the acts of no man unauthorized—is then prepared for the fourth principle of the gospel, namely, the laying on of hands (of him or them having authority from God) for the gift of the Holy Ghost: whose mission of bringing all things to one's remembrance, leading into all truth and showing things to come—thus making of men prophets and revelators—was esteemed of so much importance by the Savior that he forbade his disciples, yea, even his apostles, to preach the gospel until endowed with power from on high; or in other words, clothed with the power and inspiration of the Holy Ghost. In view of the practices of modern ministers, we may well wonder at this special care and necessary qualification of the ancient apostles. But our Savior well knew how faulty the memory of man is naturally: therefore they must have the endowment of the Holy Ghost, which would inspire them to preach the same doctrine which he preached—bringing all things to their remembrance, showing them things to come and leading them into all truth. Thus it mattered not how far they were apart; one might be in China, another in Rome, another in England, and yet they would all preach the same doctrine. Men in our day, educated in our colleges and trained in our institutions of learning for the ministry do not tarry until endowed with power from on

high. If they did I fear that many of them would tarry a long time; for, while they "*take* this honor upon themselves" they have not been "called of God as was Aaron," by revelation. Indeed, denying as they do, the necessity of any more revelation, they thereby cut themselves off from the only means of being "called as was Aaron." Modern ministers choose, or their parents or guardians choose for them, the ministry as a profession; much in the same way as the law is chosen as a profession by, or for others. They are not called by God through a prophet as was Aaron; nor do they profess to be. Indeed, how could they, denying even the need of prophets and apostles in this age. Paul says (Rom. 10.15), "How shall they preach except they be sent?" etc. Modern divines and their flocks put it, How can they preach except they be educated in the college and trained in the so-called "theology" of the sect to which they are attached? Learning the commandments of men, they are prepared to "preach for money and divine for hire," but they are not commissioned or authorized by God, by which they can speak as "one having authority," promising to the believer that the fruits of the gospel, as anciently, shall follow; enabling them to speak in new tongues, prophesy, to heal the sick, etc.

To know God the Father and Jesus the Son is *life eternal*. Can any man without "*revelation*" know the Father? I answer, No! "No man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and *he* to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." (Matt. 11:27). Here again is pointed out the necessity of revelation; and that too, upon which depends the very salvation of our souls. Yet we are told by modern divines to

find Christ and to know God. I ask how? Have they found Him—and do they know God? If so, then have they received revelation. No, says one, I have received a testimony of Jesus—I claim no more. Well, if any man has received such a testimony, then has he received also the spirit of prophecy; for "the testimony of Jesus *is* the spirit of prophecy." Let any man deny the one and he denies the other. In view of this no wonder that the commandments of men are taught for doctrines by those who preach for hire and divine for money. The laws having been transgressed, the ordinances changed and the everlasting covenant broken, "the earth is defiled under the inhabitants thereof," and among millions of Christian people, honest and good, the voice of prophecy is never heard, and revelation from God has ceased even to be desired, so that fables are too often received where "sound doctrine will not be endured." "Having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof" has left us without the fruits of the gospel, because we have not remembered to "turn away from such." The Church of England states in one of her homilies "*that laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, men and women and children of all ages and sects and degree of whole Christendom have at once been buried in the most abominable idolatry, and that for the space of eight hundred years or more.*" Wesley, in his 94th sermon, states as follows: "The real cause why the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost were no longer to be found in the Christian Church was *because the Christians were turned heathens again and had only a dead form left.*"

It is no difficult matter to substantiate from history, and from what now exists, the truth of the above declaration

of the church of England and of Mr. Wesley. I have been recently reading history in relation to the Papal or Catholic Church, written by authors of that faith, and I find among other strange relations that one of the Popes, Leon X., actually made sport of the Bible, calling it a fable or novel, while he, at the same time, claimed power over all things. Catholic authors refer with shame to Pope Alexander VI., whose character is the most infamous that ever blotted the pages of history. And yet, notwithstanding all this, the Catholic world to-day claim with wonderful assumption, that the divine apostolic authority has come regularly down from St. Peter through the above line to the present day. Now, how can men be made to believe under any circumstances, that God would permit authority of His to come down through an infidel in the one case and a miserably immoral wretch in another; to say nothing about others who have claimed to have all power on earth, in heaven and in hell: claiming even to have the right to change the precepts of Christ or to dispense with them altogether, and to stand upon the necessity of salvation, for every human creature to be subject to the Roman

Pontiff? (See the 8th articles of the Council of Trent.)

You may wonder why I refer to these things. I do so, merely to show how millions of Christians, so called, are deceived, notwithstanding their sincerity; and that sincerity in a belief will not save people. It is very easy for them to refer to the 16th chapter of Revelations, and read there about the "Mother of Harlots," and it is not difficult for them to understand what "City" and "Church" is meant, for the last verse tells us that "the woman which thou sawest is that great city which reigneth over the kings of the earth." There is but one city that at all answers the description, or that reigned "over the kings of the earth," and that was Rome. If you have any doubt as to this, please read the 9th verse and you will be satisfied, for the City of Rome was built and remains to-day on seven hills or "seven mountains." We may not be able to recognize the "daughters" as easily as we have done the "mother." But of this we may be satisfied — if there is a "mother of harlots" there are daughters of no character.

MOSES THATCHER.

To Mrs. B — N —.

THE "COMING MAN."

A pair of very chubby legs
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can,
And lo! before us strides in state
The Future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;

Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light,—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow where mighty thought will dwell
In solemn, secret state;
Where fierce ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate;
Where science from now hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour,—
'T is knit now with a troubled doubt,
Are two, or three cents, more?

Those lips that, in the coming years,
 Will plead, or pray, or teach;
 Whose whispered words, on lightning flash,
 From world to world may reach;
 That, sternly grave, may speak command,
 Or, smiling, win control,—
 Are coaxing now for gingerbread
 With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little busy hands—
 So sticky, small, and brown,
 Those hands, whose only mission seems
 To pull all order down,—

Who knows what hidden strength may lie
 Within their future grasp,
 Though now 't is but a taffy-stick
 In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
 Whose work is yet undone!
 And blessings on those little feet,
 Whose race is yet un-run!
 And blessings on the little brain
 That has not learned to plan!
 Whate'er the Future hold in store,
 God bless the "coming man!"

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

I.

ABOUT THE JEWS.

"WHAT'S in a name?" asks Shakespeare. The answer, when the name is such as Rothschild, is not difficult. There is a volume of meaning in its mere sound. It is a name which conjures up in the imagination visions of untold wealth and unrivalled power, which appear so startling and amazing as to be more appropriate to romance than real life. It has become a household word synonymous with unbounded riches, and is as familiar to the ears of the struggling artisan as to those of the banker or trader. No name has, indeed, been so prominently before the public during the last sixty years or more, as that of this great financial firm. Its origin was so shrouded in humble obscurity, and the rapidity with which it sprang forward to prosperity and fame was alike so extraordinary and so remarkable, that the public gaze has been kept by a species of fascination upon the movements of the well-known financiers. From one corner of the world to the other the success of the Rothschilds has been the subject of universal wonder and envy.

When we recollect the poor beginnings of this eminent firm, and contrast them with the exalted position it now holds, there is good reason to be surprised. History does not record another instance of such unparalleled success, of such immense fortunes won in such a short time by sheer force of intellect rising superior to all adverse circumstances. The firm startled the world like the flash of a meteor but the brilliance of its first successes was soon eclipsed by its subsequent achievements. The more one considers the marvellous manner in which it won its way to fame and fortune, and how it rose within the short space of ten or fifteen years from the filthy confines of the Judengasse to take its station at the foot of a royal throne, the more incredible the story seems. But facts are stubborn things. There is no denying the fact that at the beginning of this century the Rothschild family was unknown beyond the limits of Frankfort; neither can it be gainsaid that before Napoleon's downfall the firm had rendered immense service both to the Emperor and to the Allied Princes by its advice and its financial aid. Ere a quarter of a century had elapsed the firm which had commenced

business in an unpretending shop in the Judengasse was courted and favored by all the reigning families of Europe. From being dealers in old coins, the founder of the family and his sons rose by their skill and financial abilities to be the trusted and valued friends of the governments of every European nation. And well indeed might they be trusted, seeing that, in more than one instance, their aid was indispensable to ward off impending bankruptcy and disaster. Great, however, as is their fame as skilful financiers, the Rothschilds enjoy a reputation for liberal and unstinted benevolence which does them far greater honor.

The rise of the Rothschilds is the more remarkable seeing that they belong to an outcast and down-trodden race. No other race has experienced such persecution, nor passed through such trials as have the Jews. From time immemorial they have been loaded with scorn and contumely, they have been harassed and fettered by tyrannical laws and barbarous edicts, but they have always passed through their tribulations patiently and triumphantly. Their very name has been a term of reproach to them, and they have been the common butt for the sneers and ridicule of their Christian neighbors.

It would be difficult to describe in a few words the intense hatred which the mere word: "Jew," roused in the breasts of Christians, but ample proofs of the bitter animosity between the believers in the old and the believers in the new dispensation are to be found in the writings of our poets and historians. "Thou dog of a Jew" was a term eloquent with savage hatred and unmeasured contempt. These feelings were formerly far more rampant than they are now, but even in these much vaunted days of liberalism and progress

there is a very general inclination to cast the words of Shylock in the face of anyone who by his features or manners excites the slightest suspicion of a Jewish origin:

"You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdene."

That the long-standing hatred of the Christian for the Jews is not extinguished, has been proved only too clearly of recent years. In Russia, Turkey, Poland, Hungary, and elsewhere, the Jews are still, in the eyes of the populace, an accursed race, to be despoiled and persecuted without mercy. Those who cannot compete with them in industry, thrifty habits, or intelligence, show a painful and deplorable eagerness to lend themselves to a propaganda of extermination started often by scheming tricksters, with the result that many innocent lives are sacrificed to the fury and ignorant passions of brutal mobs. Especially is it to be regretted that such lawless proceedings receive a powerful support in some countries from Court chaplains and others, who profess—but whose professions are belied by their deeds—to act up to a creed in which "charity that thinketh no evil" holds a distinguished place. Nothing surely can be more detrimental to true religion than the sanction given by men of education and influence to the perpetration of such barbarities. These continual outbreaks are a forcible proof that even in these enlightened days the spirit of persecution is but poorly concealed, and that a spark may at any moment set it ablaze, when the law would be powerless to control or restrain the excited passions of the multitude.

In England the spirit of intolerance is fast dying out. It is the just pride and boast of Englishmen that their

island is the land of liberty, the refuge to which the persecuted of other lands flock. No doubt there still is among them a prejudice against the Jews, but bitterness in the feeling is now less marked than pity. The thrifty and industrious habits of the Jews, combined with their great intelligence, have long been recognized and acknowledged in England, and any attempt to start a crusade against them would at once meet with general and well-merited disapproval. In no other European country do the Jews enjoy such liberty and privileges as in England. Abroad they live apart, despised and shunned by their so-called Christian neighbors, and harassed in their business and private life by restrictions and edicts originating in the envy inspired by their success. In England they live peacefully and quietly, enjoying the same privileges and opportunities as the rest of the community; no hindrances bar their way to attaining the highest civil or military honors in the land; they are looked upon as a worthy and estimable part of the nation. But whilst on the one hand they are rapidly abandoning their peculiar habits, and are assimilating themselves to English ways of living, they still fondly cling to their ancient religious ceremonials and doctrines, and assert their claim to a history that dates back to the genesis of our race and reproduces the symbolism of their desert wanderings. Their ceremonies and memories flourish under the protection which is accorded to them in the same measure as to all the other numerous sects and communities that exist. No less honor or respect is accorded to the Jewish creed than to any other, they are all on an equal footing, and have to trust to their own efforts for support. While in religious matters we practically ignore

the existence of the Jews, it cannot be denied that we owe them a debt which we are very prone to forget, for it is certainly to them that we owe the very bases of our faith, and, were it not for the books of Moses, Christianity would lose one of its main supports, and much of its power.

From the Jews we have that short pithy code of morals embodied in the Ten Commandments, which are placed in the most prominent parts of our churches. The Jews have contributed to the ranks of poets, historians, philosophers, and musical composers a long succession of names that are the admiration of the whole world. In every department of science, art, or philosophy, we have representatives of the Jewish nation, who have by their labors and researches left an indelible impress upon the pages of history and helped to enlighten and ennoble the human race. It is from the Bible that many of our poets and writers have derived their greatest inspiration; the Bible is a storehouse full of the most noble, the grandest ideas, inspiring our writers to their greatest and most successful efforts. The Psalms of David, the Book of Job, and the teachings of Isaiah have never been surpassed, and still retain their sway over the hearts of millions. No higher homage to the intelligence and lofty genius of the Jewish writers could be paid than the universal pre-eminence accorded to the works of their great law-givers and prophets. The moral law of Moses is virtually unaltered; the principles are still as sound and true as when first propounded, and it is only in the details by which their execution is effected that any change has been made.

“CAPITAL” PUNISHMENT.—Being killed with kindness.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J. H. PARRY & Co., *Publishers.*

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER, 1887.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

THE vote upon the constitutional amendment to prohibit the sale and manufacture of liquor in Tennessee, was a very close and determined one, the amendment being defeated by a majority of only 10,000. As there are estimated to be about that number of voters who are more or less directly interested in the sale and manufacture of liquor, the temperance people reasonably claim that Tennessee is virtually a prohibition State—in sentiment at least. One result of the election cannot fail to gratify the temperance people—being made aware of the moral influence of the prohibition movement, the saloon keepers of one large city have entered into a compact to close their saloons on Sundays, and are calling upon the municipal authorities to enforce the law relating to the traffic.

The liquor traffic, and its influence upon the politics of the country is, at present, receiving a great deal of attention from the press of the whole country. It appears to be the question of the hour throughout the whole Union. In several of the States the subject is agitating the minds of the people more than anything else has done since the war of the rebellion. Public opinion is much divided upon the subject, while the great political parties seem to be in a dilemma as to which side of the question to espouse, and at the same time maintain their political status.

The Democrats are more open and above board in their opposition to prohibition, while the Republicans are afraid to oppose it openly but are secretly doing all they can to crush it, as they fear the success of the temperance party means the overthrow of the Republicans.

Iowa has been a prohibition State for some time. Arguments have been advanced both for and against the cause of temperance from the effect of its workings there, as reported by different parties. It has been stated that nearly all of the German population has left the State for a freer country, where they can make and drink all the beer they want; also that a great deal of wealth is leaving the State, and that the tide of emigration has been turned in other directions, and that many flourishing industries have been suspended. However, the temperance people of Des Moines, Iowa, claim that prohibition has done much to encourage the development of that town. They state that during the past year 850 new dwellings and twenty-five new business houses have been erected, and that new factories and new work-shops, employing hundreds of hands, have come to town. There was an increase in the deposits of the savings banks of \$200,000 as compared with the year previous. There were 400 more children attending the public schools than ever before; there were no open saloons; there were fewer prisoners in the penitentiary, and

the criminal expenses were much reduced.

Locally, the prohibition question is not receiving much attention, although it is hinted that distillers and liquor dealers are combining and contributing to a liberal fund to oppose statehood for Utah. The ground for this opposition is based upon the supposition that should Utah become a State, the saloons would be compelled to go, as it is admitted the "Mormons" have the disposition and the ability to adopt and enforce a prohibitory amendment to the Constitution of Utah. Whatever may be the future attitude of Utah upon this question, it will not be forgotten that, till recent years, a saloon could not be found in the whole Territory, a fact that will be of everlasting credit to the builders and founders of Utah.

TAKE TIME TO READ.

EVERY man owes it to himself, to his family, and as a social duty, that he should not only take time to read himself, but that he should do all in his power to cultivate a taste for reading in every member of his family, and provide the means for the gratification of that taste. Nothing is so discouraging to the spirit of progress, that should characterize every man of intelligence, as the old and threadbare excuse that "he has no time to read." In most cases the assertion is a falsehood, and nine out of ten men who have no time to read, spend many spare hours every day in loafing and idleness. The ignorant and the weak-minded only are idle; the cases are very rare indeed where a man has no time to read if he has the inclination. It is not so much the lack of time, as

the want of interest in his own welfare, that hinders a man reading and becoming posted in the progress of events. The class of men who claim they have no time to read, rarely have a mind of their own, and are quite content to let others, who are more progressive, do their reading and thinking for them. The most successful men, and at once the most intelligent and best informed, in every walk of life, are those who take time to read, and that is one reason why they are successful.

Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of the home, than a few well-chosen books. No greater inducement can be offered the young to keep them at home than the love of reading, if that taste is encouraged and gratified by the selection of such reading matter as may be suitable to the capacities of every member of the family. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting, and it does not cloy by possession, but increases desire, which is true of but very few pleasures. But the most valuable effect of a taste for reading is, that it often preserves us from bad company. For those are not apt to go or remain with disagreeable people abroad, who are always certain of a pleasant party at home.

Many excuse themselves from buying books on the plea that they "cannot afford them." But we hold that there is no home in this Territory that is too poor to possess itself of the luxury of a few books, that should increase in numbers every year. No man who loves his family, and who would have them grow up intelligent men and women, can afford to do without books in his home. One or two magazines also should be familiar visitors in every family, to bring in

fresh attractions every month, and keep up the incentive to reading.

As this MAGAZINE, in carrying out the object of its existence, has already done much towards making reading attractive, no better paper can be placed in the hands of every family.

Wherever it is read it is pronounced the best family magazine in the Territory. In the course of the year it furnishes its reader with an amount of reading matter that could not be got in any other shape for many times the price of a subscription.

From Harper's Bazar.

COOKING.

IT IS wonderful that, with the same ingredients, one person will prepare a dish fit for gods, while her neighbor will concoct that which it is an effort to swallow and an impossibility to digest, and which will make one agree with Sybarite, after tasting the Lacedæmonian black broth "that the pains of death are preferable to existence on such diet." The reason of such a difference is because the latter cook takes so little interest or pleasure in the performance of the duty, and perhaps thinks it a menial work, not remembering that in the olden time royal personages lent a hand to the preparation of their own *menu*, and that in the reign of Elizabeth, cooks were often classical scholars. Such a one will, for some unknown reason, fry anything rather than broil it; she will plunge her meats into cold rather than into boiling water, and she seems to believe that after she has put the materials of her bread and cake together and clapped them into the oven, the result is quite beyond her to determine, not recognizing that the baking is half the battle, and that the tempers and dispositions of her family are in a measure under her control, no less than their complexions.

Perhaps one might trace half the divorces and dissensions in the land, half the family quarrels, to underdone bread, muddy coffee, and fried edibles.

On the other hand, good cooking is conducive to clearness of thought and quiet nerves. Persons who are well fed preserve their youth longer, and one cannot be well fed on badly cooked dinners, however costly.

The ordinary cook has, in most cases, little idea of the magnitude of her calling; preparing food perhaps seems to her a very commonplace drudgery, not worth a second thought. She believes that she would be much better employed in fancy-work, or in putting an extra ornament upon her toilette, or in reading the newspapers and Ouida's novels, and she regards those who have the leisure for such occupations, and who are not obliged to burden their minds with recipes or absorb the cook book, with envy. Catch her studying to improve a dish, to invent a sweetmeat, to add a trifle to the culinary art of the world! She is above any such designs; she does not even dream that cooking is an art, and would be astonished to know that inventive genius was possible in this department; it has nothing to recommend it any more than washing or scrubbing or other household duty to her good graces. But fortunately there are occasionally born those cooks who do not precisely "carry a talisman under their tongue," but at their tongue's end, and who appreciate the value of their vocation.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed October 15th, 1887.

PRESIDENT Cleveland, the last day of September started on a three weeks' jaunt through the country. He was accompanied by his wife and a few personal friends. He passed through seventeen states and was enthusiastically received everywhere.

OCT. 6, it was publicly announced that Jay Gould, the owner and operator of the Western Union Telegraph system, had come into possession of the Baltimore and Ohio lines, by which he comes into control of the entire telegraphic system of the United States, one of the most gigantic monopolies of modern times.

THE fifty-eighth semi-annual Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was held in Salt Lake City, Oct. 6, 7, 8, and 9. The attendance was very large, representatives being present from nearly every settlement in this Territory. The pleasure of the people was unbounded on the last afternoon when the pulpit was occupied by President Wilford Woodruff, the venerable president of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles. It has been several years since he last appeared in public. He looked and felt well.

THE American Board of Foreign Missions of the Congregationalist and Presbyterian churches, after three day's discussion on the subject of a future probation, ending Oct. 7, have decided that there is no opportunity after death for the unbeliever to become acquainted with the Gospel and be saved. The theologians of the Andover Seminary had demanded that those who held to the belief of a future probation, and otherwise qualified should not be discriminated against and denied employment in missionary work. The demand was ignored, the Board of Missions deciding that its missionaries must not be imbued with the opinion that it is possible in the mercy of God that the soul of the heathen who never had a chance of salvation in this life may yet escape eternal fire. The *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, in closing its criticism upon the decision of the Board pertinently remarks: "It is tough on the soul of the heathen, but we suppose he will have to grin and bear it. After all, there is comfort for Christians of a more liberal spirit in the thought that the judgment of God and of the puny man who assumes to speak for Him are not always the same."

OCT. 8, the Constitutional Convention of Utah met and adopted a memorial to the President and Congress asking admission into the Union. This is the fifth time that a like petition has been made. Apparently the prospects for a respectful hearing are better than they ever were before, and Utah may perhaps have her vote for President counted in 1888.

OCT. 8, Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister of Italy, reported to King Humbert the success of his mission to Germany in affecting an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria and Germany for the maintenance of peace. As the aims of the alliance develop, it becomes more and more apparent that it is a deadly menace to Russia. It was discovered that Russia was preparing to attack Constantinople at an early date if the central powers remained neutral. Prince Bismarck, to offset the Russian intrigues commenced the alliances of the central powers. The disclosures of the Czar's designs created considerable surprise in Russia. Denials were sent to the Sultan, who responded by breaking up the negotiations with Russia for mutual action in Bulgaria, which contemplated the ousting of Prince Ferdinand from the throne.

IN THEIR annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, the Utah Commission gives a recital of the success of the enforcement of the Edmunds law, but are seemingly dissatisfied with its progress and recommend further hostile and aggressive legislation, almost if not entirely destructive of local self-government. The minority report submitted by Messrs. John A. McClernand and A. B. Carlton is a much fairer document, which recommends instead of more coercive measures a constitutional amendment prohibiting the practice of polygamy in any State or Territory in the Union.

THE annual report of the Governor of Utah estimates the population of the Territory at nearly 200,000, and the assessed taxable valuation of property at nearly thirty-six million dollars. In regard to statehood he urges Congress to wait till the "Mormons" become more in accord with the sentiments of the country in marital and religious matters.

JENNIE LIND, the once celebrated singer, is reported dying in London.

THE death of Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik, the novelist, was announced on Oct. 13.

SALMAGUNDI.

DIFFICULT MISSION.—Submission.

WHY are country-girls' cheeks like good cotton prints?—Because they are warranted to wash and keep their color.

"LISTEN to your wife," says a medical advertisement. "As though one did not have to listen to her!" is the comment of a henpecked one.

"DON'T you think," said a husband in a mild form of rebuke to his wife, "that women are possessed by the devil?" "Yes," was the answer, "as soon as they are married."

THE world may profess to despise money, but a brute who has it, receives more honor than a good man without it. Wealth is thus 'the missing link' that joins respect to the disrespeckable.

A LITTLE girl who had often heard her mother speak of her father, who was somewhat bald, as being a self-made man, asked her one day if her father was a self-made man, why he didn't put more hair on his head.

A LITTLE boy was asked the other day if he knew where the wicker' finally went to. He answered: "They practise law a spell here, and then go to the legislature." It was a painful operation for that boy to sit down for a few days.

A LITTLE boy was being shown the engraving of a human skeleton by his father. After studying it for some minutes in silence, he looked up into his father's face inquiringly and said, "Papa, how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

HERE is how a farmer "danged" a scholar. Bringing his son as a pupil, he was asked by the schoolmaster what he intended to make of the lad. "Well, if he gets grace, we'll make him a minister." "Ah," returned the schoolmaster; "and if he gets no grace, what then?" "Then," said the father, "he maun just become a schulemaister like yerself."

"MR. DOPPENHEIMER, I want to introduce a burglar-alarm into your house. It will indicate at which door or window—" "I don't want none of dose tings. I don' podder me mit burglars." "Once you have tried them, Mr. Doppenheimer—" "Look here, meester. If you wash got a condrivance what keeps mine wife from goin' dru' mine pockets when I wash ashleep, I den talks mit you a leetle bit."

A SUIT OF MALE.—"Will you marry me, dearest?"

"THE book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket-books," was the laconic reply.

"WHAT is pride, my son?" asked a father, twiddling his gold-headed cane. "It's walking with a cane when you ain't lame," replied the intelligent lad.

"SILENCE in the court!" thundered a Kentucky judge the other morning. "Half a dozen men have been convicted without the court's having been able to hear a word of the testimony."

MANY a man thinks that it is his goodness that keeps him from crime, when it is only his full stomach. On half allowance, he would be as ugly and knavish as anybody. Don't mistake potatoes for principles.

A PARROT that was always plunged into cold water as a punishment for swearing, happened to see passing his cage one rainy day some dripping, drenched chickens, and called out, "You miserable fools, been swearing, eh?"

AT a "Woman's Rights" meeting one of the lady-orators exclaimed, "I tell you that woman is already a silent power in the land!" At which a cynical old bachelor exclaimed, "A silent power? Good! May she for ever remain so!"

A DISTINCTION and a difference. Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies; while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

HIS wife caught him with his arm around the hired girl's neck, but his courage even in this trying extremity never forsook him. "I suspected some one of stealing the whisky on the preserves, Jane, for some time, and you know her breath would have told if she was the guilty party."

"I AM very tired," said the lady at the head of the supper-table one Sunday evening. "You should not be," said her minister, who had been asked in to the evening meal; "You haven't preached two sermons to-day." "No," said the lady absent-mindedly; "But I listened to them!"

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NO. 3.

NORWAY ILLUSTRATED.

I.

NORWEGIAN TRAVEL

ANY one who visits Norway ought to read something of the chronicles of early days, if only to understand and appreciate the sturdy independence, the innate hospitality, and the numerous lights and shades of the Norwegian character. We are not speaking of the Teuton hotel-keepers of Christiania, of Bergen, and even of Thronthjem, who are much as other hotel-keepers in other parts of the world, and under whose fostering care you are no more than No. X on a big black board; but of the true Norwegian farmer, who knows no distinction of persons, but is far more ready to oblige a humble traveler who asks for a meal and a horse, with a cheerful greeting

and a pleasant smile, than the plutocrat, who displays an open purse, but looks for a deference in proportion to the amount of gold which it contains.

There being but few railways in Norway, every farmer is bound, in lieu of

certain taxes, to aid in some measure the traveler by furnishing him with horse and conveyance at a State-regulated tariff, in addition to providing him with bed and board at a reasonable rate. On little-frequented roads this entails small trouble upon the worthy *bonder*, but upon much-traveled highways it is manifest that a farmer would find it intolerable to have his horses requisitioned at any moment, and driven, perhaps, fourteen or twenty miles, when perhaps urgent work was needed to be done



OSCAR'S HALL, CHRISTIANIA.

in his fields. Thus, while in the byways of Norway this system still exists—the “stations” or farm-houses, being appropriately termed “slow,” from the time necessary to catch the horses, or fetch them from the plough—on all the great arteries of travel the farmers club together and establish “fast” stations, or regular post-houses, where a considerable reserve of horses are always kept in readiness in the stable, and where better accommodation can be afforded to the wayfarer than he could obtain at an ordinary farmhouse.

The vehicles which are in general use in Norway are two: the *carriole*, a species of gig, which only contains one person, and is in shape not unlike the bowl of a teaspoon upon wheels, and the *stolkjærre*, a more sociable conveyance, in which two persons can sit side by side, and which, as a rule, will carry any amount of luggage. The *carriole*, however, is by far the more pleasant vehicle, and the sensation of flying down hill—the only time, by the way, when Norwegian steeds show the slightest alacrity of motion—can only be compared to a run down a sharp descent on a bicycle, or, to use a nautical simile, to shooting a rapid. Even the ordinary easy-going pace is delightful in a well hung *carriole*; but a *stolkjærre*, though it certainly is more sociable, is usually much more roughly constructed, and, though comfortable enough on the well-kept high roads, is somewhat apt to be disagreeably jerky on the byways.

And now a word as to Norwegian ponies. They are small animals, judging them by an English standard—mainly cream-colored—grass fed, and apparently partaking of the stolid yet enduring nature of their owners. On starting, your steed will go so

slowly as to inspire the good-natured driver with the idea that he is tired, and the impatient Jehu with the notion that he is lazy. Clack your whip as you will, however, you will not sharpen his pace until he has run about half way, and drunk his fill of water out of a wayside trough, so placed as to intercept a mountain stream, and then, scenting a fresh feed, he will begin to quicken his steps—particularly if the way be down hill—and finish up with quite a rush, seemingly far more fresh at the end than at the beginning of the journey. The Norwegian pony likes being talked to, and you can generally get him to sharpen his pace by using endearing terms (of course, in good Norsk), while to stop him you do not check the reins, but utter a sharp sound, “P-r-r-rt!” and he pulls up at once.

The cost per mile (in Norway, however, the reckoning is by the kilometre) is about eight cents per horse and *carriole* for one person, and half as much again for a *stolkjærre* for two persons. A boy accompanies each vehicle to bring it and the horse back to the starting point, and a small gratuity is invariably given to him. Sometimes the traveler takes his own *carriole* with him, which obviates the nuisance of shifting the luggage, &c., at each “station,” and these private *carrioles* can always be hired at any important centre. In this case, of course, horses are always required at the stations, while a third mode of traveling is to take a larger carriage (ordinarily termed a *trille*), horses, and driver for the journey—a plan frequently adopted by a party of four, though, of course, much of the traveler's independence, one of the great charms of Norwegian travel, is thereby sacrificed. On the main routes also there is a so-called

"diligence," which may be recommended to those travelers who have plenty of time on their hands, and wish to practise economy. The distances between the stations average from seven to twelve miles, according to the difficulties of the road, and thus present little difficulty to those who wish to

THE COMMISSARIAT IN NORWAY.

The chief expense of a Norwegian tour lies in the traveling, for, as a rule, a day's journey averages from fifty to seventy miles, but the pedestrian or bicyclist can make a tour in Norway more cheaply than in any part of



EIDE, HARDANGER.

undertake a walking tour. In fact, a country tramp is one of the favorite holiday pastimes of Norwegian ladies, and numbers of fair damsels walking in couples may be met, knapsack on back, on the road from Christiania to Bergen, or along some especially picturesque district.

Europe. The charges for bed and board at the Norwegian stations are exceedingly moderate, but coupled with this it should be said that the commissariat is proportionately limited. In recent works it has been the fashion to dilate upon the delicious salmon, reindeer-tongues, fresh-water

trout, and the myriad of cheeses which make up a wayside bill of fare; but, as a matter of fact, the Norwegian *menu* quickly palls upon the ordinary pleasure-seeker, while the mutton, which has been kept in ice-houses since the winter, is apt to acquire a peculiar flavor of its own. As for the beef, well, the multiplicity of onion with which it is usually smothered quite conceals its identity. Not, however, that the delicate-stomached traveler need be alarmed at all this, for there is plenty to fall back upon—eggs, cold tinned meats, hams, good white bread—now at all the principal stations, and capital *fladbrod*—a thin corn cake. Of cheeses there are innumerable kinds, from the *Mysost* made from goat's milk—rather brown in color, and of a sweetish flavor, much liked by the Norwegians—to the highly odorous *Gamle Ost*, which owing to its advanced stage of decay is always brought to the table under a glass cover. Of vegetables the potato is the only representative—if we except some hard dried peas, cooked with cream, served up as an especial delicacy. As for the fruit, the strawberries, a small wood species, are delicious; the mulberry, a kind of many-pipped yellow raspberry, liked by some people with sound teeth; and the bilberry, much loved by the peasantry, completes the sum total.

NORWEGIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

We have already said that to enjoy a Norwegian tour, the traveler should know something of Scandinavian history, but it is yet more essential that he should have a little cognisance of the Norwegian character, which is apt to be sadly misunderstood by the everyday tourist. Accustomed to the cringing servility of the Continental

hotel-keeper, to stalk about the caravanserais of Europe as though they wholly belonged to him, to order about squads of waiters and chambermaids, and to have a bountiful repast served at a few minutes' notice, he does not at first understand that a Norwegian "station" is practically a private house. Indeed, the Norwegian station-keeper, it is true, is bound to afford the tourist certain facilities of travel, and to supply him with the necessities of life, but in many cases his visitors are more a source of trouble than a profit, as they requisition his horses, perhaps in the busiest farming time, occupy his servant-maids when he requires them in the hayfield or the dairy, and generally upset the routine of his household. His national independence revolts at the brusque orders in broken Norsk of a party of impetuous Britons and Americans hastening through Norway at so many miles a day, and he is apt to reply to their peremptory demand of *Hest strax* ("Horse, quick!") by a calm *Ingen heste* ("No horses in.") Then, again, his sense of courtesy is shocked by the omission to wish him "good day," and of that lift of the hat, without which no Norwegian ever accosts another, be he ever so humble; while the general atmosphere of hurry and unrest which the Anglo-Saxon brings with him is particularly irritating to the Scandinavian temperament. "If," once remarked a well-known *bonde* of Dovrefjeld to the writer, "a traveler comes to me and orders me about, he gets exactly what he is entitled to—no more; but, if he treats me politely, I am only too happy to treat him with all the courtesy and hospitality that lies in my power." That this principle is not only entertained, but acted upon by the Norwegians in general, has

been proved over and over again by the writer, who by a courteous greeting, an absence of impatience, and a recognition that he was rather giving trouble to than conferring a favor upon "mine host," has fared in horseflesh, in sleeping accommodation, and the good things of the table far better than many

without the movement of a muscle. To this end it is always as well to know a few words of Norwegian—no more than can be gathered from the handy little grammar and vocabulary at the end of every Norwegian guidebook, for a timely expression, with a pleasant smile, will frequently suffice to tide



VOSSEVANGEN.

a tourist with a better filled purse. There is no greed of gain amongst the Norwegians, but an intense repugnance to be treated in any way as inferior. A kind word and the gift of a colored handkerchief to a servant will win her heart completely, whereas a rich tip, bestowed as a "vail," will be received

over what may appear to be an insurmountable difficulty. Thus the ordinary Norwegian will put himself very little out of the way for any traveler who may not exactly please him, and the Germans, who of late years have taken to Norway as a holiday resort, are not particularly popular on account

of their peremptory ways and their somewhat domineering demeanor. Moreover, their loud talking and their general joviality are peculiarly irritating to the stolid and sober Scandinavian nature. The writer was once chatting with the manager of a Romsdal hostelry, when a Teutonic tourist, one of a party of half-a-dozen, came up. "Have you a billiard table?" "No," said mine host. "A skittle ground?" "No," repeated Boniface; and the Teuton retired discomfited. Then the Norwegian turned round and remarked *sotto voce* to the writer "I have a skittle ground, but I certainly will not let those noisy fellows play in it. Just fancy, they have drunk a dozen bottles of beer in an hour." Imagine an innkeeper of any other nation under the sun making such a piteous complaint!

BERGEN.

Norway may be said to possess but three cities of historical and commercial note—Bergen, Thronthjem, and Christiania. Of these the most important is undoubtedly Bergen. Founded at the close of the eleventh century by Olaf Kyrre, Bergen—which derives its name from *Bjorgvin* (pasture between the mountains)—quickly rose to be a city of commercial renown, far more so, indeed, than the historical capital, Thronthjem, owing to its greater proximity to Europe in general and to England in particular, for the English were the first merchants who carried on trade with the great commercial centre of Norway. Three hundred years later the all-powerful Hanseatic League established one of its chief centres there, and for considerably more than a century held its citizens in absolute com-

mercial subjection. During that time all other than German merchants were rigidly excluded from traffic with the Norwegians, who themselves were practically debarred from trading amongst themselves, while the English were completely beaten out of the field. The old sturdy Norsk spirit, however, was far too independent to submit to so grievous a yoke indefinitely, and in the sixteenth century the great monopoly was broken by a Norwegian merchant, though the Germans continued to carry on the lion's share of the commerce until 1763, when the last of the Hanseatic houses passed into the hands of a Norwegian.

The Teutonic occupation, however, has had a marked effect upon Bergen and her citizens, who are totally different from all other Norwegians. The Bergenese are far more lively than their fellow townsmen of either Christiania or Thronthjem, and be it said they are far more business-like. Porters assail you on the quay, boatmen hail you from the harbor, juvenile Arabs pester you for coppers, and whistle, sing, and shout after a cosmopolitan fashion to be found in no other town in Norway. In olden days the Germans were wont to be contemptuously termed *garper* (loud talkers), and in comparison with the phlegmatic temperament of the average Norseman the Bergener is a very decided *garper*. The town, too, in its general architectural appearance, though much altered by frequent fires, has a decided Teutonic aspect, and many of the present merchants of the town are true descendants of the old Hanseatic traders.

Bergen possesses many attractions for the archæologist, the artist, and the historian, as it can boast of far more

picturesque corners and antiquarian remains than are to be found in any other town in Norway. What with the fish market with the toilers of the sea knee deep in fish of every kind in

clinker-built, and constructed after the fashion of the Viking's craft of the Dark Ages, and with the busy steamers forever entering and leaving the harbor, the most unimpressionable



THE SKJÆGEDALSFOS, HARDANGER.

their small boats, with the quay piled up with dried and evil-smelling stock-fish, the staple food of the Norwegian peasant in winter, with the quaintly-lined *jagts* with their one square sail,

mind can scarcely fail to be struck by such a variety of scene. Bergen, however, has one great drawback—wet weather may be said to be endemic there, as more than 200 days out of

the year are to be distinctly classed as "rainy" for the hill which dominates the city to a height of nearly 1,000 feet, and affords a lovely view over Bergen, its harbor, and its environs, seems to bring down torrents of moisture from the clouds upon the slightest provocation.

UP THE HARDANGER.

Bergen is the best centre both for entering and leaving Norway, as it commands good routes to all parts of the country, and moreover has the advantage of being nearer home—a great desideratum to sensitive stomachs, when the treacherous nature of the North Sea is taken into consideration.

Scarcely has the new comer landed than he is at once urged, whatever may be his intended route, not to neglect the opportunity of visiting the Hardanger Fjord. Accordingly he goes by train to Vossevangen, whence he takes his first carriage-drive to Eide, one of the most popular resorts on the Hardanger. At Eide our traveler once more embarks on board a steamer, a Lilliputian craft compared with the uncouth but comfortable monster which has brought him from the Humber or the Tyne, and begins his experiences of Norwegian life and character, of which he can have had but small experience at the hotel. Life on board a Norwegian fjord steamer is very lively and interesting. The passengers are of as varied a type as one meets with on the Rhine or the Danube.

No better introduction to Norwegian scenery can be planned than a trip up and down the Hardanger and its subsidiary fjords, the Eidsfjord and the Sorfjord. In the latter especially the scenery is wonderfully grand, as on

one side tower huge rocky heights, some 5,000 feet above the water, crowned by the Folgefonden—an enormous plateau of snow and ice more than thirty miles in length. Thence descend glaciers in all directions, affording opportunities for numerous excursions from the various hamlets where the steamer stops, and where some of the best inn accommodation in Norway is to be found. In the Hardanger district, moreover, where rugged scenery is varied by well-wooded and cultivated heights, are two of the most noteworthy waterfalls in Norway, the Voringfos and the Skjæggedalsfos. The former, a huge mass of water, makes a perpendicular leap of nearly five hundred feet into a rocky basin. The Skjæggedalsfos (or Ringedalsfos), which is some hours distant from Odde, falls from a height of five hundred and thirty feet, at first in several veil-like masses, eventually streaming down in one large volume. In the Hardanger also may be seen some of the prettiest costumes in Norway, though it is to be feared that the fair damsels who don them, like the boat girls at Brienzen, are more actuated by the presence of the visitors than from any patriotic enthusiasm. Many people go to the Hardanger, and never leave it until they return to Bergen, and certainly to those persons who like the best living which Norway can afford, and some of the finest scenery which Norway can show, we should recommend a lengthened stay at such stations as Odde, Udvic, or Eide.

CHRISTIANIA.

Christiania, the present capital of Norway, is a large town of some 130,000 inhabitants. Though dating from 1624, when it was founded by Christian IV., it is essentially modern and

commonplace. The houses and streets are far finer than those in Bergen, but not half as picturesque to the tourist or as interesting to the historical student. Indeed there is little evidence even of an antiquity of two centuries; so frequently has the town been devastated by fire that few of the old wooden houses now remain, and the shops might have been transported from a newly constructed quarter of Brussels both as regards their architecture and the goods they display. Like the Belgian capital Christiania possesses a tiny little park, at one end of which stands the King's Palace, in style not unlike a modern barrack, while at the other is the National Storting or Parliament House a curious circular building, hideous as far as the exterior is concerned, but of which the internal accommodation and fittings might well be envied for comfort and convenience by the inmates of the House of Commons.

One side of the park is flanked by the National Museum, which teems with interesting Natural History and archæological treasures. Foremost amongst the latter is the famous Viking's ship, which was unearthed near the town of Sandefjord at the mouth of the Christianiafjord in 1880.

The most picturesque spot in the

town is the market-place, where the peasant women of the surrounding country may be seen with their baskets of strawberries and other delicacies, together with a few vegetables, the latter being as scanty as they are indifferent in Norway. In the market-place also is the principal church of Christiania, the Trefoldhigeds (Trinity) Kirke, an octagonal building in the Gothic style, with little worthy of note in the interior, save a picture of the Madonna. The oldest church in Christiania is the Gamle Akers Kirke, and is probably the most ancient structure in the town. The quays of Christiania, alongside of which is a depth of water sufficient to float large-sized vessels, present a very animated appearance, with the small steamers flying hither and thither, and whistling vigorously to announce their approach, while the view down the fjord is essentially striking. To obtain a really good prospect, however, an elevation should be ascended, either the little castle of Oscarshall, belonging to the King, which is open to the traveler's inspection, and which contains a small collection of national paintings, or, better still, the Frognersæter, which, situated at a height of 1,000 feet, affords a most extensive view over the fjord.

T. HEATH JOYCE, F.R.G.S.

EDUCATION IN AMUSEMENTS.

IT IS sometimes urged that the presence of effort or the thought of duty would destroy the pleasure of amusement; that only when all tension of nerve and will is thoroughly relaxed, recreation truly begins. This is partly true and partly a mistake. That the great pressure which the imperative business

of life imposes must be removed, before one can resign himself to being amused, is certain. Yet we should never forget that a certain degree of action is necessary to all employment. Passive and dormant faculties are not consonant with intelligent happiness. The exercise of choice, that rejects

the evil or inferior elements of amusement and selects the true, the pure, and the best, contains that very activity of mind which is needed to make it truly pleasurable. If any one doubts this, let him make the experiment. Between two grades of any amusement, instead of drifting into the lower, let him voluntarily seek the higher, and he will experience a keener pleasure than he has known before. The very effort itself will add zest to the enjoyment.

Of course, if this should be carried to the extreme of choosing what was beyond the power of the faculties to appreciate, only failure could ensue. It would be absurd for one who was physically feeble to attempt the ascent of the Alps, or for one who had but lately mastered the art of reading to select Scott's novels for amusement. But it is always possible to make a single step in advance of the preceding. Instead of continuing year after year to live upon the same plane in this matter, we can all choose, from time to time, a little more elevated ground. Without any very severe self-denial, every one, who cares at all for his own improvement, can select a little better reading, a little finer

music, a little more intelligent conversation, a little higher grade of dramatic talent, a little more of what is pure and noble and elevating in all his pleasures than he has had before. Enjoyment will be heightened, not lessened, by such exercise, and the education thus received will steadily advance him in all that makes life worth living.

If this is important in self-culture, it is no less so in philanthropy. Many of the evils in society, much of the vice and crime which we deplore, come from the degrading nature of the amusements entered into. To inveigh against them avails little; but to substitute something better, and to persuade men to choose it, is a task worthy of all endeavor. In the education of the schools, and in that of industries, there is no lack of interest. Plans and methods are continually under discussion, and those which gain acceptance are judiciously executed. But as yet we have hardly waked up to the educating power of amusements. We have hardly yet surveyed the field which is waiting to be tilled, and which promises a rich harvest to all faithful endeavor.

From Education.

A PRACTICAL EDUCATION—DOES IT EDUCATE?

A NOTED New England divine once said that the doctrine of the Holy Trinity had come to assume, with Americans, the form, "I believe in the golden eagle; I believe in the silver dollar; and I believe in the copper cent."

In this age of money getting there are few, indeed, who do not, in their hearts, know this to be the chief arti-

cle in their faith. "It pays," is the real creed that many a church goer sees between the lines of the creed in the prayer-book. "It pays," is the thought that makes him regular at church and devout at prayer-meeting. Shall I do this or shall I do that, is, for many, in questions of moral obligation and duty, solely decided by the yes or no to that other question, "Will it pay?"

Disguise it as we may under outward show and pretence, we must yet candidly acknowledge with ourselves that it is the money standard, after all, to which our religion and morals are often adjusted. Yet this standard, too vicious and corrupt as it is, is the one which we frequently see both press and pulpit setting up as the standard to be observed in the education of the people. The only fit and proper education for the masses, we hear, is the practical education.—an education that will give our children employment and put money in their pockets.

Everywhere there is a popular clamor for the rejection and exclusion, from our higher courses of study, of the classics and other so-called "useless" branches, and the substitution for them of other studies which are thought to have a money value, or which will enable those proficient in them to earn money directly on leaving school. "Less Latin, and more book-keeping;" "less music, and more penmanship;" "less French and German, and more arithmetic and history;" "less of the 'ologies' and 'onomies,' and more reading and spelling;" "let's have instruction in the use of tools and in the trades;" "cut out the nonsense, and give us something useful;"—these are some of the familiar phrases in which the advocate of practical education expresses his dissatisfaction with the present educational system.

Whether this dissatisfaction be well founded, or not, or whether our public schools, in the lower grades, are straying away from the teaching of common English, or not, it is not the purpose of the present article to discuss. But, that there is a wide-spread, popular discontent with present educational methods, our so-called "busi-

ness colleges" afford a convincing proof. Almost every city in the country has at least one of these institutions, which booms and flourishes on a liberal patronage of young men and women, who pay fifty dollars for a life scholarship, and graduate, in from three to six months, with a three-dollar metaphorical diploma, testifying to the high proficiency of its happy possessor in the arts of penmanship, book-keeping, actual business, railroading, banking, brokerage, etc., which usually constitute the "college" course.

Useful as these institutions may be, in the way of preparation for business, it may yet be fairly doubted whether the mental discipline in acquiring a copperplate finish to one's penmanship, or in learning "scientific" book-keeping, however practical it all may be, constitutes real education in the true sense of the word.

"Education," says John Stewart Mill, "includes *everything* that brings us nearer to the perfection of our nature." "Education," says Henry George, "is that which enables a man to more effectively use his natural powers."

These two definitions, coming from the two most practical philosophers of the century, are the same. For to attain, according to the one, the "perfection of our nature," is to attain the highest possible development of every power of our nature; and "to more effectively use," according to the other, "our natural powers," depends upon having all our natural powers effectively developed.

Do the ideas of the clamorers for the practical in education harmonize with these definitions? They want an education that will enable our boys and girls to earn money at once, or be of immediate and daily use in whatever calling they may follow. Such

an education means, if it means anything, instruction in such things as will benefit the largest number of persons, and not a special few. It means, therefore, for the average citizen, very little, because the average citizen needs but very little. Fair average reading, fair legible writing, the fundamental rules of arithmetic—with, it may be, a knowledge of fractions for the business citizen—spelling to the extent of the average man's vocabulary of six to nine hundred words, and enough English grammar to understand the parts of speech and their uses, make a practical curriculum, perfectly sufficient for the general needs of the great mass. Higher arithmetic, with the intricacies of bank discount, compound proportion, progression, cube and square root, etc., and algebra, geometry, and trigonometry are clearly out of place in a practical course, because the average citizen never has occasion to use them; and the special few who would need them should, according to this theory of education, *pay* for special instruction in them. *That* is practical. And no system of education can be called practical which admits of the teaching of such things as benefit the few, and not the many.

The modern languages, especially German in some localities, are considered very practical by the admirers of a practical education. Why they should so consider them, we fail to see; as not one of a thousand American pupils studying any one of these languages ever learns to speak it. All that such pupils ever get out of the study of such a language is a *reading*, not a *speaking* knowledge of it. Practically, it is of no more benefit than the study of Latin or geometry. It disciplines the mind, that is all. In

many cities they have introduced the study of German in the primary departments of the schools. Special and skilled teachers, whose aggregate salaries amount to thousands of dollars per annum, are employed to teach it. It is money thrown away. The study of German, or any other modern language, by book and teacher, is of no practical value whatever, beyond discipline for the memory, to the American children below the age of twelve. All that children below that age can get out of the study of such a language is a string of words and phrases which they forget in six months, should they leave school at twelve, as the great majority of our children do.

"A few months in the country itself, if properly employed," says John Stuart Mill, speaking of the state of modern languages, "go so much farther than as many years of school lessons." "*It is really a waste of time,*" says he, "*for those who can associate with persons speaking them, to labor at them with books and teachers.*"

Latin and Greek are branches contemptuously rejected by the believers in practical education as utterly useless and ornamental. Those who study them have even been termed "educational duds and fools." They may be so, in some cases. The type is not confined to any particular educational level. But even Latin and Greek have a practical value, which those who know nothing about them would do well to consider. No thorough, comprehensive knowledge of English grammar is possible without a knowledge of the classics. And no better training in one's own language, in the use of words, in fluent, clear, common-sense thinking can be got, than through the study of Latin and Greek.

The scholar that knows them as they ought to be known, is always sure of what he is talking about. Commend us to the study of these two languages as the best corrective of the tendency to gush and "slop over" in one's speech. For keen, sharp, yet broad mental discipline, the equal of Latin and Greek has never yet been found. They have no money value, it is true, at the world's counter; but they give, as no other study can give, the mental grasp and alertness through which money *may* be made, but which money can never buy.

The sciences are particularly acceptable to the followers of the practical school. But how many facts and principles of physics and chemistry are we applying every day without even having studied physics and chemistry at all? How much of the geology or botany that we learned in school do we apply out of school? The most practical of them all, physiology, is mostly learned to be forgotten. What we apply of it, out of school, can be put in less than a single page. The truth is, we study the sciences in schools as we do the classics, or anything else,—not so much for their practical application as for their discipline to the powers of observation and judgment.

So, again, the history of our own land, one would suppose, is a very practical study. But how much of it do we need in every-day life? It may testify our political convictions, and may make us intelligent voters; but under the blessing of bossism, intelligence is not a requisite to the exercise of the latter privilege.

And so of every study deemed practical. When closely examined, it is found to be mainly a disciplinary study. The "practical" element in

it, the part that can be applied in after-life, is but a very small part of it. And to teach nothing but that is to give education so narrow a scope that, from the necessities of human nature, it must grow narrower and narrower, requiring narrow teachers and still narrower teaching. So long as a man may be a lawyer, or doctor, or minister, or teacher, or editor, or merchant, or manufacturer, without general education, practical education must mean the least possible amount of education necessary to make a lawyer, doctor, minister, teacher, editor, merchant, or manufacturer. More education than what is practically necessary for these callings would be, according to this system, illogical and useless.

The truth is, the entire idea of practical education is based on a wrong conception of the nature of education. It supposes that education is something to secure for everybody the largest amount of physical comfort and happiness. Education is not this. It is not giving something *to* a man; it is rather bringing *out* of a man what is already in him. It is the development of mental power. It is that culture which we of this generation give to our children of the next generation, "in order to qualify them for at least keeping up, and if possible, for raising the level of improvement which has been attained." True, education is progressive, and looks to the future. The so-called practical education is stationary, and addresses itself to the dead-level of the present. True education has to do with the welfare of the mind. Practical education has to do, really with the welfare of the body.

It is a popular belief that the function of our public schools is to furnish, in some degree, to their pupils, a preparation for the occupations which they

may follow in after life; and, that the more knowledge of their future callings which they can get in school the better. This is a delusion. Back of the preparation of any calling lie the habits of mind and conscience, which alone render success in that calling sure. These habits of mind it is the business of school to give. And what our boys and girls should carry away with them from school is not professional knowledge, but that which should direct the use of their professional knowledge, and bring the light of general culture to illuminate technicalities of a special pursuit. Make our boys and girls honest, truthful, industrious, energetic, attentive, methodical, and full of observation and inquiry, and we have insured them success in whatever calling of life they may choose to follow. "Men are men before they are lawyers, or physicians, or merchants, or manufacturers; make them capable and sensible men, and they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers, or physicians, or business men." Give to our boys and girls that which will enable them to use their natural powers most effectively, or to reach the "perfection of their nature," and we have accomplished all that education can do for them. But to do this, we must bring every boy and girl to the highest pitch of mental and bodily discipline,—bodily, too, we say. The one is not possible without the other. *Mens sana in corpore sana* marks the perfection of physiologic law, and *must* be observed to make sound thinkers.

The object of education is mental power, not the acquisition of useful facts, or mechanical accomplishments. These practical things of life are good to know and to have. For the most of men they are sufficient for all the pur-

poses of life; but they do not constitute education in any sense whatever.

That, we repeat, is the development of the mind; and whatever is helpful to that end is valuable for study. If Latin be the thing, then the more Latin the better; if geometry is good, then geometry must not be passed by; if algebra is healthful to the mind, algebra must receive attention; and so of any study, out of which habits of thought and mental power can be developed.

A practical education may make a man a competent lawyer, but "it depends on general education to make him a philosophic lawyer, who demands, and is capable of apprehending principles, instead of cramming his memory with details. And so of all other useful pursuits, mechanical included. Education makes a man a more intelligent shoemaker, if that be his occupation; but not by teaching him how to make shoes; it does so by the mental exercise it gives, and the habits it impresses." (John Stewart Mill, University of St. Andrews' Address.)

Carlyle somewhere pictures society as a general collection of hogs at the swill-trough when the swill has just been dumped in, and the happiest hog is the one which can get the most swill. It is out of this general desire in society to be the happiest hog, that the cry for the practical in education comes; because it is believed that by its means there will be a shorter cut to the most swill. In no sense can that be called education which does not develop and strengthen all the faculties of the mind. Penmanship and book-keeping, with a little English thrown in *ad captandum*, may produce a high development of mechanical skill or heap expertness; but they no more

discipline the mind than wood-chopping or watch-making.

Business and industrial schools are undoubtedly of practical value, by way of preparation for business and the various trades and arts; but they do not educate in the real sense of the term. Indeed, they are beneficial to their pupils only in the ratio of the education which they already have when they enter them. It is a well-known fact, that, in the trade schools of Germany, those pupils make the most progress who have been disciplined the most by the unpractical classics, or mathematics.

If the education of the future is not to ennoble the mind, but is to be adjusted to the single consideration of our physical wants and comforts, let it be so understood. If every effort of the mind is to be directed to the acquisition of money; if patriotism, if the public weal, if the love of liberty, are to be subordinated to the love of money, then "practical" education is the thing for the people. Is it not a significant fact, that it was the pennies of the toiling millions, and not the dollars of the rich, which presented the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty to America, and paid for the pedestal on which it stands in the harbor of New York? Is it not a part of education

to keep alive the spark of liberty by keeping alive the emotions and sentiments which kindle up the heart when liberty is at stake? To make our children better and nobler than we, we must implant in them a desire for higher and better things than the desire for money. The narrow, short-sighted, close-fisted, penny-saving policy of merely providing for things present, and not for things to come, will not do it. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Everything in God's universe is a proper thing for education to make use of in the upbuilding of man. Neither will the knowledge that satisfies the necessities of the present, nor the bare facts that bring skill to the hand, the eye, or the ear, be sufficient to make true manhood and noble womanhood. There must be in the course of study that is to make a man, something more than these things. There must be in it music for the elevation and refreshment of his soul, art for the refining of his nature, science for the discipline of his powers of observation and judgment, language for the development of his speech, mathematics for the strengthening of his reasoning faculties; and then, by the blessing of God he cannot go astray, or fail, in the course of time, to be truly practical.

H. C. MISSIMER.

ALL'S WELL.

PROPHETIC Hope, thy fine discourse
 Foretold not half life's good to me;
 Thy painter, Fancy, hath not force
 To show how sweet it is to be!
 Thy witching dream,
 And pictured scheme
 To match the fact still want the power;
 Thy promise brave
 From earth to grave
 Life's bloom may beggar in an hour.

Ask and receive, 'tis sweetly said;
 Yet what to plead for I know not;
 For wish is worsted, Hope's o'ersped,
 And aye to thanks return my thought;
 If I would pray
 I've nought to say
 But this, that God may be God still,
 For Him to live
 Is still to give,
 And sweeter than my wish His will.

Oh, wealth of life beyond all bound!
 Eternity each moment given!
 What plummet may the Present sound
 Who promises a future heaven?
 Or glad or grieved,
 Oppressed, relieved
 In blackest night, or brightest day,
 Still pours the flood
 Of golden good,
 And more than heartfelt fills me aye.

My wealth is common; I possess
 No petty province, but the whole:
 What's mine alone is mine far less,
 Than treasures shared by every soul.
 Talk not of store,
 Millions or more,—
 Or values that the purse may hold,—
 But this divine!
 I own the mine,
 Whose grains outweigh a planet's gold.

I have a stake in every star,
 In every beam that fills the day;
 All hearts of men my coffers are,
 My ores arterial tides convey.
 The fields, the skies,

The sweet replies
 Of thought to thought, are my gold dust;
 The oaks, the brooks,
 The speaking looks
 Of lover's faith and friendship's trust.

Life's youngest tides, joy brimming, flow
 For him who lives above all years,
 Who all-immortal makes the Now,
 And is not ta'en in time's arrears;
 This life's a hymn
 The seraphim
 Might hark to hear or help to sing:
 And to his soul
 The boundless whole
 It's beauty all doth daily bring.

"All mine is thine," the Sky-soul saith,
 "The wealth I am must thou become."
 Richer and richer, breath by breath—
 Immortal gain, immortal room!
 And since all His
 Mine, also is,
 Life's gift outruns my fancy far,
 And drowns the dream
 In larger stream,
 As morning drinks the morning star.
 DAVID A. WASSON.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

II.

ABOUT THE JEWS.

IN THE more ordinary and prosaic spheres of thought the superior intelligence of the Jews has been equally conspicuous. The doctrines of Spinoza lie at the root of the whole of that metaphysical philosophy which has had an immense influence upon the opinions and modes of thought of the whole civilized world, for he may undoubtedly be regarded as the founder of modern Rationalism. In music and the acted-drama the children of Isreal are far ahead of all their rivals. The number of Jews who have distinguished themselves in these two branches of art is surprisingly large, and includes such famous masters as Meyerbeer, Men-

delssohn, Rubinstein, Ernst, Moscheles, Benedict, whilst on the stage are to be found such brilliant performers as Grisi, Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt. It would be altogether superfluous to specify those Jews who have distinguished themselves in literature, science, or philosophy; their name is legion.

One thing is certain and unquestionable: to the Jews we owe our knowledge of the sciences of mathematics and astronomy. During the Middle Ages, in spite of the risk they ran and the suspicion they were likely to incur of being astrologers and necromancers, they were the only students of mathematics and astronomy, the mysteries of which they patiently and unceasingly labored to solve. In these two branches they

have from the most ancient times been pre-eminent for their surpassing knowledge, as these two subjects have always had a great attraction for minds in which the powers and habits of calculation are innate and conspicuous. The earliest professors of mathematics in our universities were Jews, and in Germany, notwithstanding the ill-feeling that exists between the Christian and Jewish communities, the bulk of the mathematical professors belong to the Jewish faith.

In commerce and finance the reputation of the Jews for success and ability is remarkable and world-wide, whilst in politics we have but to mention such distinguished names as D'Israeli, Gambetta and others, to prove that in whatever path the Jews enter their talent and indefatigable energy will invariably enable them to place themselves in the foremost rank. If any further proofs of the great intellectual powers of the Jews are required they will be found in the leaders of the legal profession. Few will be prepared to question the learning and acumen of such eminent lawyers and advocates as Lord Herschell, Sir George Jessel, Mr. Benjamin, and Mr. Cohen. Among the well-known politicians with a promising career opening out before them we must not overlook such men as Mr. Mocatta, Baron de Worms, and others.

Of the many charges brought against the Jews, rapacity was by far the most frequent. It was a charge that could be brought forward with very little support, any evidence in refutation of it being sure to find but scant credit in the minds of Christian judges imbued with the strong prejudice everywhere prevalent against the Jews. It was the universal belief that the Jew would always exact his pound of flesh from the poor victim in his clutches. No

abatement or reduction was ever to be expected from the relentless, merciless Shylock. Doubtless there was some reason for these accusations, but it will be somewhat of a surprise to our readers to learn that it was to the possession of qualities considered unusual and unlooked-for in a Jew, honesty and integrity, that the founder of the Rothschild family owed his success. From our infancy we have been taught to regard Jews as above all things sordid, mean, and selfish, ever grasping and coveting the goods of others. No impression could be more misleading or mistaken. The wish was father to the thought, and ignorant and intolerant Christians seized upon usury as a weapon with which they could wreak their vengeance upon inoffensive Jews. Whether these charges of rapacity brought against the Jews were often unfounded, or whether the first Rothschild was a marvelous exception to the rest of his co-religionists, we will not argue; it is sufficient for us to know that Mayer Amschel Rothschild was well known in Frankfort for his justice and fairness, and that even his Christian neighbors agreed in calling him "the honest Jew." Why honesty should be so generally regarded as an exceptional trait in a Jew's character, we cannot say, but that such is the general opinion few will deny.

When we remember the frugal, abstemious habits of the Jews, and the careful economy by which they are distinguished, it should surely not appear surprising or incompatible if they were found to be not altogether wanting in honesty and love of fair dealing. The narrow prejudice that formerly existed against the Jews on the score of their grasping avarice is not so pronounced now, but still it cannot be said to have altogether

ceased to exist. That public opinion should have become so much more lenient and favorable to the Jews is no doubt greatly owing to the respect and esteem that cannot be denied even by Christian rivals to the unimpeachable lives and characters of the Rothschilds, the Montefiores, and other prominent families. The history of such well-known firms has done much to remove the ill-feeling formerly so rife, and has gone far to prove that Jews when placed on an equal footing with their Christian fellow-citizens can and do trade with a fairness and justice not a whit inferior to those of their business rivals.

But while this prejudice is nearly extinct in England and America, it still burns with undiminished fury on the Continent. Even when its fury is apparently exhausted and smouldering away, Court chaplains and others, as already stated, abuse their position and fan its dying embers once more to a flame. There is no just cause for this violent outcry; it arises more from envy and jealousy than from any reasonable and well founded grievance.

In Germany of late years there has been a violent agitation or crusade against the Jews, in which all the charges formerly brought against them, such as that of sacrificing Christian children, have been revived, and have found belief among the ignorant classes. The only objections for which there is the least show of reason, is that the Jews everywhere supplant the Christians, and secure all the best and most lucrative appointments, whether in commerce or in the learned professions. But that the Jews do this is surely we think a great and convincing proof of their superior talents and abilities, for they would never receive such honor, in the face of the general ill-will, were

it not for their surpassing and undeniable abilities. In making this the basis of an unwarrantable agitation to secure the expulsion of the Jews, the greatest want of reason and justice is displayed. The success of the agitation is rendered impossible by such conduct, which deprives the movement of the support of all thinking men, who cannot fail to see that jealousy and envy are the real causes which excite the animosity of their Christian neighbors in the nineteenth century. Their bitterest opponent never thinks of accusing the Jews of gaining their successes by foul or unfair means. The secret of their invariable success in life is that they not only have an innate and remarkable aptitude for business, but that they at the same time excel their Christian rivals in frugality and economy. The saying that "A penny saved is a penny gained" recommends itself strongly to their minds, and they fully appreciate the wisdom of Fielding's remark, that "Men do not become rich by what they get, but by what they keep." Now thrift is a quality which we have always heard described in terms of praise and approbation, so that to persecute the Jews simply because they are industrious and thrifty is certainly a novel, but hardly a commendable doctrine. Jealousy is however proverbially blind, and will seize on any pretext, however weak, as an excuse for its mad and unjustifiable proceedings. The Jews are thrifty, the Christians luxurious; consequently success must always rest more with the former than with the latter.

The great cry now against the Jews is not so much that they were rapacious, as that they undersell or do business cheaper than others, and thus gradually get the bulk of whatever

business there is into their hands. But in these days of free trade, when competition is the soul of business, it would strike most persons on considering the matter that the greatest gainers must be the public at large. Christians are always at liberty to do business on the same terms as their Hebrew rivals, but they find themselves unable to maintain the struggle, for their luxurious habits are against them, and they see themselves practically handicapped out of the contest. The remedy however is in their own hands; let them adopt the thrifty, economical habits of their rivals, and they will soon cease to have any grievances on the score of underselling. Jews, we do not deny, like to make the best bargains they can, and are apt to be cute and sharp in their dealings, but in this they are by no means singular. Their Christian competitors, if we mistake not, are not so disinterested in their dealings as to be ready and willing to abandon a large profit for a smaller one. Sharp practices are common to both parties. The great Sir Thomas Gresham in many of his business transactions displayed great financial skill and a careful solicitude to secure an ample return for the accommodation he was pleased to place at the disposal of his clients. Had he been a Jew the large percentage of profits he made on many of his transactions would have called forth severe denunciation and many hard words. Queen Elizabeth, a perfect mistress of the art of diplomacy, but above all things a woman of the world, proved herself remarkably sharp in her money matters. She forced the loyal City companies to advance her large sums, and, finding she had more money than she required, very graciously returned the surplus,—

ut with the condition that she was to

be paid interest on the amount so restored to its owners.

Taken as a body, the Jews will be found as honest and open in their dealings as others, and in any case it is a matter of history that the Rothschild family is largely indebted for its present unexampled prosperity to the honesty of its founder. It cannot, however, be denied that his successors, in their anxiety to augment the fortune bequeathed them, did not hesitate to employ those expedients in common use on the Stock Exchange, which are not free from objection, but which they in common with other speculators were at perfect liberty to adopt. Playing their cards with greater skill than their opponents, the Rothschilds were invariably successful in their speculations, and it was only after their defeat that the losers began to doubt and question the morality of their rivals' manœuvres. Those who engage in such contests should count the risks beforehand, and should remember that the laugh is with him that wins.

We have now said enough to prove what great intellectual gifts the Jews as a race possess, and how well qualified they are to become successful in whatever walk of life they may enter. There is, however, one question which cannot fail to suggest itself:—How is it that with their acknowledged abilities, with their remarkable industry and thrift leading them to the acquisition of splendid fortunes and fame in their careers;—how is it that the Jews still remain an outcast and an alien race amongst the civilized nations of the earth? The answer is short and simple, being contained in the few words—pride of race. Amidst all sufferings and trials through which they have passed, despite the universal contumely and disdain heaped upon

them, careless of and undismayed by the jeers and derision hurled at them, the Jews have clung steadfastly to the belief and conviction that they are the chosen people, that in the distant future their promised supremacy will be achieved and recognized.

"A people still, whose common ties are gone,
Who, mix'd with every race, are lost in none;
A part there are, whom, doubtless, man might trust,

Worthy as wealthy, pure, religious, just;
They who with patience, yet with rapture,
look

On the strong promise of the Sacred Book."

This faith has made them hold themselves apart; they have neither adopted the religious teachings, yielded to the national spirit, nor mingled their lives with those among whom they live. They have no foothold in the countries in which they have settled, but are indeed strangers in the land. To be let alone and allowed to pursue the even tenor of their way is all they desire, but even this is a concession not readily granted them in many countries. Though for centuries they have had to endure the opprobrium and hatred of those in power, they have never tried to resent their wrongs, but

have borne them with patient and silent resignation. An outcast race, they still maintain their proud reserve, and never solicit aid from any but co-religionists, which is certainly more than can be said of the Christian community whose benevolent institutions receive handsome and liberal support from Jewish philanthropists. The isolation in which they live not unnaturally gave rise to feelings of suspicion and distrust, which were intensified by the envy inspired by their enormous wealth and extraordinary success. The rough intellect that found itself unable to cope with the subtle Hebrew mind lent a ready belief to every wild rumor of sorcery and supernatural agency. The results have been seen in Poland, Hungary and elsewhere, where raids on Jewish households have been frequent, ending in many cases in cruelty, spoliation, and bloodshed. In English speaking countries a better feeling prevails; the barriers that separate the Jews from their neighbors are rapidly falling away, and the Jews are steadily amalgamating with their fellow citizens, as is proved by the ever increasing number of mixed marriages that are made.

JOHN REEVES.

LIGHT AND LOVE.

IF LIGHT should strike through every dark-
ened place,

How many a deed of darkness and of shame
Would cease, arrested by its gentle grace,

And striving virtue rise, unscathed by
blame!

The prisoner in his cell new hopes would
frame,

The miner catch the metal's lurking trace,

The sage would grasp the ills that harm our
race,

And unknown heroes leap to sudden fame.

If love but one short hour had perfect sway,

How many a rankling sore its touch would
heal,

How many a misconception pass away,

And hearts long hardened learn at last to
feel;

What sympathies would wake, what feuds
decay

If perfect love might reign but one short
day!

LETTERS ON THE GOSPEL.

III.

WERE we to trace every so-called Christian sect which has protested against the mother church, how many of them would claim to have received authority from God? How can they make such a claim, denying the necessity of revelation? Where then did they get their authority? Not surely from the Roman Church; for if it had any, it excommunicated *all* dissenters. You shall know a tree by the fruit it bears, and if it bears no fruit, then it is either dead or not of God's planting. In my garden I may have a tree leafless and barren. I may tell you that it is a peach tree: how shall you know save by the fruit, which bearing not, it is useless, and only fit for the fire.

Show me the live tree of the gospel, and I will show you one that is not barren; and with the Bible in one hand I will tell you what sort of fruit it will bear. Many claim to have this tree, but which among the six hundred or more sects teach the Gospel as it was taught anciently with power and with the demonstration of the Spirit and with signs following? Who teaches faith, repentance, baptism by immersion for remission of sins, and laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost? Who preaches baptism for the dead or is trying to do anything for their redemption? Who among the denominations believe in a Church organization having Apostles, Prophets, Evangelists, Pastors and Teachers? The Apostle Paul declares that these officers were "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: Till we all *come in the unity of the faith*, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the

measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." (Eph. iv: 12, 13.) Are we "*perfected*" in Christ, is there no more work to do in the ministry, and have we all come to a "*unity*" of the faith, that we no longer have or need Apostles, Prophets etc.? I know of but one thing on earth and that an evil one in which the Christians of this age can unite, and that is to persecute and vilify those who do believe that such an organization is not only necessary now, but the only one which God will at all recognize as His. Have the Christian Nations with their conflicting "*forms of godliness*" without power, a knowledge of the Son of God? Do they know, while denying revelation, either the Father or the Son? If so, let us ask them how? Let their educated divines stand forth and answer. And when they have done that, let them tell us why they are "ever learning but never able to come to a knowledge of the truth." Then let them read the following and learn why Apostles, Prophets, and the like, were needed anciently, as they are needed for the same purposes now. "That we henceforth be no more children *tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine* by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive." (Eph. iv: 14).

After they have pondered upon that, we will ask them why they teach that wicked ungodly men, who have stained their hands in the blood of a brother, as did Cain, or in the blood perhaps of an innocent wife, may be saved by confessing Christ upon the scaffold before they die. For murder, under the law, earthly courts adjudge men too guilty to live among their fellow men;

yet pretended ministers of Christ will follow them upon the scaffold and while the hangman adjusts the rope around the guilty neck, offer the murderer what they call the sacrament and, amid words of consolation made up of "cunning craftiness," lead him to believe that his guilty, blood-stained soul will be launched into the presence of a pure God, who hates iniquity and abhors sin. Such deceivers should read the 21st chapter of Revelations, 8th verse, and learning there not only the fate of murderers, but that of sorcerers, liars, and the like as well, might be led themselves to repentance and baptism for remission of sins.

You may ask what about the thief upon the cross, did he not go to heaven? Search the Scriptures. You will find nothing in them leading to such an idea, but much that clearly proves to the contrary. I am aware at the same time, however, that this text—the thief upon the cross, and the words addressed to him by the Savior—is the basis of a good many modern sermons wrought up from death-bed scenes, and scaffold confessions wherein we are told that the dying penitent was at the last moment snatched from the jaws of hell and saved by merely saying "I believe on Jesus." The words of the Lord to the thief are recorded in Luke 23 : 43 and reads as follows:—"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Now, if the simple fact of his going to paradise saved him, then was the thief saved, otherwise not. By referring to the 3d chap. of I. Peter, 18th, 19th, 20th verses, we will find where Jesus went, and ascertaining that fact, will learn something regarding the place called "paradise," where the thief was promised on that day a meeting with the Lord. It reads—

"For Christ also has once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh but quickened by the Spirit. By which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison; which sometime were disobedient, when once the longsuffering of God waited in the days of Noah while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls were saved, by water." Thus we begin to understand the broader and higher mission of our Master as we find him a preacher of the gospel to the "dead" as well as the living.

Here were the spirits of those who made light of the teachings of that good and faithful "preacher of righteousness," Noah. No doubt when on earth they laughed at and scorned both him and his message. With them he was anything but popular. Only eight souls could be induced to believe his teachings; but these teachings being the revelations of Jehovah saved those eight, while the rejection condemned to death perhaps millions whom we find, more than twenty centuries after still in prison. Think of the ages of sorrow and remorse which they had endured. If there is any efficacy in punishment by means of imprisonment, then these unfortunate, condemned ones must have undergone, since the flood, great change for the better and must have rejoiced greatly when the Prince of Light, having been put to death in the flesh but quickened in the spirit, came and again offered them the means of salvation, through obedience to that gospel which he, and many others had preached to the living on earth. What! faith, repentance, baptism, etc.? The same. How could it be otherwise? There is but *one* Gospel, which

is always referred to as *the* gospel. The same that was preached to Abraham (Gal. 3:8) and to the Jews in the days of Moses (Heb. 4:2) and I have no doubt that it was preached also to these same spirits while tabernacled in the flesh before their bodies were overwhelmed in the flood. But you may ask, how can they now be baptized, being out of the body? I answer in the words of Jesus himself, "that they must be born of water and of the Spirit" or they cannot enter the kingdom of God. But that you may clearly comprehend how it may be accomplished and that you may see how unyielding this law of the gospel is, I quote the words of the Apostle Paul. "If the dead rise not at all, then why are they *baptized for the dead?*"

Having failed to perform for themselves the ordinances of salvation, they must now depend upon others to do for them by proxy what they might have done for themselves. They once had their agency and having misused it, they must, therefore, depend upon the agency and acts of others. We now can begin to see what is meant by "becoming Saviors on Mount Zion." Why are the Latter-day Saints imparting freely of their earthly substance with which to build Temples at a cost of millions of dollars? I answer, that they may have places wherein may be performed ordinances for the living and for the dead.

MOSES THATCHER.

To Mrs. B—— N——.

ENGLISH BOOKS IN JAPAN.

THE great spread of instruction in the English language in Japan has naturally led to a growing demand for English books. Over 85,000 English books of all classes were imported last year, as against 40,000 in 1885. The import of American books, that is to say of the books printed in America, increased from 59,000 in 1885 to 119,000 in 1886.

Sir F. R. Plunkett, British consul at Tokio, remarks upon this: "An argument against a large import of educational works has hitherto existed in the fact that foreigners have no claim to the protection of the Japanese copyright, and any work that gained extensive popularity was sure to be pirated by Japanese publishers, and cheap editions of it issued that could be profitably sold at far less cost than the imported originals. This difficulty has been and can be got over by the co-operation of

Japanese booksellers, and in this way not only is the benefit of copyright obtained, but the books are sold at lower prices than were formerly obtained for them by European booksellers in Japan."

A large demand during the year for printing paper is traced principally to the publication of numerous translations of English works on law, political economy, history, and other educational subjects. It does not appear from the report whether there is at present any considerable demand in Japan for English literature of the lighter kinds. As, however, the next generation of educated Japanese will be almost universally able to read our language, which is now required to be taught in the public elementary schools, such a demand is sure to be forthcoming.

HOW KATY OPENED THE DOOR.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IT IS not comfortable to be poor. I do not mean merely very, very poor, like the man who goes about with a hand-organ—though, by the way, judging from the quantity of pennies *he* gets, I shouldn't wonder if he were rich, and simply pursued his occupation because he is fond of exercise and classical music. But supposing him to be as poor as he looks, I do not mean that alone. Anybody is uncomfortably poor who owes money and can't pay it, or who really needs and desires something, but can't afford it. In this sense most people are poor very often. And there are only two remedies: one is, to have more money, which is not always easy to manage, and the other is not to want so many things, which is also not easy, but, on the whole, more advisable. Yet it is quite as uncomfortable and twice as absurd to feel poor when one is not poor. That is what ailed Mr. Crabbe. He had money enough, if he had only thought so. He lived as well as he knew how. If his house was rather gloomy and lonesome, it was because he chose to live alone. His wife had died many years before this story begins. His only daughter had married against his will, and he had never forgiven her—not even when she wrote begging his love and pardon, as she often did at first, or begging his help, as she once did afterwards. He had simply burned the letters without opening them, and had even forgotten the postmarks. It was now at least eight years since she had left him, and he did not know, and thought he did not care, what had become of her. All that time he had been getting rich as fast as he could. I suppose that in

most cases, if a man will give up everything for it, he can get rich, but it is a fearful price to pay. Old Crabbe had not found out this truth fully. He fancied that if he wasn't quite comfortable it was because he was still poor. "How can a man be happy," he used to grumble, "losing money every day? Such times! people pretending they can't pay their rent, and real estate going down all the while!"

Old Crabbe's business was to get money from the tenants of his houses; and his only pleasure was to take that money and buy more houses. He had been a merchant in earlier days; but he had given that up, because he thought he hated to see and speak with people. Folks talked such rubbish, he said, over the counter; and a woman shopping was enough to drive a man mad! There was some truth in that, I confess; but not sufficient to justify him in despising the world altogether. The real secret was, that having cruelly wronged his daughter, he tried to believe that everybody, particularly every woman, was somehow wronging him, or would do so at the first opportunity. At all events, he had retired from business, put his money into houses, and employed an agent to look after them, so that he need never personally meet the tenants. "They're all alike," said he: "if they can't rob me they'll bore me. What do I care for their smoky chimneys and poor kitchen ranges, and the pipes and roofs that leak, and the doors that won't shut, and the mouldy wall-paper, and the three coats of paint that everything needs, and all the rest of it?"

But, although he took so much pains (and was willing to pay an agent a

moderate—very moderate—salary) to avoid having anything to do with his tenants, he really attended to the whole business. The agent was little more than a go-between, and was obliged to report to old Crabbe almost every day and, take his orders. "Don't tell me their names," said the landlord, "and don't tell them my name. But don't you dare to do anything or promise anything till I give you leave!"

The agent was a jolly Irishman, who, if he could have had his own way, would have demanded no rent at all, and lent money to the tenants into the bargain. "Sure, it's little good the money does the loike o' him," he used to mutter, as he received the monthly payments from people who looked as if they laid down with every dollar a bit of the pale flesh from their bones. But he was honest in obeying orders; and although he gave plenty of cheering words and sympathy, he wasted none of old Crabbe's money. Indeed, he could not well have done so without being found out. for the old man used to cruise around early in the morning or late in the evening, when he thought he would not be seen, and inspect matters for himself.

The day I am now writing of was the 24th of December. The agent was just leaving Mr. Crabbe's gloomy house after making his report. He had managed to give satisfaction in every case but one, and in that one case he had obstinately insisted that the rent ought to be reduced.

"Faith, yer honor," said he, "it's too big a proice for the little ould house at all, an' it not fit to live in without new front shteps to it, an' a power o' patchin' on the roof, an' no gas nor water, an' the furnace as good as wore out intoirely. Sure the widdy'd be

after lavin' long ago av she hadn't lived there so happy with her husband—rist his sow! It is a foine man he was, an' good as gowld—barrin' the gowld. He hadn't enough o' *that* to hurrt him!"

"There, there!" interrupted old Crabbe, "haven't I told you I don't want to know anything about the people that live in my houses? Widows and husbands—it's all one to me. Let them pay their rent or get out!"

"Av coorse," replied the agent. "That's what I said to the widdy—I mane the tinant—and says she, 'I think I'll have to give you the rig'lar notice.' So I thought yer honor'd better be tould, for it's not many tinants you'd be after gittin' for that place onnyhow; in the did of winter, too, more's the pity." With that the agent departed, and when he had reached the street, and could not be overheard by old Crabbe, he chuckled and said to himself, "That concludin' consideration was an illigant bit of logic. That'll do the business."

Apparently he had guessed correctly, for after he had gone old Crabbe, sitting alone in the house, began to think the matter over. He wasn't quite ready to tear down No. 142, the house to which the agent had referred, and build "flats" in the place of it. He wanted first to secure the next lot, which he did not yet own. And if the present tenants should leave, it would be difficult to find others who would take it on any terms, except those of thorough and expensive repairs. Yet to reduce rent, even to retain a good tenant, was against his principles. It is one of those things which should be done only as a last resort.

Old Crabbe looked over a big book containing columns of figures. Then

he ciphered a little on a bit of paper, and found that he had some twenty thousand dollars of money to spare for new investments. Such a result ought to have made him good-natured—I am sure it would have that effect upon me—but he made a wry face over it and banged the lids of the big book together, and said it was just his luck—with a decent fortune he should have had thirty thousand by the end of the year, instead of twenty.

But after venting his ill temper on a chair or two, and making a few more spiteful remarks about the world and the way it treated him, he returned to thoughts of business. Even his fits of discontent were not allowed to interfere with business. And the result of his meditations was that he put on his big slouched hat and his big shaggy overcoat, and went out to look at No. 142 for himself, and see if it was such a tumble-down place as that agent of his pretended. It was still early in the afternoon, but a snowstorm was going on at a pretty lively rate; and when old Crabbe reached the place he sought and stood on the opposite side of the street to look at No. 142, the snow had made the house as respectable as any of its neighbors. "New front steps!" muttered he. "Nonsense!" And crossed the street to look at them a little more closely. There were only two steps, and there was a hole in the first of them, but the snow had hidden the hole, as well as a very slippery spot on the sidewalk just before the steps—a slippery spot which had been carefully cultivated by wicked boys. So it came to pass that on that spot old Crabbe placed one foot (for a fraction of a second only) and into that hole went his other foot immediately, and forward went his whole body. He almost fell, but not quite,

and he certainly would have banged his head violently against the front door if it had not at that instant been opened suddenly. But this is an excellent place to conclude the present chapter and leave the reader in a state of harrowing suspense. It is almost always just as the door opens that we encounter those dreadful words, "*To be continued in our next.*"

II.

I have observed that great authors, after bringing about a crisis like that in my last chapter, do not continue it in their next, whatever they may promise to do. They always say: "Leaving our hero in this distressing position, let us now narrate some events which occurred several years before, and which have a bearing upon our story." I am going to imitate this fashion, though in a moderate way—for I don't like to follow fashion to extremes—and the mystery of the door that opened in my last shall not be solved until I have told something about the inhabitants of No. 142, and the scenes which took place there on that same afternoon, not long before old Crabbe slipped, as aforesaid, on the front steps.

It really was not such a desperately bad house, though the agent had told the literal truth about it. But it is astonishing how long one can continue to live in a house, and be quite comfortable, too, in spite of lots of things being out of order. If you don't believe this, listen while your mother talks to your father, or your father to the landlord, about the things that really must be done this year to the plumbing and the painting and the range and the ceiling and the door-knobs; and then notice how many of them don't get done after all, and how the family goes on another year with-

out being so very unhappy over it. No. 142 was little and old, possessed of all the ancient inconveniences, with few of the modern conveniences, except, indeed, a door-bell that was out of order, and a furnace in the cellar that made a good deal of trouble. Nevertheless, it was very cosy and pleasant under the low ceilings of the neat and tastefully-arranged rooms. Certainly so thought the sad and gentle lady who, with her little daughter, inhabited them, as, on the afternoon of the 24th of December, she looked around the pretty parlor and sighed and said, half to herself and half to the agent, "It will be hard to leave this place. I have been so happy here."

"Yes'm," replied the agent promptly; "it's a big shame, it is: thim front shteps, an' the furnace an' all, an' a dillikit laddy like you, an' the purrtty gurrll."

"Ah," said the lady, "that's not the reason. The reason is that we cannot afford to have a house all to ourselves. We have not very much money, and we must be economical. When my dear husband died, three years ago, I feared that we would not be able to go on living here; but I resolved to try, for it was so hard to give it up! And I hoped that—perhaps—somebody—a connection of ours, would assist us. But he did not—and times have grown rather worse with us."

"Moighty little good in thim connections," muttered the agent, and added aloud: "but he could ye that he regritted his inability?"

"I do not know," said the lady; "he never answered my letter."

"Oh, it's a letter is it?" said the agent. "Mebbe it'll not be directed right it was, or ye put the wrong stamp on the corner, or ye didn't stick it on

firm, or ye dropped it in one o' thim desaivin' lamp-posts—sure there's lashin's o' letters goes wrong."

"No," said the lady; "I know well where he lives, and I left the letter at his door; and the servant told me that Mr. Crabbe was at home."

When the agent heard that name he gave a long whistle, in spite of his natural politeness, and immediately said he must look at the furnace. "Sure I had to git away somehow," said he to himself as he groped down the cellar stairs. "If I had staid a minute more I'd a' broke one of the tin commandments, by spakin' my moind about that ould villain. A connection o' hers, is it? Holy Moses; it's her father he is, bad luck to him!" And the kind-hearted agent went on down to the furnace, where he opened doors and shut them again, poked his head into various hot and smoky places and pretended to make a thorough examination generally; but his thoughts were busy all the time with wild plans for the relief of the widow and her child.

Meanwhile, the lady was not left alone; for in ran the loveliest little girl and sprang upon her mother's knee. I am not good at describing little girls. They all seem pretty to me. So I will mention but one point about little Katy. She had a pair of great grey eyes, which she used to fix upon the person to whom she was speaking, and there was something in those eyes, something deep and transparent, which made it very hard to avoid answering any questions they might ask. It seemed as if they were two still, clear pools, and must not be disturbed by careless or deceitful words. Katy's mother always told her the truth and a good deal more of it than she might be expected to understand—for she was only seven years old—but children un-

derstand more than they get credit for and what they don't understand they may apprehend, which is much the way of grown folks also. At all events, Katy, having had her mother for principal companion, knew a great deal that would surprise you. Yet she was in other respects most childlike and innocent. In fact, perhaps you would have been more surprised at the things she did not know.

"Mamma," said Katy, "what are we going to do about Christmas! You told me to wait, and I did wait; and now I can't wait any longer. Tomorrow is Christmas, and whatever is going to be done had better be done this very day."

"I am sorry, dear," said the lady, "to have to disappoint you. I hoped it would not be so bad. But you must be my brave daughter, and remember that although we cannot afford to make any outward show of our gladness, we have a great deal to be thankful for, and we can be really glad in our hearts when we think what Christmas means, to us and to all the world."

"Yes I know," said Katy, with her great eyes fixed on her mother; "and, besides that, I have you and you have me, and you are my Christmas present and I am yours." Then she gave the lady a kiss and continued: "But it is very nice to have a party, as we did last year, and a Christmas-tree and such fun! Mamma does Santa Claus ask people whether they can afford it before it comes?"

The eyes were so steady that one of two things had to be done — either answer or run away. The lady on this occasion ran away, saying, "We will talk about that some other time. I must go out before the snow gets too deep in the street."

"Very well," said Katy, with dig-

nity; "I can wait. But mamma, it is not wrong to have as good a time as we can?"

"No, indeed, my darling."

"Then suppose you leave it to me," said the child. Her mother was just going out of the room, and scarcely paused to think what Katy might mean; she said lightly, "Yes, dear, I'll leave it with you," and went up stairs to dress for her walk, with a mind full of more serious cares than those of a Christmas celebration.

As soon as she was gone little Katy walked straight to the register in the floor. She had reasoned it all out beforehand. Santa Claus couldn't get in by the fireplace, because there wasn't any. But perhaps the register, communicating as it did with the furnace, and that with the chimney, would do as well. And one of the girls at school had told her that if you wanted anything from Santa Claus you must call it into the chimney the day before Christmas. So she held her pretty head over the register, in spite of the hot air; and thus it came to pass that the agent, who was at that moment poking about the furnace in the cellar, heard a silvery voice calling, "Santa Claus!"

"Thunder an' lightning!" said the agent, "who's that!" This remark was addressed to nobody in particular; but Katy heard it with great delight.

"Thunder and lightning!" she repeated softly; "why that's the same as donder and blitzen—'On, Comet! on, Cupid! on Donder and Blitzen!'—mamma said so! Oh, must be Santa Claus himself, just going round beforehand, to find out what people would like best!" And, not a bit frightened, she called down the register again: "It's me—Katy. Don't you remember me? I would remember you, just

as plain as anything, if I could only see you once! I'm awful glad I came to the register just as you did—but perhaps I stopped you coming up this way into the parlor? Were you coming up this way into the parlor, Santa Claus?"

"Och, blazes, no!" shouted the agent, who found it very warm, even where he was; "when I come I'll come by the door, an' I advise you to do the same, me darlin'. This hot air isn't good for yer little lungs."

"Oh, Santa Claus, how funny your voice sounds! It sounds just like the jolly agent that comes for the rent."

"An' I couldn't resimble a better gintleman: he's a broth of a boy, that agent, an' don't ye forget it! Sure I know him well! But I must be gittin' out o' this, or I'll spoil me complexion!"

"Very well," called Katy; "I shall expect you at the front door!" But she got no reply, for the agent had gone, and in a minute more was rubbing his head with snow to cool it down, as he said, to "a plisant summer hate," while he hurried away to old Crabbe's in order not to be too late with his report—and, for the time being, forgot little Katy and her childish fancy.

Then Katy's mother came down stairs and went out also—by the back door, because she was afraid of the front steps—and Katy was left alone in the house. For more than an hour she sat by the window, watching for Santa Claus to come. At last, she saw a figure in shaggy coat and big hat, all covered with snow-flakes. That must be he! she thought, as she clasped her hands. He came nearer; he stopped on the other side of the street; he looked at No. 142; he began to cross—yes, it was Santa Claus! Katy

flew through the hall, opened the front door, and—*to be continued in our next!*

III.

Leaving our heroine in this exciting position, let us now see what was happening to the lady. We must do this; you know, in obedience to the rules of art; but I hate it as much as you do, and I promise to be quick about it. The lady had determined to spend a very little money for Katy. She would buy a Christmas card, at least. But she saw in the shops so many other things that she would have been so glad to give her child as to make it hard for her to be resigned. And the agent's talk kept running in her head. "I only took the letter to his door," she murmured. "I ought to have spoken with him, face to face. A letter he might refuse to read; but he could not help seeing and hearing me. Yes! *I will*—for Katy's sake!" And suddenly she left the shop and hurried, as though afraid she might change her mind, to old Crabbe's house. He was not at home, the housekeeper said. She didn't know when he would be at home; and was about to shut the door, when the lady with a strange impulse, said, "I will go in and wait for him—I am his daughter;" and in a moment she had passed into the well-known house, so that the housekeeper could do nothing but say, "Well, I never!" and go back to the kitchen. And at the very moment when Crabbe's front door opened to let his daughter in, the front door of No. 142 opened, and—

Now we have got to it, at last. Aren't you glad? Katy was glad, and as for old Crabbe—he didn't know how he felt. To be shot out of a snow-storm in that way; to think you are

going to tumble down and break your nose, and then find yourself in a warm hall and a pretty little girl dusting the snow from you with a broom, and talking as fast as she can, is enough to turn anybody's head.

"I knew you'd come!" cried Katy, dancing round him. "Mamma has gone out and I'm keeping house, and we needn't tell her till the whole thing is arranged! What a lot of snow you have got on your knees!" and down she went on *her* knees to brush it off.

Old Crabbe looked down in bewilderment on the bright, curly head. His ideas had nearly all forsaken him; but one remained, and that one he spoke out. "Bad hole in the steps," he said. "I must have it mended!"

Katy jumped up when she heard that, crying, "Oh, you dear old Santa Claus! How could you find that out so soon? Why that's one of the very things I was going to ask you!" And she climbed right up on a chair that stood in the hall, and threw her arms around old Crabbe's neck and gave him a kiss, so quick that he didn't know what was going to happen until it had happened and couldn't be prevented! Then she took off his hat, and even began as if she would help him take off his overcoat. But he resisted that, and she said, "Oh, I forgot. Of course you always wear that. You couldn't be taking it off and putting it on again so many times. It would wear all out. That's what wears out clothes more than anything else. You get your arm in the lining, and *rip* it goes! I know! But you must come into the parlor, for I've got lots and lots to say—only I'll say it very fast."

Indeed she kept her word, for, leading old Crabbe (who went as if he were in a dream and never spoke a

word) into the parlor, she seated him in the arm-chair that used to be her father's, and then, plump! there she was on his knee and those grey eyes just looking through him. And how she talked! Probably old Crabbe couldn't have stopped her if he had tried—but he did not try. He sat and looked into those eyes as if they were water and he was thirsty. Once she paused to take breath, and, before she began again, asked him, "Am I too heavy?" still he did not speak, but slowly worked his arm around her and shook his head. "I thought not," she said, with a smile of superior knowledge; "nobody ever said I was too heavy." And on she went with her story.

"So you see," said she at last, "you have got to help a good deal this time. Mamma has not got any money to spare; but I've got ten cents that she don't know anything about. The agent gave them to me one day. We must get something pretty for him. You like him, you know. You said he was a broth of a boy!"

"Oh, did I?" muttered old Crabbe; but with those eyes upon him he could not deny it.

"Now, I'll tell you my plan," said the child. "You will take me along with you when you go shopping this afternoon. You have such lots of things to get and you can get bargains. I know. Mamma says that people who buy a great deal can do much better. That's one thing that makes our things so dear, because we buy so little at a time. So you can help me to spend my ten cents, and you can show me how to make a real merry Christmas for mamma. Now, Santa Claus, *do!*" she added, as she saw the old man just about to speak, with a look in his face like *no*; "I'd just do

anything for you. You haven't got another little girl in the world that likes you better than I do!"

"Would you"—said old Crabbe slowly—"do you think you would—be willing to—give me another kiss—even if I was not Santa Claus?"

"I'll give you a hundred, and begin right away," said Katy eagerly; "but if you wasn't Santa Claus, of course not. It wouldn't be proper, unless you were my grandfather or something. But you are Santa Claus, you know; so what's the use of talking like that?"

"Yes," said old Crabbe boldly, under the circumstances, "I am Santa Claus—though I wish I were your grandfather."

"Well, I don't," said little Katy. "I've got a grandfather somewhere, and he's no use at all. Mamma only cries when I talk about him, and says 'Hush, my dear;' and I'll tell you what I think: I think that he is deaf and dumb and blind, and that he has lost his mind, too, and that they put him in prison and he don't know enough to get out, or even to want to get out—just like a—like an idiot rabbit!" she concluded triumphantly, and added in a tone of deep pity, "poor old grandfather Crabbe!"

There was a dead silence for a minute, and then old Crabbe spoke. "On the whole," said he, "I prefer to be Santa Claus. Come!"

But the air of bewilderment and uncertainty had disappeared. He waited impatiently while Katy put on her red cloak and hood, and as soon as the door was open he lifted her in his arms and strode out across the dangerous step into the snow. The storm had ceased and the sun was still two hours high.

A carriage was passing. Old

Crabbe hailed the driver, hired the carriage and put little Katy into it. "Lots to do," said he; "we must hurry."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Katy. "You will have to drive hard, to get around to all the houses. Why, it would take an hour to go to the little girls that I know."

"How many do you know? Tell me where they live," said he; and in a few minutes he had the names of some twenty girls. Then he stopped the carriage, and left Katy in it for a moment. Looking out of the window she saw him enter a door over which was the sign: *District Telegraph Office, Messengers at All Hours*. But she did not see or hear his astonishing performances in there, the result of which was that all the messengers in the concern were off within five minutes carrying invitations to the houses of Katy's friends, begging them to please excuse lack of ceremony, and come to No. 142, with their brothers, and fathers and mothers too, if they liked, that very evening.

As old Crabbe was about to get into the carriage again he spied the agent coming along the street. "Just the man I want to see! Hello, there! Go right down to No. 142, and stop on the way at the confectioner's and order a supper for about—well, about a hundred—and have those steps mended in half an hour; and while you are about it, get a big Christmas tree, and all the fixings. Never mind what it costs, I'll pay it; I'm good for it—well what are you staring at? Get along, can't you! Stay, this is for yourself. Now hurry up, will you?" And he put into the hands of the astonished agent several gold pieces amounting to more than a month's salary. But the agent caught a

glimpse of Katy in the carriage, and understood how the matter lay without any explanations; and away he went, as wild as a young colt with delight. "Whoop!" said he; "to think of ould Crabbe caught by the witch of a choild. Oh, Kathleen Mavournen! av ye begin this way whin ye're young, faith the boys'll break hearts an' heads for yer purty eyes whin ye're a bit oulder!"

Meanwhile old Crabbe—*Old Crabbe!*—was shopping like mad. Whatever Katy admired he bought. The shopkeepers all knew him, and knew that he was able to pay. So they made no objection to his extravagance, though they could not understand it. At last Katy herself interfered. "Santa Claus," said she gravely, "I am afraid you are spending too much money. You don't seem to understand shopping. You ought to look at things and admire them and ask the price; and whether they will wash, and say you will look further before deciding; and then the clerk will offer to sell them to you at cost, because it is you, and he would like to oblige an old customer!"

"Oh, I know how it's done!" said old Crabbe, remembering his merchant days.

"Then why don't you do it?" pursued Katy. "You just ask how much it is, and say, 'Do it up!' That's no way to shop! And I'm afraid you'll waste all the money in the world, and that will make everybody poor!"

"Now, don't you worry," said old Crabbe cheerily. "I like this way of shopping best. And I've got plenty. Why, child, I've got twenty thousand dollars to spend, if I like!"

"Oh, what a lot!" said Katy. "But I suppose it don't make so very much, when you divide it around. Of course, I like it; you needn't stop

on *my* account. I never had such fun in my life as buying the Christmas presents for all the boys and girls in town!"

So that wild shopping went on until both of them were tired. Meanwhile the agent and a crowd of assistants were working like men distracted at No. 142, receiving and arranging the articles that came to the door in a perfect procession of express wagons; and all the folks in the neighborhood were flattening their noses on their window-panes in admiration of the wonderful goings on at No. 142, or else they were scrubbing and dressing the children who had been invited to spend the evening there.

At last old Crabbe and Katy drove up to the door. It was almost time for the party to begin. He wouldn't let her go into the parlor, but made her hurry up stairs to her own room to put on her best dress. "Whatever you find up there on the bed," he shouted after her, "that's what I mean!" For there had been a bundle of wonderful clothes—just out of fairy-land—sent to the house an hour before, with directions to the agent; and the contents were all arranged in Katy's chamber. Now it was her turn to think she was in a dream!

But old Crabbe was very wide awake now. He dashed back into the carriage and drove swiftly to his own house. The housekeeper met him at the door, but he ran by her so quickly that he was half way up stairs before he heard her say, "And now she's gone, and good riddance!"

"Who's gone?" he asked sharply.

"A crazy woman, who said she was your daughter, and stayed till I told her to get out."

"You're an old fool!" said Mr. Crabbe to his housekeeper. "No I'm

an old fool—or was. But I can't stop to explain now. Look here; you'll have the upstairs bedrooms aired to-morrow, and send word to the cabinet-maker—and everybody—that I want to see them early. Do you hear?" And old Crabbe disappeared into his own room, leaving the house-keeper as if struck by lightning. In less than ten minutes he was out again, dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons and a splendid frilled shirt-bosom, such as fine gentleman used to wear in his younger days, and he certainly looked like a fine gentleman, a younger and happier one than had gone out of that house for many a day. Into the carriage again and off like the wind!

As he whirled through the streets, he caught sight of a woman's figure, plodding slowly along the snowy sidewalk. He started, and was on the point of stopping the carriage; but he checked himself, saying, "It is only a

few minutes more that she will wait and suffer. And perhaps she could not forgive me here and now. I must have the child at hand." So he leaned back out of sight, and the carriage drove swiftly by, leaving the lady toiling bravely but sadly homeward.

Why, what was this? Her old house gleaming with lights and running over with music and laughter—guests coming in crowds—those rickety steps gone—a bower of greens arching the front door! She leaned against the gate in speechless amazement. But they were on the lookout for her, and once more—for the last time in this story—Katy opened the door, and—

TO BE CONTINUED; for the happiness that came that day never departed any more, but was continued, like a story without end, through the next and the next and the next.

R. W. RAYMOND.

DER DEUTSCHER'S MAXIM.

DHERE vas vat you call a maxim
 Dot I hear der oder day,
 Und I wride id in mine album,
 So id don'd could got away;
 Und I dells mine leedle Yawcob
 He moost mind vot he's aboutd:
 "Tis too late to lock der shtable
 Vhen der horse he vas gone oudt."

Vhen I see ubon der corners
 Off der shtreets, most efry night,
 Der loafers und der hoodlums,
 Who do nix but shwear und fight,
 I says to mine Katrina:
 "Let us make home bright und gay;
 Ve had petter lock der shtable,
 So our colts don'd got away."

Vhen you see dhose leedle urchins,
 Not mooch ofer knee-high tall,
 Shump rightd into der melo npatch,
 Shust owf der garden vall,

Uud vatch each leedle rashkell
 Vhen he cooms back mit hees "boodle,"
 Look oudt und lock your shtable,
 So your own nag don'd shkydoodle!

Vhen der young man at der counter
 Vants to shpecgulate in shtocks,
 Und buys hees girl some timond rings,
 Und piles rightd oup der rocks,
 Look oudt for dot young feller;
 Id vas safe enuff to say
 Dot der shtable id vas empty,
 Und der horse vas gone away.

Dhen dake Time by der fetlock;
 Don'd hurry droo life's courses,
 Remember vot der poet says,
 "Life's but a shpan"—off horses;
 Der poy he vas der comin' man;
 Be careful vwhile you may;
 Shust keep der shtable bolted,
 Und der horse don'd got away.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

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THE LIBRARY.

Perhaps there is no other part of the household furniture that will contribute so much to the pleasure and happiness of the inmates, if duly appreciated, as the library, yet, if not the least esteemed, it is often the most neglected. Too many have come to think that books are luxuries that may be indulged in by the rich only, and those perhaps who have a great deal of leisure on their hands. But in this day of cheap books, literature has come within the reach of all who have a taste in that direction, whatever their circumstances be. Books of history, biography, and travel, and good ones, too, from the best authors, can be obtained in pamphlet form from ten to twenty-five cents, and in substantial cloth bindings at seventy-five cents and one dollar per volume, and there is no reason why every household should not have the nucleus of a library whose store can be judiciously added to every year, at a very small outlay. The value and helpfulness of books as an educating and refining influence in the family cannot be over-estimated. Children who are in the habit of reading at home are, as a rule, more intelligent and brighter students in the school room, are better behaved, more easily governed, and become better and more intelligent citizens and members of society. Any means that will do this cannot be made too much of by those who justly regard the welfare of their sons and daughters.

It is not enough that the family library should contain the Bible and a few family heirlooms to be attractive and interesting enough to be of real use in creating the reading habit in its inmates, old as well as young, but it should contain a sufficient variety and number of books to furnish reading for all the household, and these should be supplemented with frequent additions, to keep pace with the progress of the times.

The procuring of books for home reading is a subject worthy of much study; not only should meritorious works be selected, but the selection should comprise such a variety of books as to be suitable for the tastes and capacities of each member of the family. Too often the head of the house will buy books that interest him, and if the younger members of the family do not interest themselves in them, he gives up the task and makes no further effort to foster the reading habit and the love of books in his children.

Good books are the best of companions, and by elevating the thoughts and aspirations they act as preservatives against low habits and associations, and create a desire for better pursuits and companions.

The books of some authors, if read by an ambitious spirit, will fire the heart, stimulate the enthusiasm, and, by directing his efforts into new and unexpected channels, permanently influence his character. **Biographies in**

particular have this tendency. The lesson of biography is to show what man can be and what man can do at his best. A noble life put fairly on record acts like an inspiration to others. It exhibits what life is capable of being made. It stimulates the reader's ambition, and incites him to become a co-partner with them in their work. To live with great men in their biographies, and to be inspired with their example, is to live with the best of men and to mix in the best of society. Not to read such is to miss half the good influences that lie within the reach of mankind.

Books of travel, history, poetry, selected fiction, and books on special sciences where there is a taste in that direction, should form the basis of every household library, and if additions are made as suitable books are met with, it will never lack interest to attract every member of the family to avail themselves of its stores of pleasure and profit.

THE CHURCH SUITS.

THE all-absorbing topic of the month has been the suits instituted by the government against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and against the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company. The hearing of the arguments in these cases before the Supreme Court of Utah Territory, was set for Oct. 17. The suits are planted at the instance of the attorney-general of the United States, in pursuance of the act of Congress of March 3, 1887, which repealed the charter of these incorporations, and escheated the property held by them to the United States. Both sides were ably represented. As in all other

controversies it has been the policy of the Church to contend legally for every disputed right, so in this case, every legal step will be taken to preserve and maintain its Constitutional rights before the courts of the country. The plaintiff was represented by District attorney Geo. S. Peters and two assistants. The counsel for the defendants were Colonel James O. Broadhead of Missouri, and Senator Joseph E. McDonald of Indiana, both eminent lawyers of national fame, who are ably assisted by Hons. F. S. Richards and LeGrand Young, of Salt Lake City.

The defendants' demurrer to the bills of complaint set forth by the plaintiff claim among other and several reasons for the dismissal of these suits that "the supreme court of the Territory of Utah has no jurisdiction of or over said defendants, or either of them, or of the subject matter of said action. Further, that the acts of Congress of July 1, 1862, and of March 30, 1887, referred to in plaintiffs' bills of complaint, or so much of said act as attempt or pretend to dissolve the said defendant corporations, or to interfere with or limit their right to hold property, or which attempt to escheat at the same, or to wind up their affairs, are unconstitutional and void." After the filing of the demurrers the cases were continued till next day.

When the case was called on Oct. 18, Col. Broadhead asked that the demurrer be set for argument in its order. As it raised the question of the court's jurisdiction and the validity of the law under which the suits were brought, he urged the propriety of disposing of the demurrers first.

The counsel for the government objected, stating that the appointment of a receiver should first come up, as any

other course would impair the rights of the plaintiff. Senator McDonald insisted that the defendants had a legal right to be heard on their demurrer. The claim that the plaintiff's rights would be impaired was a peculiar one, since there was no question of equity involved, and the plaintiff had no rights in the bill as set forth. The government was not injured by the possession of the property by the defendants.

The court decided, however, that the question of appointing a receiver should first be considered, and the arguments were commenced on the following day and continued for two days. The masterly arguments of Col. Broadhead and Senator McDonald were unanswerable, and considered to be the finest specimens of forensic eloquence ever displayed in Utah. It was shown beyond any possibility of cavilling, from the law and established precedents of courts, that there was no necessity for the appointment of a receiver, as the property was not liable to be lost or destroyed, and that no frauds were shown to exist. The fact that the Government wanted to get the property was no reason why a receiver should be appointed. A condition of facts on which to base the request should be shown. There was no justification whatever for the appointment of a receiver as the property was known to be in safe hands and the court had no authority to remove it therefrom.

Regarding the disincorporation of the Church and of the Emigrating Fund Company, as these were legal corporations under the laws of the Territory, approved and recognized as such by Congress with power and authority to hold property of an unlimited amount, the acts of Congress

first limiting the Church property within a certain amount, and then escheating the overplus was a clear violation of the charter of the Church and of the Constitution of the United States, and was an act of spoliation unequaled in the history of the country. The contract between the United States and the Church was an unconditional one, protected by the Constitution, and Congress could not now come in and prescribe conditions without the consent of the contracting parties. There was here an unconditional contract by the government with the Church, which had existed for thirty-five years, and in 1887 Congress, as one party of the contract, could not without the consent of the other, come in and invalidate it. It might have the strength to enforce its will, but that only made the repudiation and shame the greater.

A decree declaring a corporation dissolved was a judicial act, and could only be done in due process of law. Yet Congress had undertaken to enter a decree of dissolution, and then appointed the court a court of equity to administer on it. This was beyond its power under the Constitution, and its judicial decree declaring the Church incorporation dissolved was therefore invalid.

The plaintiffs' attorneys made the most of their position in holding that Congress had a right at any time to annul an incorporating act, and had a perfect right to escheat the property of the Church, maintaining that the Church had no rights in the premises whatever.

At the conclusion of the arguments the matter was held under advisement till Nov. 5, when the court unanimously decided that a receiver should be appointed. Accordingly **Frank H.**

Dyer, the U. S. Marshal for Utah Territory, was appointed as the receiver of all Church property, with unlimited power to sue for and take possession of every species of Church property he can find. His bonds were fixed at \$250,000 in the Church suit proper, and an additional \$50,000 in the matter of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund corporation. He took the oath of office and filed his bonds Nov. 10.

At a subsequent sitting of the court (Nov. 9,) the demurrers in the Church cases were peremptorily set aside, and the cases entered an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The receiver, after taking the oath of office, immediately proceeded to take possession of the Tithing Office

and Historian Office, and leased the same to the Church at an annual rental of \$2,400. The Gardo House, which was built for the residence of the President of the Church, was also taken possession of, and a demand was also made for the Church books, records, papers, etc., to which no response had yet been given.

Contrary to the clause of the Edmunds-Tucker law which exempted parsonages and worshipping buildings from confiscation, the receiver not only took possession of the Gardo House, but has also demanded the possession of the Temple Block, on which are situated the houses of worship used by the Latter-day Saints. Up to Nov. 15, no further action had been taken.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed Nov. 15, 1887.

THE death of Jenny Lind, which event occurred in London Nov. 2, 1887, will recall to many hundreds, nay, thousands of people the once world's favorite cantatrice. Madame Goldschmidt, better known by her maiden name of Jenny Lind, was the daughter of a teacher of languages in Stockholm, in which city she was born October 21, 1821. At three years of age she could sing correctly any piece of music she had once heard, and at nine she was placed under Crocine, a famous teacher of music. On account of her want of personal attractions the director of the Musical Academy objected to her entrance to that institution, but after hearing her sing her name was entered at once, where she made rapid progress. She acted repeatedly in children's parts on the Stockholm stage until her twelfth year.

For four years she studied music theoretically, until on one occasion, when the fourth act of Meyerbeer's "Robert Le Diable" was to be performed at a grand concert, and the humble part of Alice was declined by the female vocalists of the city, Berg, the director of the Academy, applied to Jenny Lind. Her performance was greeted with much enthusiasm and for a year and a half she continued the

star of the opera of Stockholm. She studied under Garcia in Paris for a year or more.

On her return to her native city, she enjoyed a great triumph. In 1844, she went to Dresden, in 1845 sang at the fetes on the Rhine during the Queen of England's visit to Berlin, and afterwards at Frankfort, Cologne and Vienna; she first appeared before a London audience in May, 1847, followed by a series of unparalleled triumphs.

She visited New York in 1850, under the auspices of Mr. Barnum, and was enthusiastically received, but dissolved the engagement prematurely in 1851 and married M. Otto Goldschmidt, a skillful pianist and conductor, and retired from the stage. She reappeared in 1855, in 1861, in 1863, and in 1864 for a limited period.

She has shown a generous disposition, and has been instrumental in adding many thousands of dollars to the charitable institutions of every country which she has visited.

OCT. 22, Elihu B. Washburne died at his son's home in Chicago after a long illness. He was one of a noted family, four of his six brothers having become prominent in political life. During the 34th, 35th and 36th congresses, E. B. Washburne and three of his brothers sat in the national house of represent-



JENNY LIND.

atives, as members from Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Maine, and another brother at the same time represented the United States commissioner to Paraguay. Elihu Washburne was born at Livermore, Me, in 1816. He became a printer and afterward studied law at Harvard University. He then settled in Galena, Ill., and practiced law until elected to congress in 1854. He served fifteen years in the house of representatives, becoming a party leader during the war and reconstruction periods. In March, 1860, he was appointed secretary of state, and held the post one week, when he was sent as minister to France. He held this mission during the Franco-Prussian war, and remained in Paris during its siege and during the rising of the commune that followed the Prussian evacuation. At this time he was able to be of great service in protecting the Germans and other foreigners resident in Paris. In 1877, he returned to the United States and retired into private life.

THE fall in prices on the bourse in Berlin, in consequence of the renewed unfavorable accounts of the condition of the crown prince's throat, is a natural consequence of the fact that his eldest son, and the next heir to the imperial throne in case of his death, is a young man of the military type, who has little sympathy with or comprehension of constitutional liberty or the parliamentary system, being in all these respects a great

contrast to his father. The patience of the German Liberals under the slights put upon them by Bismarck has been due, in some degree, to the knowledge that a regime more favorable to them would come in with the death of the old emperor and the accession of his son, who is a man of peace and imbued with constitutional ideas, and has but little sympathy with Bismarck's highhanded ways. If, however, the crown were now to pass again to a mere soldier, a long period of trouble at home and abroad might be opened up. But it has to be borne in mind that even young soldiers are apt to be sobered by the cares of state and the difficulty, even on the throne, of having one's own way.

The latest advices from Germany confirm the belief long held that cancer is the real trouble with the prince's throat; he is now in a critical condition and the malady may prove fatal in a very short time.

FROM Zanzibar we learn that Emin Pasha has satisfied the king of Uganda that the purpose of the Stanley expedition is not to make war, and the king has accordingly ceased to threaten Wadelai. Advices from the Congo Free State, which reached Brussels by telegraph Oct. 25, say that Stanley has advanced about 780 miles since he was last heard from. Aug. 25 he was in excellent health.

OCT. 26, on the occasion of the visit to Macon, Ga., of Jefferson Davis, the president of the Southern Confederacy, a grand



ELIHU S. WASHBURN.

ovation was given him. In a speech delivered on the occasion General Henry R. Jackson of that State did more to wake up old war memories than bloody-shirt partisans of the North could possibly do. He stated that the South fought not for the perpetuation of slavery, but for the maintenance of State Sovereignty and State's rights, and the principle of "home-rule," as against the tendency of the centralization of power by the general government.

When the Third Georgia Confederate Veterans passed him in the review waving a tattered battle flag, Mr. Davis kissed its folds and although very feeble and scarcely able to stand arose and waved the flag over the heads of the people, and addressed them as follows, "Friends and brethren: I am like that flag—torn and battered by storms and years. I love it for its own sake; I love it for yours. I love it as a memento of what your fathers did. God bless you. I will see you again." The people were thrown into a delirium of ecstasy, and yelled and shouted themselves hoarse. The event has been the subject of much comment throughout the country.

FOR THE present Bulgaria has a chance of managing her affairs in peace, as Turkey will no longer discuss the Russian proposals, and apparently intends to fall back on her old policy of non-interference. On her side Russia declares the present Sobranje as illegal as its predecessor, but nevertheless the Chamber met on Oct. 27, and Prince Ferdinand hopes that the period of trouble is over.

Nov. 11 was the day set for the execution of the seven Chicago anarchists. Extraordinary efforts had been made by their friends to procure pardon or a commutation of the sentence to life imprisonment. Their case was brought up on a writ of error before the Supreme Court of the United States, but the judges unanimously refused to interfere. Strong influences in the shape of personal appeals from friends and petitions for clemency from great numbers of people of all shades of opinion, were brought to bear upon the governor of Illinois to stay the execution of the Court. Threatening letters from dynamiters and anarchists all over the world came in also to influence the scales of justice. There is no doubt that had the condemned men asked they would have received a commutation of their sentences to life imprisonment. Two of their number, Michael Schwab and Samuel Fielden, asked for executive

clemency and received it, the others stolidly refusing anything but an unconditional release—death being preferable to anything else. Louis Lingg, the most desperate of the condemned men, the manufacturer of the bombs which were used at the haymarket massacre, cheated the hangman of his legitimate victim by committing suicide almost at the last moment in a most shocking manner, by blowing his head off with dynamite. August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, George Engel and Adolf Fischer, who utterly refused to ask for clemency, suffered the full penalty of the law at about noon of the day named.

It is presumed that the sympathy so volunminously expressed in behalf, of the condemned was caused more from fear than from any other motive. It is feared that the anarchists will carry out their threats of vengeance, and become more reckless than ever and get such a hold upon the country as to eventually paralyze the government. The course taken by Governor Oglesby will not have a good effect, as the anarchists will make the most of it by attributing this action as the result of fear, and will certainly be more presumptuous than ever.

NO BETTER evidences of the demoralizing tendency of party politics can be adduced than that gleaned from the following assessment roll, published by the *Times* and the *Evening Post* of New York. The assessments, in many instances, are greater than the salary paid to officials so assessed. Scarcely ever does a candidate escape this tax, which he cannot avoid paying unless he declines the nomination. The following are the prices paid by candidates for their nominations, as arranged by the two Democratic organizations of New York city:

Supreme court judge, two at \$20,000,	\$40,000.
Criminal Judge	10,000.
City court judge two at \$5,000, . . .	10,000.
District court judge, seven at \$3,000,	21,000.
Surrogate	10,000.
District attorney	10,000.
Controller	25,000.
State senator, seven at \$5,000, . . .	35,000.
Assemblyman, twenty-four at \$1,500,	36,000.
Alderman, twenty-four at \$1,000, . .	24,000.
President board aldermen	2,500.
Total	\$223,500.

These enormous sums are used for corrupting the ballot, and to expect an honest administration under such influences is a greater stretch of faith than humanity can boast of.

SALMAGUNDI.

A DERBY race—Chasing one's stiff hat, blown off on a windy day.

IT IS said that a good book is the best companion that a man can have. This is especially so if it happens to be a bank-book.

GREAT truths are often said in the fewest words. For instance, when the Indian sat down on a wasps' nest he remarked: "Heap hell!"

"ARE you going to the party this evening, Maud?" "No, I guess not; I'm afraid that horrid Smith girl will be there." "Oh, no, she won't; she said she wasn't going." "Why not?" "Because she was afraid you would be there."

"Do you love me darling?" she softly breathed in her betrothed's ear. "Better than life, my precious dove," he murmured. Three years later she asked him: "Do you love me now as then?" Oh let up on that old chestnut, will you? was his soulful reply.

A CITIZEN of Macon, Ga., who kept up his New Year's calls until after dark, says that a dog on the front stoop is a very poor substitute for a door-mat. He doesn't remember whether he sat down on the substitute or not, but his pantaloons seem to be somewhat worn behind.

TEACHER, giving directions for standing: "Heels together, toes turned out, making an angle of forty degrees!" A look of bewilderment appeared on one boy's face. Teacher: "Well, Tim, do you know what I mean?" Do you know what a degree is?" Tim: "Yes, sir." Teacher: "What?" Tim: "Sixty-nine and one-fourth miles."

"MOTHER—My little girl goes to sleep so nicely every night when I sing to her. Isn't that so, Mamie? MAMIE—"Yes, that's so, ma." The mother leaves the room for a moment, and Mamie says to the visitor: Don't tell ma, but I only make out that I am asleep to get her to stop singing, she sings so awful bad."

DURING a recent thunder storm near Memphis, Tenn., a negro was severely kicked by a vicious mule, and just as he was picking himself up, a stroke of lightning hit the mule, and killed him dead on the spot. "Well, dar!" exclaimed the negro, "ef dis chile haint got pow'ful frens to 'venge his insults' end dere's no use trying to habe faith in anything."

A PHILADELPHIA man buys for half a cent a pound, tons of old rubber overshoes, rubber overcoats, belts, car-springs, and hose, and makes them into toys for the children and chewing gum for the girls.

WHEN a boy has been off all day, contrary to the expressed wish of his mother, and on approaching the homestead at night, with an anxious and cautious tread, finds company at tea, the expression of confidence and rectitude which suddenly lights up his face cannot be reproduced on canvas.

A COWBOY married an actress belonging to a strolling theatrical company. In a short time a traveling drummer ran away with her. When the deserted husband heard of it, his brow grew dark, and, convulsively clutching his revolver, he hissed: "I'll kill the scoundrel on sight—if he ever brings her back!"—

"MY DEAR," said a wife to her husband, "suppose a party of men should break into the house some night when you were away, and abduct me, what would you do?" "That is not a supposable case," he replied. "I know it is not likely to occur; but just imagine it." "Impossible." "Well, you certainly can imagine it." "No, I can't, my dear."

THEY were talking about the weight of different individuals in a certain family, and the daughter's young man, who was present, spoke up before he thought, and said: "I tell you that Jenny ain't so very light, either, although she looks so." And then he looked suddenly conscious and blushed, and Jenny became absorbed in studying a chromo on the wall.

HOW TO SECURE A QUIET MARRIED LIFE. —"You don't say that Tom Russel is going to marry Mollie Penderby?" "Yes, that's what they say." "Why, she's a perfect noodle; she hasn't a mind of her own!" "That's just the reason he's going to marry her. He loves a quiet life, and, as she hasn't a mind of her own, she can't be always giving him a piece of it."

HENRY CLAY once accused John Randolph of being an aristocrat. In shrill piercing tones which penetrated every ear in the House of Congress Randolph exclaimed, "If a man is known by the company he keeps, the gentleman who has just set down is more of an aristocrat than I claim to be; for he spends most of his nights in the company of kings, queens and knaves."

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NORWAY ILLUSTRATED.

II.

THRONDHJEM

JUST as Christiania is the administrative, and Bergen the commercial, so is Throndhjem the historical capital of Norway. It is most pictur-

esquely situated on the southern bank of the fjord which bears its name, and is built on a peninsula at the mouth of the River Nid; indeed in ancient days it was known as Nidaros. It is difficult to ascertain the earliest mention made of Throndhjem, which from

its position, and the comparatively mildness of its climate, was early a place of considerable importance. There the Orething, or Popular Assembly, was wont to meet, and there also have the Kings of Nor-

way invariably been crowned, including the present sovereign, Oscar II.

In 996, we find that Olaf Trygvessen built a palace at Throndhjem, which was the favorite residence of St. Olaf some twenty years later. When the Saint fell in battle his body was

brought and buried in a spot which is shown to all visitors to the Cathedral, and which is called St. Olaf's Well, from a spring which gushed forth from the grave. The throngs of pilgrims who came to revere his remains soon made Throndhjem quite a flourishing

and populous town, numerous churches and convents were built, and the clergy soon began to exercise powerful sway throughout the country. In later times much of Throndhjem's prosperity was lost through constant civil war,



GROUP OF LAPPS.

and through terrible visitations of the Black Death. Then the Reformation swept away the priests and their institutions, while conflagration destroyed the chief monuments of the city. During the last fifty years, however, the town has recovered much of its old importance, particularly since it has been connected directly by railway with Christiania and the south. There is a very good harbor, which has been much improved of late, and which is partly continued up the river.

The streets of Thronthjem are very broad, so as to avoid the spread of conflagration, for the houses are of wood, though exceedingly well and regularly built.

HAMMERFEST AND THE NORTH CAPE.

Thronthjem is a favorite starting-place for the region of the Midnight Sun. During the summer season "tourist" steamers, especially built and equipped for this service, run from Thronthjem to the North Cape, halting at the chief points of interest, and occupying but a week in the journey there and back. Such vessels are as comfortable as first-rate Atlantic liners, the food being quite as good, and the officers in every way as polite. These vessels take no cargo, and everything is done to please the traveler. It must be acknowledged that even a trip to the North Cape under such favorable circumstances as these is not wholly without drawbacks. For the most part the voyage lies between the mainland and the Skjærgaard, that wonderful belt of islands which skirt the west coast and form a natural breakwater to break the swell of the waves, but now and then there are open places which test the stability of tender stomachs. Moreover, as the more northern regions are reached, fog

and cloud frequently supervene, and the traveler often returns without having obtained a glimpse of the Midnight Sun. If it be bright, fine weather the trip is simply enchanting, the evening glows in the heavens, the aspect of the sun at midnight just touching the edge of the sea to recommence its course without a moment's rest, the marvelous and ever-changing colors and contours of the islands and rocky bound coast, are indescribable, while the various towns visited by the way, the Lapp encampment, with its herd of reindeer, the quaint craft met with in the numerous harbors and out-of-the-way nooks, add additional interest to the magnificent panorama which is being ever unfolded.

It would be wearisome to describe in detail the magnificent bleak and grand rocky scenery which is skirted by the steamer throughout the journey, but we may especially mention the magnificent panorama afforded by the Lofoden Isles—a longitudinal group of islands, islets, and rocks of all shapes and sizes, huddled closely together for a hundred and thirty miles, and affording harbors and shelter for the fleets of fishing-boats which frequent this district—the great fishing-ground of Norway. Millions of cod come there every year to spawn, from January to April, and are caught in thousands by both nets and lines. No time is lost in salting them and hanging them out to dry in the air on wooden frames, until the unfortunate fish become as desiccated and as tough as untanned hide. The fish, thus cured, are taken to Bergen and stacked on its quays, thence to be exported in large quantities to Italy and Spain for fast-days. Dried fish, moreover, in winter, forms the staple food of many a Norwegian family. There are nu-

merous factories along the coast for extracting the oil from the cod's liver, another staple produce of the Norwegian fisheries. Yet farther north will be pointed out the once-famous Maelstrom—that terrible whirlpool which legend was wont to declare had swallowed up many a noble craft, but which to modern eyes, even when at its worst, only appears like a foaming rapid, formed, as it is, by the sea rushing through a narrow, rocky passage.

By and by the steamer stops at Tromsø, a busy little town with its

into two classes—the nomads—"Mountain" Lapps who roam about with their reindeer; and the "Sea" and "River" Lapps, who are either agriculturists or fisher-folk. The Sea Lapps furnish a large contingent to the army of toilers of the sea on the northern coasts of Norway. The Lapps will be found willing to part with some of their "chattels" souvenirs, of course for a consideration, and if the visitor be returning homewards a genuine Lapp-dog puppy is by no means a bad investment. There is one



LAPP YOUTH.



LAPLANDER.

harbor full of ships of various nations engaged in the export fishing trade. This is one of the best points from which to see the Midnight Sun, and also to visit the Lapp encampments, which during the season are always in the neighborhood, and which will afford a very fair idea of the Lapp types, costumes, tents, and mode of life—a herd of some thousand reindeer of course forming part of the encampment. The Lapps are mainly divided

curious feature about the Lapps and Northern Norwegians: they are averse to taking gold, being almost absolutely ignorant of the metal.

The next town, Hammerfest, is the most northern in the world, being situated at 70 deg. 40 min. N. lat. It is a great starting place for sportsmen bound for Spitzbergen, or for explorers pursuing that forlorn hope, the attempt to reach the North Pole. The temperature in summer is very mild,

but in winter it is extremely cold. Even at that time, however, Hammerfest has far from a deserted appearance, as it is a harbor of refuge for vessels navigating these inhospitable waters. M. de Chaillu, in his "Land of the Midnight Sun," thus writes of a winter visit:—"The streets were filled with snow, and the port with fishing boats at anchor; they had come from the South and the Lofodens, and were waiting for the storm to abate, so that they might continue their voyage along the coast. The streets were

The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

The cape is not situated on the mainland, but is on the island of Magero, off which the steamer lies while the travelers land and ascend the height, nearly a thousand feet, to enjoy, if fog and mist permit, a sight of the Midnight Sun and the magnificent view over the adjacent coast and over the Arctic Ocean, to whose northern extremity no living man as yet has penetrated.

CHRISTIANSUND AND MOLDE.

Returning southwards, passing by Thronhjelm, and continuing the trip along the coast, the first town of importance at which the steamer stops is Christiansund—a picturesque and busy town of some 12,000 inhabitants, whence huge bales of dried codfish are exported to Spain and Italy. Should the traveler visit Christiansund in a coasting steamer he will be well aware of this from the not wholly agreeable odor which assails his nostrils as the unsavory cargo is swung over the deck from the lighter to the hold. Christiansund is built on three islands, in some places descends sheer into the water so that large vessels can lie alongside its quays. Christiansund is full of marine store dealers' shops, while the church possesses one of the tallest and most out of proportion spires in Norway. From Christiansund we go farther south to the Molde Fjord, and stop at Molde, one of the most charming and most comfortable of all Norwegian fjordside towns. The town itself as usual consists of one long street of wooden houses running parallel with the water, but the chief charm of the place lies in its really magnificent surroundings, and in its



LAPP MOTHER AND CHILD.

crowded with idle fishermen and sea Laplanders in their dress of reindeer skins. They did not know what to do with themselves while waiting for a change."

THE NORTH CAPE.

After a very few hours the North Cape, the end of the long pilgrimage, comes in sight, a frowning mass of dark grey slate rock, so well described by Longfellow:—

And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,

being a species of trysting place whence excursions in every direction can be made to some of the grandest scenic panoramas to be met with in Norway. From here trips can also be made to the great glaciers which come down from the huge snow and ice plateau of the Jostedal. Of this

few exceptions, fairly comfortable stations, where, at all events, the traveler can find substantial, if not wholly palatable, food to satisfy his appetite. Leaving the more beaten tracks, however—and no one of either sex who is in ordinary health need in any way fear to do so—a certain amount of pro-



A WEDDING PARTY.

land of snow and ice, however, we treat below.

THE LAND OF ICE AND SNOW.

A certain amount of hardship is almost unavoidable in Norwegian travel, but the roads which up to the present have been described contain, with but

visions, such as concentrated beef tea, a tin of biscuits, and a flask of brandy—is almost indispensable, while the traveler will certainly have to undergo considerable discomfort both in food and lodging. But then the reward is far greater in proportion. Though the road be rough and the fare yet

more primitive, the scenery in the inner recesses of the Norwegian mountains is grand beyond conception, while the good folk at the isolated farmhouses and sæters where he will pass the night are hospitable beyond measure, and only too glad to fraternise with the adventurous stranger, and afford him or her every possible assistance and information in their power.

Those who care to obtain some idea of the great snow fields and peaks of Norway should make one of the various journeys across the Jotunfjeld, selecting as their starting-point Lærdalsoren, on the Sogne fjord. Last year the writer made two trips to this region of snow and ice, which is the largest glacier region in Europe. He wished to cross the Jotunfjeld to Dombaas, on the Dovrefjeld, and taking the steamer to Marifjæren first drove along a rough and precipitous road overhanging a roaring torrent to a farm situated at Faaberg, literally in the heart of the glacier district. Here he found a farm house, of which the hospitable owner hastened to prepare to the best of his ability for his unexpected guests, which included, by the way, two ladies. Not that any pretense was made at laying a table, or even at providing the most primitive crockeryware, save a basin and a spoon, but no greater kindness could have been shown in warming the soup which the travelers had brought with them and in providing that fresh milk and coffee without which no Norwegian ever appears to be provided. The lunch, by the way, had been made off raw eggs and a bowl of milk which had been procured from a wayside mountaineer's hut, while afternoon tea had been taken at a Praestegaard or parsonage, for the clergy in Norwegian

mountain districts exercise as free a hospitality as do the good monks of the St. Bernard Hospice.

To return to Faaberg, however, when the hour for retiring came, the whole population of the farm came into the guest-room, as though anxious to see how the good English travelers got into bed. The ladies of the party sought to give them a broad hint by taking off their jewelry and winding up their watches; but this only excited a greater interest among the female portion of the community, who took up each article, and discussed it with exceeding volubility, always asking the same question, with wondering awe, "Is it gold?" One by one, however, the natives retired, the last to leave being a young damsel of twelve, who long resisted the entreaties and commands of her parents to retire for the night. Next morning, there not being a vestige of crockery in the room, the early risers of the party ventured to a glacier stream, and had a bitterly cold wash in the icy water. The lie-a-beds, however, were rewarded by the young damsel aforesaid bringing in a supply of water wherewith to wash, contained in a small bowl from which the soup had been imbibed the previous evening.

The engravings show the interior and exterior of a dairy Sæter met with in all the mountain passes of Norway. In such places, the farms proper have disappeared, and the only habitations are the *sæters*, or dairy huts, where throughout the summer the cowgirls are sent with the cattle and goats. Quaint homely cabins are the *sæters*, thoroughly characteristic of everything that is Norwegian. The major part of the house is devoted to dairy purposes, and there may be seen gigantic pans of cream, cheeses in

every possible state of progress, while a large room forms the parlor, dining-room, bedroom, kitchen, and all for the damsel or damsels in charge. The view in the early morning at Faaberg was simply superb, the loneliness of this rocky fastness, with the snow-field above, with the bleak bare rocks towering in every direction, and the winding glaciers quite close at hand, being almost overwhelming in their dreary grandeur. A start was made

girths, and floundered in a manner most uncomfortable and even alarming to the inexperienced rider. One lady indeed was so alarmed that she dismounted, and begged to be left behind to die. The whole scene embraces imposing views of the great range of the Jotunheim, the Galdhopiggen, (8,400 ft.) which is the highest mountain in Norway, the enormous Smorstabbræ, which is one of the largest glaciers, and appears like a



EXTERIOR OF SÆTER.

in the early morning, and an almost perpendicular path ascended, until about the height of some 3,000 feet the last sæter and human habitation was passed. From that time for many hours no path was perceptible, the line of way being indicated by varder—posts stuck in cairns of stones at given distances. Upwards the ascent continued, until the crest of the pass, some 5,000 feet, was reached. Snow-fields abounded on every side, sometimes the horses sank up to their

perfect sea of snow and ice; and other huge glacier slopes, and peaks, and pinnacles without number—a wilder and grander mountain-scene than this can scarcely be imagined.

Education in Norway amongst the younger generation may be said to be even more advanced than with those nations which are presumably better situated. The little chap who rides behind the carriage will frequently take up the guide book lying on the seat, and looking at the various maps, point

with delight to the different places of interest in Scandinavia. There is not much schooling, it is true, in the summer, as the authorities wisely recognise the necessity of allowing the junior members of a family comparative freedom so that they may assist their parents in the tourist and harvesting seasons, but all this idleness is made up for in the winter, which is the real season in Norway for study. Education throughout Sweden and Norway

events in the more beaten tracks, where some one cannot be found who can speak English, and the exceedingly good accent of many who owe their knowledge of our language to the mere study of our authors is extraordinary. Space will not permit of any mention at large of Norwegian literature, but to those travelers who can pick up sufficient Norsk to read the language we should earnestly recommend a perusal of the poems,



INTERIOR OF SÆTER.

is compulsory, and all facilities are afforded by the government to make it as light a burden as possible upon the humbler classes. Apart from the elementary schools, there are colleges in the towns for higher education, which though not equal to those in Germany, turn out thoroughly accomplished scholars. The Norwegians are above all good linguists, and put to shame many who claim to be highly educated Englishmen. There is scarcely a district in Norway, at all

tales, and plays of Bjornsen and of Ibsen, which will afford a complete insight into Norwegian life, character, and thought.

Of religion we may say that while in no way obtrusive, the Norwegians are essentially a pious race; their worship is Lutheran, almost Puritanical in its simplicity, the revulsion still being traceable from that subjection to the Church of Rome, from which for many years the Norwegians suffered severely. Combining with the teaching of

Christian doctrine many pagan superstitions, such for instance as the ordeal by fire, the priests up to the sixteenth century obtained so complete a hold over both kings, nobles, and populace as to reduce the country to a condition of absolute clerical subjection. The Reformation completely changed all this, and the Norwegians gladly abolished every vestige of monkish supremacy until there are now few relics of the old form of worship to be traced. In many districts service is held only once every few weeks, one priest having many churches in his parish, situated at considerable distances from each other. Thus, a common Sunday scene on a fjord or lake is a boat-load of fair-haired lads and lasses decked out in their Sunday best, going to service at some water-side church.

Our illustration represents a marriage party. In Norway a wedding is always made the occasion of great feasting and rejoicing, the revels frequently continuing for days together, and not always with that sobriety and wisdom which ought to form a characteristic of so sober a people. The bride in many districts wears a silver crown ornamented with many bangles, and the cortege is usually preceded by a fiddler.

A Norwegian funeral is a particularly touching sight, especially in a country district, where the road sometimes for miles is strewn with fir branches as a last mark of respect to the dead, while frequently coffin and mourner have to be conveyed in boats across a lake or fjord before the nearest churchyard can be reached.

T. HEATH JOYCE, F. R. G. S.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

THE CONVICT'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

THE term was done; my penalty was past;
 I saw the outside of the walls at last.
 When I left that stone punishment of sin,
 'Twas 'most as hard as when I first went in.
 It seemed at once as though the swift-voiced air
 Told slanderous tales about me everywhere;
 As if the ground itself was shrinking back
 For fear 'twould get the Cain's mark of my track.
 Women would edge away, with shrewd she-guesses,
 As if my very glance would spoil their dresses;
 Men looked me over with close, careless gaze,
 And understood my downcast, jail-bred ways;
 My hands were so grim-hardened and defiled,
 I wouldn't have had the cheek to pet a child;
 If I had spoken to a dog that day,
 He would have tipped his nose and walked away;
 And so I wandered in a jail of doubt,
 Whence neither heaven nor earth would let me out.
 The world itself seemed to me every bit
 As hard a prison as the one I'd quit.

If you are made of anything but dirt,
 If you've a soul that other souls can hurt,
 Turn to the right henceforth, whoever passes:

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

It's death to drop among the lawless classes!
Men lose, who lose the friendship of the law,
A blessing from each breath of air they draw;
They know the advantage of a good square face,
When theirs has been disfigured by disgrace.

So I trudged round appropriately slow
For one with no particular place to go.
The houses scowled and stared as if to say,
"You jail-bird, we are honest; walk away!"
The factory seemed to scream when I came near,
"Stand back! unsentenced men are working here!"
And virtue had th' appearance all the time
Of trying hard to push me back to crime.

It struck me strange, that stormy, snow-bleached day,
To watch the different people on the way,
All carrying bundles, of all sorts of sizes,
As carefully as gold and silver prizes.
Well dressed or poor, I could not understand
Why each one hugged a bundle in his hand.
I asked an old policeman what it meant.
He looked me over with eyes shrewdly bent,
While muttering in a voice that fairly froze,
"It's 'cause to-morrow's Christmas, I suppose."
And then the fact came crashing over me,
How horribly alone a man can be!

I don't pretend what tortures yet may wait
For souls that have not run their reckonings straight;
It isn't for mortal ignorance to say
What kind of night may follow any day;
There may be pain for sin some time found out
That sin on earth knows nothing yet about;
But I don't think there's any harbor known
Worse for a wrecked soul than to be alone.
Alone!—there maybe never has occurred
A word whose gloom is gloomier than that word!

You can brighten up your Christmas joys
With all affection's small but mighty toys,
Who fancy that your gifts of love be rash,
And presents are not worth their price in cash,
Thank God, with love and thrift no more at war,
That you've some one to spend your money for!
A dollar plays a very dingy part,
Till magnetized by some one's grateful heart.

So evening saw me straggling up and down
Within the gayly lighted, desolate town,
A hungry, sad heart-hermit all the while,
My rough face begging for a friendly smile.
Folks talked with folks in new-made warmth and glee,
But no one had a word or look for me;
Love flowed like water but it could not make
The world forgive me for my one mistake

An open church some look of welcome wore;
I crept in soft, and sat down near the door.
I'd never seen 'mongst my unhappy race

So many happy children in one place;
 I never knew how much a hymn could bring
 From Heaven, until I heard those children sing;
 I never saw such sweet-breathed gales of glee
 As swept around that fruitful Christmas tree.

You who have tripped through childhood's merry days
 With passionate love protecting all your ways,
 Who did not see a Christmas-time go by
 Without some present for your sparkling eye,
 Thank God, whose Goodness gave such joy its birth,
 And scattered heaven-seeds in the dust of earth!
 In stone-paved ground my thorny field was set:
 I never had a Christmas present yet.
 And so I sat and saw them, and confess
 Felt all the unhappier for their happiness;
 And when a man gets into such a state,
 He's very proud—or very desolate.

Just then a cry of "Fire!" amongst us came;
 The pretty Christmas tree was all aflame:
 And one sweet child there in our startled gaze
 Was screaming, with her white clothes all ablaze.
 The crowd seemed crazy-like, both old and young,
 And very swift of speech, though slow of tongue.
 But one knew what to do, and not to say,
 And he a convict, just let loose that day.
 I fought like one who deals in deadly strife;
 I wrapped my life around that child's sweet life;
 I choked the flames that choked her, with rich cloaks,
 Stol'n from some good but very frightened folks;
 I gave the dear girl to her parent's sight,
 Unharm'd by anything excepting fright;
 I tore the blazing branches from the tree;
 And all was safe, and no one hurt but me.

That night, of which I asked for sleep in vain—
 That night, that tossed me round on prongs of pain,
 That stabbed me with fierce tortures through and through,
 Was still the happiest that I ever knew.
 I felt that I at last had earned a place
 Among my race, by suffering for my race;
 I felt the glorious facts wouldn't let me miss
 A mother's thanks—perhaps a child's sweet kiss;
 That man's warm gratitude would find a plan
 To lift me up, and help me be a man.

Next day they brought a letter to my bed.
 I opened it with tingling nerves and read:
 "You have upon my kindness certain claims
 For rescuing my young child from the flames;
 Such deeds deserve a hand unstained by crime;
 I trust you will reform while yet there's time.
 The blackest sinner may find mercy still.
 (Enclosed please find a thousand dollar bill.)
 Our paths of course on different roads must lie;
 Don't follow me for any more. Good-by."

I scorched the dirty rag till it was black;
 Enclosed it in a rag and sent it back.

That very night I cracked a tradesman's door,
 Stole with my blistered hands ten thousand more,
 Which next day I took special pains to send
 To my good, distant, wealthy, high-toned friend,
 And wrote upon it in a steady hand,
 In words I hoped he wouldn't misunderstand:
 "Money is cheap, as I have shown you here,
 But gratitude and sympathy are dear.
 These rags are stolen—have been—may often be:
 I trust the one wasn't that you sent to me.
 Hoping your pride and you are reconciled—
 From the black, sinful rescuer of your child."

I crept to court—a crushed, triumphant worm—
 Confessed the theft, and took another term.

My life closed, and began; and I am back
 Among the rogues that walk the broad-gauged track.

I toil 'mid every sort of sin that's known;
 I walk rough roads—but do not walk *Alone*.

WILL CARLETON.

NOTHING TO LEARN.

From The Quiver.

I HAVE good reason to remember my father's advice to me in early life. I was going after my first situation, at a grocer's shop, when he took me on one side, and said, "Now, mind, John, don't be ashamed to say you don't know, if the master asks you anything you do not understand. Remember, we all have to learn.

I listened most impatiently to what I then considered this unnecessary caution, regarding him as a foolish man, who did not know how to get on in the world; so, having formed my own ideas of what was right, I walked into the shop and inquired for Mr. Harris, whom I at once took kindly to; he looked good-tempered—anything but a bully—so having no fear, I said all I could to induce him to give me a trial, greatly exaggerating my capabilities, thereby impressing him with a false notion of what I could do. I saw that my point was gained, and that he considered himself a lucky man to get such a clever lad, adding six-

pence per week on the wages he had paid my predecessor. Just as I was leaving the shop, I was surprised to see a chum of mine (a sheepish-looking fellow) enter, asking to see the master. I passed close by him, observing in an undertone, "You're too late; I've got the place." "You can't take both places," he replied. As this was the first I had heard of two boys being required, I said no more; my thoughts, however, were very busy on my way home.

Somehow, the fact of this second berth rather put a damper on my spirits. Was it equal? Was it better? were questions rushing through my brain.

My doubts were soon solved. On the following Monday we met again. A few words passed between us, when I discovered, to my chagrin, that Tom's was a second interview; in the first he had been questioned, as I was, with the result that "he did not know town well; could not make up

neat parcels;" nor could he drive a horse and cart if required, so was put into the desk to take the cash, with two shillings per week more than I was to have.

It seems our schoolmaster had recommended us both, leaving it to Mr. Harris to find out which was most fitted for the rough work; so this was all the good I had done by scorning my father's advice. Of course, it was soon discovered that I knew no more of neat parcel-making than Tom did, and as to knowing my way about town, it took me half my time making inquiry, besides being often sent wrong, so that I was always getting bullied by the men for being so long gone.

Didn't I envy Tom, that's all! While I was fagging about with heavy parcels, feeling too tired to keep about in the hot sun of July, he was perched up in his desk, taking money, giving change, looking as cool and comfortable as possible.

"This comes of knowing too much," said I to myself. "Father was right, after all." No complaint ever dropped from my lips at home, however, I not wishing him to know how foolishly I had acted.

Time passed on; I had settled down to the life of a drudge; my hands had grown hard and horny, while Tom seemed getting more smart every day. A coolness grew up between us. He looked down on me, while I sneered at his gentility; at the same time I would have given anything I possessed to have changed places with him. One day the master called me into his private room, and told me that he feared I should have a very hard day on the morrow, as the man who usually delivered a large portion of the goods by driving a cart was ill, consequently

I should have to carry them all, and to do so must be there an hour at least earlier.

Dreading the extra toil, I asked if I might use his cart.

"But you cannot drive, I fear," replied the master, who reminded me that I had failed in all the things I had told him I could do.

He therefore presumed I knew no more of driving than I had known of parcel-making or finding my way about. I was greatly tempted to tell a lie and declare I was used to driving, but learning from the past how useless it was to pretend any more knowledge of anything, replied that I had never learned to drive, but was willing to try.

"No, no," he replied; "parcels can be re-done up, the delivery can be done even when a lot of time has been lost; but who is to mend my poor horse's legs and repair the cart, besides perhaps having to pay for one you might run into?"

This so provoked my indignation, that I hastily gave notice to leave, being heartily tired of my hard work. I don't think my services were very highly valued, for I was not asked to stay; and before leaving I had the mortification of seeing Tom raised to a position as clerk to keep the books, and another boy brought in to take his place. "This comes of knowing nothing," said I, not reflecting at that time that Tom had proved himself better than he had represented, while I was no doubt a conceited young monkey who knew nothing, but pretended to know everything.

I see it now plainly enough, but at that time a strong feeling that I had been the victim of a great injustice took possession of me, which resolved itself into a determination to be a

drudge no longer. I next engaged myself to a butcher. I was to have a horse and cart to drive around for orders, then again to deliver the meat. No more long walks, carrying big loads! The man who had charge of the horse commenced giving me a few hints about driving, seeing I was a novice, but I soon shut him up, leading him to believe I could teach him. Of course he said no more, and I jumped into the cart, feeling at last I had begun to live.

All went well at first, though I fear many whom I passed on the road were not at all sure I should not get in contact with their wheels. At last, while turning a corner rather sharply, I came upon a large pleasure van, the driver of which called me all sorts of ugly names, and told me to get on my right side. Now, in my ignorance, instead of changing to the proper side of the road, I simply shifted my seat a little to the left. At the same time, the shouts of those near, added to the close proximity of the van, so frightened my horse that it started off at a rapid pace. I used the whip, thinking to check the beast, but on it ran till the cart was dashed against a lamp post.

I was found lying on my back with an ugly cut on my head, though I was quite unconscious of the fact till I found myself in the ward of a hospital; here I was laid up for some weeks, my friends being allowed to visit me occasionally. I was sorry to hear that my poor father had been blamed for allowing me to undertake to drive a cart, when it was clear I was ignorant of the very simplest rules of driving; still, nothing would make me admit that I was in the wrong, being strongly of opinion that the driver of the van had caused all the mischief.

However, I did promise my father that the next place would not be undertaken so rashly.

I was soon after engaged in a large warehouse, where many boys were employed, and I think it proved about the best school I could have gone to, for in an incredibly short space of time my failing was discovered. "Here comes wiseacre! there's the chap who knows everything!" "Ask John—he can tell you all about it," besides many other such expressions, were continually said in my hearing, with a laugh and a jeer, till I began to think those who worked with me the most horrid set of lads I had ever met with.

They did not have to wait long before another specimen of my type entered our employment, so the diversion went on, but not at my expense. The new-comer was a tall, genteel-looking youth, who had just left school, and according to his own account, was the best in his late school at Latin, French, drawing, the three R's, and could beat all at cricket and boating. I was highly amused at the way this youth was led on—at one moment by professed admiration, the next by seemingly eager questions as to his various exploits—till I could see how truly uncomfortable he was rendered when suddenly he would realize the fact that he was being led on to greater boastings than he had at first intended. He was constantly put to the test most unexpectedly to prove his assertions, much to his discomfort.

I remember on one occasion the French correspondent was absent. Several of the boys heard the manager lamenting the fact, as some urgent letters required immediate attention. They lost no time in telling him that the youth in question was a good

French scholar, and could take the place for a day.

Never shall I forget the utter confusion poor Henly was thrown into when asked by the manager if he would read and answer the letters. He stammered, turned red, then pale, which was attributed by the manager to diffidence, so every encouragement was given him to undertake the task. He pleaded sudden indisposition, and begged to be allowed to go home, which was refused, the matter of these letters being pressing, and the manager only too delighted to find he had a French scholar in the house; so nothing would do but Henly must go with him into the counting-house. The other youths meanwhile laughed most immoderately, and wondered what the sequel would be. In less than a quarter of an hour he was back in his place, feeling dreadfully disconcerted to hear the remarks about his great linguistic qualities. We never heard what had taken place in the counting-house, but could pretty well guess.

The lesson was not lost on me. From that day, I don't think anything would have induced me to make believe I knew more than I did. Upon several occasions sympathy nearly moved me to condole with him by relating my experience, but reflecting upon the matter, also judging how I should have received such overtures in my early career, I desisted, feeling sure that he would only learn as I had done, by repeated snubs ruthlessly administered.

I left this place shortly after, losing sight of poor Henly for a few years, till one evening not long since, after my tea, I took up an evening paper, and a paragraph caught my eye relating to a clerk accused of manslaughter. Reading further on, what was my surprise and sorrow to find the accused

person was no other than my old shop-mate, Augustus Henly. I hastily read through the charge, which then left no doubt in my mind as to his identity. The old habit of knowing everything, it seems, had not been knocked out of him, and rather than deny that he could make out a Latin prescription, he had actually hazarded his opinion by giving the wrong one, with the serious consequence of the death of a child.

It seems a great friend of his had been entrusted by his mother with a prescription to be made up at the stores, which he carelessly put loose in his pocket where there happened to be an old one for quite another complaint. He drew out the two, and was at a loss to decide which was the right one, but remembering that his friend was not only a good Latin scholar, but also knew something of medicine, he asked which would be the one for a child with measles. He professed to read both most carefully, and selected one, telling his friend that was no doubt the right one, but it turned out that, knowing nothing whatever of Latin, he had actually risked this selection rather than own his ignorance. The effect of the drug was to check the development of the disease, throwing the poor little sufferer into strong convulsions, resulting in death.

Little had I thought before that such a sequel could result from a pretense of knowing everything. How thankful I felt that my stupidity had never reached to such a climax; I shudder while reflecting how small faults may lead even to crimes if not checked in time.

M. N.

"THOSE who use our goods are very much attached to them," is what a porous-plaster company advertises.

AN EXPERIMENT.

"HAVE I got to rake up these leaves every day?" asked Phil, with a whine in his voice.

"Yes, every day."

"But what is the use? They keep on falling, and make just as big a litter as before."

"Your room has to be set in order every day," said his mother, smiling.

"I wouldn't care much if it wasn't," said Phil.

"And your shirts have to be washed every week. And the dishes you eat off of have to be washed three times a day. You keep on eating, you know!"

Phil could not forbear a smile as he slowly raked away at the leaves. He might easily have gathered them in ten minutes, leaving in good order the little lawn which his mother liked to see nicely kept, but he usually dawdled over them for half an hour.

"Seems to me I have to do a great deal of work for other folks," he went on mournfully. "I have to pile wood, and cut kindling, and drive the cow, and water the flowers—and things."

"Do you have more to do for others than others do for you?" asked his mother.

"Yes ma'am ; I guess so. Any way, if I could stop doing things for folks, they might stop doing things for me."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Yes, indeed," said Phil, eagerly, "May I try it mamma?"

"If you like. You may try it for one day."

"One day! Oh! I want to try it for a week. And if it works well, can I keep it up?"

"Yes."

"Remember, then, mamma. nobody's to ask me to do a single thing,

and I'll remember my part. Hurrah!" Phil dropped the rake over the small pile of leaves, and rushed away to look at his fish-line; for he had made up his mind to go a fishing in the afternoon, and have a pleasant time, now that none of those troublesome chores were to be thought of.

Running hastily to the barn he fell and tore a hole in his trousers.

"Mamma!" he cried, picking himself up and going toward the house. But he suddenly remembered that mamma was not to be called upon. He ran up stairs to change the torn garments.

"Ah! two buttons off my other pants, and I forgot to tell about it. Never mind; I can sew them on myself. I often have. It's easy enough to sew on buttons."

It had been when mamma gave him the needle and thread. But now, as he took a fine needle and coarse thread, he wondered why it had never seemed so hard before. It took him a long time to thread the needle, and then every stitch was a separate trial. He tugged away, got hot and flurried and pricked his finger time and again.

At last, he felt sure the button was sewed on tight. But as he sprang up to put on his trousers, he found that they were sewed to the skirt of the coat he had on. With tears half-way to his eyes, he took out his knife and cut the stitches. No one was waiting to see if his necktie was neatly tied, or to hand him his books. The school-bell was ringing, and he rushed away with the torn trousers on.

But he was late, to his great regret; for he had begun school with a resolve not to have one tardy mark during the year.

The tear in the trousers kept catching in things and tearing larger until he was very much ashamed of it, and glad, at length, to hurry home. As he again sewed on the button, he could not help wondering if mending one's own clothes were not a little harder than cutting kindling.

"Never mind," he said to himself. "Nobody will ask me to do any thing after dinner, and I can do just what I please all day when I get out of school."

He went to the dinner table with a boy's appetite.

"Where's my plate?" he asked, seeing no place ready for him.

"Have you forgotten our agreement?" asked his mother.

"Why, no, mamma. I said nobody need do anything for me. I am going to wash my own dishes when I'm done."

"But do you expect any one to cook for you?"

Phil stared at her for a moment, then gave a rather blank look at the roast beef and the sweet potatoes. But he was not ready to give up.

"I did forget, that's a fact," he said, with a laugh, as he turned and went out.

But there was little spirit in the laugh, and mamma looked after him with a sober face.

"I can't see him miss his dinner," she said.

But his father said: "Let him learn his little lesson well. It will not hurt him."

Phil went out to the orchard and ate apples, not troubling himself to think whether anybody had raised them for him, and rejoicing in the reflection that when picking time came he would not have any part of that work to do.

He went fishing, and on his way

home had the satisfaction of sitting on the fence to watch his brother Ben drive the cow home. Ben hailed him.

"The Pratts have come to tea."

"That's jolly!" shouted Phil springing from the fence and running home, leaving Ben to plod along with the cow.

He hurried to his room. The bed was not made, and every thing he had touched that day lay where he had left it, which did not trouble him.

"Hello—no water!" he exclaimed, as his empty pitcher flew up in his hand. But, bethinking himself, he ran for his own water.

"Now for a clean collar." But his face fell as he saw none in his drawer. It was plain that they had not come up from the wash, and he would not ask for one. What did he want of a collar, any way, when no one would expect to see him at the tea-table?

He crept out to the barn, found a cup, and managed to get a good drink of milk from the cow. Then ate more apples, and from the hay-loft watched the merry group at play on the lawn, trying to think it very nice not to be expected to help about the chores.

But as he lay awake, after going to bed, restless and a trifle hungry, he began to wonder if his bargain was altogether a satisfactory one. He recalled something he had heard his mother say about its being impossible for any one to live unto himself, or to escape the duties and responsibilities owed by each to others, and that all peace and harmony and happiness depend upon the good-will and cheeriness and loving kindness with which these duties are performed. He fell asleep thinking he would probably not try his new plan longer than the week he had spoken of.

The clothing kept slipping from his

unmade bed, causing him much discomfort as the coolness of the autumn night settled down. He awoke at the sound of the breakfast bell to a keen perception of the delightful smells of mutton chops, buckwheat cakes, and other good things.

"Well!" he exclaimed, jumping up, "I'm not going to live another day on apples, if I know myself. After all," he went on, as he dressed himself, "it's a mean and sneaking thing to try and shirk things. I get all I want to eat, and good, too [he sniffed eagerly as

the appetizing smell came stronger]' and it's a pity if I can't do a little to help on."

He was out and had the leaves raked before breakfast, at which he appeared with a glowing color and a sidelong glance at mamma.

"I think I've tried it long enough, mamma," he said with a smile. "I believe I'll do the chores, and board with you, if you'll take me back."

"I will," said mamma, passing him the hot cakes.

SYDNEY DAYRE,

MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS TABLE.

LET'S see—there'll be ten—eleven—twelve—
on this side,

The old table's growing too small;
Our larder, as well as our hearts, must provide,
And our hearts will make room for them all.

There'll be Jim with his jokes (and I hope
they'll be new,

Not those he has told twice before);
There'll be Sam with his stories, more start-
ling than true,
Which always remind him of more;

There'll be Kate, with her fat little pig of a lad,
Whose stomach unceasingly begs;
And her other one, who, though not cut out
for bad,

Is a hurricane mounted on legs;

There'll be John, with his tiny brown tribe of
brunettes,

And Lue, with her one little blonde;
And Tom, with two armfuls of wife and their
pets,
A trifle too startlingly fond!

For 'tis dangerous business—this loving too
well—

It somehow brings heaven o'er-near;
When our hearts their sweet stories too
noisily tell,

The angels are certain to hear;

The angels are certain to hear what we say,
In their search for the brightest and best;

And they're likely to carry our prizes away,
To make heaven more happy and blest.

Though our table be short, yet our hearts
extend wide—

This food's with no stinginess chilled;
Let's see; there'll be ten—eleven—twelve—
on this side—

And—the chair that will never be filled.

Oh, my poor darling boy, lying silent to-day,
With the storm-speeding now on your breast!
The angels, they found you, and made you
their prey,

In their search for the brightest and best!

My boy-love! I did not believe you would go!
How I begged and implored you to wake,
As you lay here so white on that dark day of
woe

That they brought you home, drowned, from
the lake!

And whoever may come, and whatever betide,
You still have your room and your chair;
Is it true that I feel you sometimes at my side,
And your lips on my forehead and hair?

The house will be running clear over with
glee,

We all shall be merry to-day;
But Christmas is never quite Christmas to me,
With one of my loved ones away.

Digitized by WILL CARLETON.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

III.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

IT WAS in the Jewish quarter of Frankfort that the founder of the great financial firm first saw the light. Goethe, who also owned Frankfort as his birthplace, has left us a graphic description of the imperial city, which he states was composed of "town within town, fortress within fortress." Not the least interesting portion of his description is that of the Jewish quarter, enclosed within the ramparts, but yet shut off from the rest of the city by heavy gates and high walls. It was a quarter frequented by few Christians. The houses, huddled close together, were packed from floor to roof with human beings living in a state of squalor and dirt baffling description, while the air was polluted with smells so vile and strong as to drive back all but those whose olfactory nerves had become deadened by long residence or familiarity with the noisome atmosphere. Goethe narrates how he would sometimes peep through the heavy gates and steal a glance at the strange scenes passing in that narrow lane, and goes on to describe what a shudder the sight caused him when he remembered the tales then current of the horrible cruelty and treachery of the Jews. At that time there was a general belief that human sacrifices were offered in the synagogues. Charges were often laid against the Jews of having kidnapped Christian children, who were never seen alive again. Through the midst of this home of the world's outcasts ran the Judengasse, a narrow, dirty lane, lined with dilapidated houses, crowded with dusky, repulsive looking Jews, who would wran-

gle, argue, and bargain with each other in tones so harsh and discordant that a stranger might well hesitate to venture among them. When, at last, Goethe did pass through the gates, and came into contact with them, their servile cunning, obsequious entreaties, and the filthy state of their persons, combined with the pestilential smells everywhere prevalent, so filled him with disgust that he determined never to visit them again. Years later he was led to considerably modify his opinion regarding these descendents of Israel, and he frankly acknowledged that on closer intimacy he found among them many men of quick intelligence and honorable principles, ready at all times to give him a hearty welcome. "Everywhere I went I was well received, pleasantly entertained, and invited to come again." He witnessed many of their ceremonies, and visited their schools.

A writer in a recent number of the *Journal des Debates*, gave the following interesting particulars respecting the Judengasse and its inmates:—

"No trace," said he, "will shortly be left of the houses in which Borne, the German writer, and Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the founder of his family's fortunes, first saw the light. Since 1872, only a single row of houses has been left, as one side of the street has been pulled down after the fall of two houses, when thirty-one persons were buried in the ruins. Looking at the Judengasse in its present aspect one is struck by the narrowness of the houses. They have three storeys facing the street, and the whole of the facade is studded with small windows. The gables are pointed, and access is gained to the houses by

three or four steps. The doors open into a dark passage, at the other end of which is a worm-eaten, wooden staircase, the boards of which bend as one puts one's foot upon them. The rooms are small and low-pitched. They are inhabited by a few of the poorest and most squalid families, Jew and Christian alike. The room upon the ground floor is used as a shop by dealers in old clothes, shoemakers and tinkers. Several of the wealthiest merchants in Germany at the present time may regard these hovels as the home of their ancestors, who are now replaced by the poor wretches just mentioned. There is little that is picturesque about the Judengasse, and those who have had their curiosity whetted by the descriptions in 'Baedeker,' will see nothing comparable to what one comes across in Italian ghettos. More curious than the Judengasse is a tavern hard by, where the Jewish beggars meet at nightfall. This tavern, kept by a man named Levy, consists of one long room, the walls of which are painted yellow. Little drink is consumed in this room, but the customers take their meals there and play cards. Round a circular table a cosmopolitan company, consisting of Jews from Poland, where the caftan and the long curls are still worn, as well as from Paris and Berlin, may be seen conversing in low tones, and, upon the evening when the writer paid a visit to the place in the company of a detective, several women were there knitting, one of them being one of the handsomest persons he had ever seen, with magnificent eyes, a white skin, and jet black hair encircled by a kerchief of red wool.

"But, though the Judengasse is not picturesque, its disappearance removes a most interesting historical monu-

ment. These decrepit houses revive recollections of another age. The land on which they are built, with the exception of the site owned by the Rothschilds, and on which their house stands, belongs to the town of Frankfort. The Jews confined within their ghetto were not the owners of the soil, being merely tenants at the good will of the council of the Free City. The Judengasse does not indeed date from earlier than the middle of the fifteenth century, and the walls of the quarter were destroyed by Kleber's army in 1796. During the first part of the Middle Ages the condition of the Jews was comparatively easy. They were the serfs of the Imperial Chamber, and the Emperor, in return for a fixed tribute, accorded them his protection, and was all the more interested in guarding them from ill-usage as he was anxious to preserve for himself the privilege of taxing them. There is no precise evidence as to when the Israelites came to settle in Frankfort, their presence being officially referred to for the first time in 1240. The first massacre of the Jews took place in 1241, when 180 of them perished. A hundred years of comparative peace ensued, though their relations with the Christians gradually became more strained, their wealth and their mode of life and religion inflaming the superstition, the fanaticism, and the cupidity of the lower orders.

"The worst phase of persecution commenced in 1349, the year of the Black Plague. The country round Frankfort was scourged by bands of Flagellants, who went about declaring that the Jews ought to be put to death for having poisoned the wells. When the inhabitants seemed deaf to their appeals, the Flagellants set several houses on fire, and then spread

through the streets exclaiming, 'The Jews are burning your houses!' The stratagem succeeded, and there was a general massacre. In the same year the Emperor, Charles IV., had mortgaged his Jews to the town of Frankfort for a sum of about £80,000. This sum was never repaid, and the Jews came under the immediate jurisdiction of the Council. This rendered their position much worse, for the Emperor had allowed them to manage affairs much in their own way, and to choose their own judges. They preserved, nevertheless, a certain degree of autonomy, and for some time the only thing which distinguished them from the ordinary citizen was that they had no political rights. Their existence was, however, precarious, and their fortunes often threatened. Thus in 1389 the Emperor Wenzel suppressed by one stroke of the pen the obligation to pay what was due to them, and now and again during a riot, numbers of the account books in which they inscribed the sums owing to them were burnt. There was about this time a Jews' street at Frankfort, but it was not inhabited exclusively by Jews, for many of the best Christian families lived in it. Thus the Burgo-master resided there from 1364 to 1375. Still as their synagogue, their baths, and their assembly room for dancing were in this street, most of the Jews lived near it. But, as it was close to the cathedral, their enemies declared that their cries and blasphemies disturbed the Catholic worshippers. Public feeling became more and more hostile to them, and in 1425 they were prohibited, under a heavy penalty, from taking the name of burgher. The most cruel blow, however, was yet to come. Frederick III., in compliance with the prayer of the clergy,

ordered the Jews to remove from the neighborhood of the cathedral, and, though they offered to wall up the gate of the street leading to that edifice, their offer was refused. The Council selected a site outside the ancient walls of the town, and had houses built at the expense of the Jews. It is thus that the Council owns the ground on which the Judengasse stands. The gates of the ghetto, which were very strong and lined with iron, were kept closed every Sunday and saint's day, as also upon the days when the Emperor entered the city. The Jews were enjoined not to show themselves in public, nor to pass by any church. If business brought them to the Town Hall, they were not allowed to enter by the main door but by a small door from behind. The men were compelled to wear a yellow patch about the size of a crown piece upon their garments, and the women blue stripes to their veils. They were also enjoined to make room for other citizens on the pavement, and not to touch any of the articles in the market. They were not allowed to buy fish before a certain hour of the day, nor to hire Christians as servants. The Council consented to dispense with their wearing the distinguishing cap on payment of a fine of 250 florins, but they were compelled to have either a black or a grey hat. They were forbidden to lend money to minors or to women, to sell new clothes, or to lend upon clothes which were wet or stained with blood.

"These minute regulations, together with many more of a similar nature, were read out every year in the synagogue. The Jews, in short, must have paid very dearly for the privilege of living in Frankfort; the number of marriages between them was even

limited, for there could be only a fixed number of houses, the different couples having to wait their turn. Strange Jews were not allowed in Frankfort, and yet that city must have offered them comparative security, for the Jewish community of Nuremberg sought refuge there in 1498. Protected by their walls, the Jews of Frankfort escaped pillage during the revolt of 1525, but the democratic revolution of 1614 drove them out of the city, and they did not return for two years. When order, however, was restored they came back, and, so as to make it quite clear, that they were under the protection of the Empire, the Imperial coat of arms was displayed above the gate of their street. In 1711 the whole street was burnt down, but the Jews were so afraid of pillage that they would not open their doors, and many perished. The Judengasse was rebuilt in 1717 and made rather wider. While the work of reconstruction was progressing the Jews were allowed to lodge in the town, the poorest being accommodated in an empty hospital. There were two other fires in the Judengasse during the eighteenth century, and the shells from Kleber's guns in 1796 set fire to 150 houses. The wealthiest of the Israelites availed themselves of this opportunity to settle in the town, and they were not again molested. The gates were demolished in 1808, and many restrictions were removed. The Prince Primate granted the Jews, in 1811, equal civil and political rights with those enjoyed by the other inhabitants, but they lost these again in 1815, and did not recover them until 1853 and 1864. In 1811 there were 159 houses, inhabited by 2,214 persons, in the Judengasse, while at the present time the Jews number 14,000, or eleven

per cent. of the whole population."

Here, then, in the Judengasse, in the house numbered 152 but better known as the House of the Red Shield (Rothschild)—afterwards adopted as a surname,—lived Amschel Moses Rothschild, earning a livelihood as a dealer in curiosities and old coins. In the course of his business he was in the habit of traveling about the country, hawking his wares and keeping his eyes open in search of curiosities.

We have already mentioned that the number of Jews allowed to marry was limited, but Rothschild having gained permission availed himself of his privilege and took unto himself a wife, who, in 1743, gave birth to a son whom they named Mayer Amschel. When the boy grew up and his parents had to decide as to his future in life, they resolved to have him educated with a view to his becoming a rabbi, or teacher in the synagogue. This resolution was not unnatural, seeing that several of the family had been or were then celebrated for their knowledge of the Talmud and the doctrines of the Jewish faith. Mayer Amschel, in 1755, lost his parents and was sent by his relatives to Furth to complete his studies. Theology was, however, not to his taste. He had been born and bred in the midst of a community whose whole thought centred upon getting and accumulating money. He had early learnt to consider wealth the only standard by which one could judge his fellow, and he not unnaturally shared the ambition that fired his comrades to acquire riches and a consequent name among his co-religionists. His instinct for business was too powerful to resist. Even while at college he had become well-known as a collector and dealer in old coins on a small scale, and in this way had made

the acquaintance of several numismatists in the neighborhood. This is surprising when we remember that he could not have been much more than twelve years old at the time, but with Jews the talent for business is innate, and their natural shrewdness and skill in making bargains more than compensate them for their youth and inexperience. Notwithstanding the limited resources at his disposal, Mayer Amschel seems to have pursued his youthful speculations with considerable energy and — profit.

At length, rightly judging that he was better fitted for commercial than theological pursuits, he abandoned his studies altogether and returned to the Judengasse, where his abilities and shrewdness soon became known among his co-religionists. His reputation reaching the ears of some of the large firms, several offers of employment were made him, and not being one of "those who are content to spend their lives trotting on a cabbage leaf," as the proverb says, when a wider field of enterprise was thrown open to him, he accepted the offer of a banking firm named Oppenheim in Hanover. In their service he remained several years, gaining and maintaining a high character for steadiness and reliability, while his energy and abilities were recognized by his gradual promotion to the responsible post of co-manager. Frugal and economical in his habits, he was able to save a considerable portion of his salary, until he thought he possessed sufficient capital to make a start on his own account. He therefore left Oppenheim's service and set up in business for himself, dealing in old coins, bullion, and anything by which he could make a profit. For some time it was a hard, uphill fight, and more than once the

budding firm was in danger of collapse, but the untiring energy and honesty of its founder, triumphing over all difficulties, placed it on a sound basis and secured its future safety. Some years later he determined to transfer his business to his birthplace, where he settled for good, as in 1770 he married Gudula Schnappe, and lived in his father's house in the Judengasse. His business was at the outset of a very mixed description, ranging from coins and curiosities, to bullion, bills of exchange, &c., but as his speculations, distinguished by cautious boldness, were almost invariably successful, he was soon in a position to abandon the business of a dealer in works of art for that of a banker and financier. One of his earliest investments was to purchase the freehold of the house in the Judengasse, which has given birth to one of the greatest financial houses in the world. In all his business transactions he displayed remarkable honesty and integrity; so widely did he become known as the "honest Jew" that his reputation spread through the surrounding provinces, and was largely the means of securing him fresh business. A man of his character has never lacked friends, and Mayer Amschel found many persons ready and anxious to recommend him and gain him new clients. Oppenheim, his old employer, was especially zealous in promoting the success of his former employe and never allowed an opportunity to slip of saying a word in his favor.

JOHN REEVES.

A MODEST youth was he —
 He kissed her finger-tips;
 She softly said, "Ah, me!
 Why was I born with lips?"

PROHIBITION.

BEFORE me is a copy of *The Current* for September 24. On page 401 is a reply by Mr. E. A. Stevens, to a former article by Mr. Olin J. Ross, relative to "A Proposed Coalition." Both articles have been read with care. One is somewhat visionary, the other somewhat seasoned with sarcasm, or perhaps, I should say, somewhat ironical.

Mr. Ross seems to be a Prohibitionist, and Mr. Stevens a Republican, in faith at least, if not in fact. The writer is a United States citizen—a partizan during a campaign, a friend of the government when the people have chosen the servants. I am not a professional political economist, nor have I ever posed as a lecturer on political ethics, but as a newspaper man, some things in the article before me written by Mr. Stevens seem to me not in keeping with facts of history, and truths of reason, and if there is one duty due to the public by public teachers through the press, it is to be always clear and concise in all statements concerning great questions.

Mr. Stevens says: "Would the country be benefitted by the success of the Prohibition party?" Then he comments upon the truth of a statement by Mr. Ross, and says: "If this be true, let us devoutly pray for the immediate success of the party, for it would be a net gain of about \$25 each to every man, woman and child in the United States, and *our grandchildren would all be millionaires.*"

The italics are my own, used to show that the article under review is largely a play upon words, and not a dignified discussion of a vital question.

"Would the country be benefitted by the success of the Prohibition

party?" Is heaven better than earth? We believe it is. Earth we know, but heaven we do not know. The country with saloons and dram shops everywhere; with drunkenness and shame, and crime and agony, and broken hearts we know; but our country without these things and all their kindred woes, we do not know. Shall we ever know it without them?

The success of the Prohibition party means more than the mere prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

It does not mean that the president of the country shall be a Democrat or a Republican, and the Congress divided between the two parties; but it means that the great strong leaders of public life—the men who direct human action—shall cast their lot with the mothers and sisters and daughters of this country and sound the slogan "For God and home and native land," and that the masses shall take up the cry and carry it to every nook and corner of the land till the majority of the land's rulers vote that way. Then will the Prohibition party be successful and benefits will follow. How? When the people of the nation vote for Prohibition, they will in due time put men, or women, in power who will prohibit. Being united on prohibition their public servants will be united on a governmental policy, and neither Mr. Ross nor Mr. Stevens nor any one else need have any misgivings about the income or outgo of public money. Give the people of the United States a good government, with love, and peace, and sobriety, and happiness at home, and they will gladly pay all bills presented to maintain that government.

It is useless pastime to make an array of figures representing the billions of revenue that the government will lose if the distilleries and saloons are abolished, and it will not do to supplement it by the inquiry, Who is to pay it? How is it to be paid? when the payment now is made in want, and shame, and broken hearts, and tears, and blood.

The good that is in the United States' heart is fully competent to maintain the grandest government on earth, regardless of any condition of affairs now in existence, whether considered in a buisness or in a political sense.

Let phohibition come (I speak for tens of thousands of drunkards), and every drink-cursed soul will thank God that the curse has been removed.

The second and third paragraphs of the article by Mr. Stevens has a tendency more to confuse than to enlighten. It seems to be the selfish plea of a party in interest. He inquires, "But would the sum (\$1,500,000,000) be saved, in fact, if the manufacture and sale of liquors were prohibited?" Then he adds, that Mr. Ross' figures prove that it would not be saved. Mr. Ross said: "This immense sum *would be exchanged* for the different forms of property, and not for ruin and death, etc." Does Mr. Stevens count that only that money is saved to the people which moulds and rusts in old stockings and strong boxes? In speaking of spending money for other articles, he says: "The people will become so ravenous, that, like the Kansas grasshoppers, they will consume everything in the country, so much so as to create a demand that would take an almost inexhaustible supply to fill it." Doesn't that come near to the utterance of a demagogue?

I have at my side the account-book of our nearest tavern. It shows an account as follows:

WM. DARNELL.				
Dr.		1880.	Cr.	
Jan.	To 1 gal. whiskey,	\$3.00	Jan. 10: By 1 pr. boots, . .	\$5.00
" 3 "	" 1 pint "	50	" 18 " cash,	50
" 6 "	" 1 qt. "	1.00	" 20 " repairing, . . .	30
" 15 "	" 1 qt. "	1.00		
Feb. 1 "	" 1 pint "	50		

And so on during the year, till the whole amount of charges amount to \$60.25. Will Mr. Stevens note the following facts: Mr. Darnell is a shoemaker. He had a wife and three children. I knew his wife to wash for three families each week, for the year above noted. During the winter months the overwork prostrated her for about two months. Her suffering was intense, yet, the whiskey bill ran on; but no help was hired. The poor woman is dead now. That same winter, in November, I saw a six-year-old son of this shoemaker on the streets, barefooted, and the ground frozen hard. And were I at liberty to use space, I could present such an array of facts concerning this one family as would move any man to pity. An exceptional case? No, indeed; a typical one, rather, and in a country place, too.

Had that yearly whiskey bill been devoted to natural uses, Mr. D. to-day would have a strong, healthy, loving wife and an interesting family; on the contrary, his twelve-year-old boy has run away, his baby girl is dead, and his sixteen-year-old daughter cooks for her besotted father, and leads a life of shame. Read the annals of our country in this type of strong drink's victims, and then sneer at the *saving*, if you will, but this question, like Banquo's ghost, will not down.

Less rum means more flour, more

shoes, more coats and caps and dresses, more comfort, less disease and fewer sad deaths. Less money for the distiller means more money for other manufacturers, and no laborer begrudges the inflow of money to the coffers of the manufacturers, when a reasonable portion of it flows out to their faithful, sober and peaceable employes.

If the curse of strong drink were removed the laborer could live better on the same wages he gets while drinking, and who will attempt to argue that is not a benefit, both to him as a laborer, and to the world at large. And if production is to be made the basis of argument, it will not do to lose sight of the fact that the production which makes a land rich is the production that improves it. It is that which makes a garden of the wilderness and builds houses, and barns, and workshops, and palaces where the deer wandered, and the wild fox once dug his hole unmolested. Give me a community of laborers addicted to strong drink, and I'll show you hand-to-mouth, rent-paying discontented socialism and anarchism in embryo, if not fact. On the other hand, give me a

community of sober laborers, and I will show you school houses, and churches, and cottages; and in those cottages the title deeds for the same. This is not fancy, but fact. I have wandered up and down this land from lake to gulf, and from the mountains to the sea. I have seen both phases of the American laborer's life. Would it not be a benefit to wipe out the distillery, as far as it concerns labor congregated at public works, at least, if we must tolerate it some in places? Mr. Stevens doubts that a labor party ever can exist. Cromwell may soon come. Parties as they exist to-day may be dissolved. American liberty will still survive. Organization can always be effected. The toilers can breed rulers. Wealth and station can not expect always to rule. A revolution must come. The masses must be given more recognition. The prohibition party has some fanatics in it, but it has a great deal more of humanity. The labor party may have some fools in it, but it has more of the stuff that makes statesmen. The world moves. All classes must be heard. Conflicting interests must be harmonized, else our government is a failure. It will not do to sneer at any cause.

JOHN MCLOYD.

CHINA'S AWAKING.

THE Chinese Kingdom, whose extraordinary inhabitants a thousand years ago had become proficient in many arts and technical discoveries, made use of the mariner's compass long before the inventive Italians had discovered their magnetic needle. They had employed cannon before Berthold Schwarz made gunpowder, established a paper currency in the thirteenth century as efficient as the

Chace national banking system; ate their meals from the finest porcelain while in the castles of the German barons only tin plates were in use and wooden bowls in the huts of the German peasants. This extraordinary race, which, long before Guttenberg, employed movable type in printing, and whose gold, silver, and bronze works of art were the admiration of the world from the earliest period of

antiquity, has, at length, aroused itself from its long Rip Van Winkle sleep. The large concession that the American syndicate of capitalists has obtained is only one symptom of this awaking. Every mail from the Flowery Kingdom brings fresh evidences of the fact. It is wonderful, and not yet fully ascertained, how a people that in the Middle Ages, while there reigned in Europe the most barbarous condition, stood upon an elevation of culture which has only been attained by us in modern times, should have come abruptly to a stand-still as if a moral tetanus had fallen upon their social existence. The Chinese were engaged in mining long before the Greeks or Phœnicians; but for three hundred years, their metallurgical industries had almost wholly ceased, mining becoming arrested and their output of gold sinking to the lowest minimum. These mines are again about to be put in operation. Some few days since an enterprising American set out from San Francisco with inspectors, miners, and machinery in order to reopen the mines in the province of Shan Tung.

These mines gave, in their day, an abundant product; but in the fifteenth century, it is said, the discovery was made that metallurgical industry brought about a plague in the country; stormy weather was ascribed to the influence of evil spirits let loose by it; and one day the emperor issued a decree which interdicted mining operations of every description. Since that time the Chinese have restricted themselves to gold washing. Experts assert that the ore in Shan Tung will yield twenty dollars to the ton. As the Chinese laborers work for very low wages, an enormous profit may be anticipated from the output. Thus the powerful kingdom of the far East is waking up in every field of useful occupation to a new existence, and with the adaptability of the Mongolian race it will not be long before they will be able to continue their mining operations without the guidance of the Caucasian. There are already men-of-war commanded and manned by Chinamen, an achievement that twenty-five years ago would have been considered impracticable.

JUDGE NOT.

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?

How do we know?

Many, like sepulchres, are foul within,
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so.

How near to God the souls of such have been,
What mercy secret penitence may win —

How do we know?

How can we tell who sinned more than we?

How can we tell?

We think our brother walked guiltily,
Judging him in self-righteousness. Ah, well!

Perhaps had we been driven through the hell
Of his untold temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily walk than he —

How can we tell?

Dare we condemn the ills that others do?

Dare we condemn?

Their strength is small, their trials not a few,
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem.

And if to us more clearly than to them
Is given knowledge of the great and true,
More do they need our help and pity too —

Dare we condemn?

God help us all, and lead us day by day, —

God help us all!

We cannot walk alone the perfect way.

Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall.

We are but human, and our power is small;
Not one of us may boast, and not a day
Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to say,

God bless us all!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.



HAPPY New Year to the good
and true

In every land and clime!
Though their number is
but a very few,
They'll govern the world
in time.
Each winter's death and
each summer's birth

Is bringing that time more near!
Then joy will come to old Mother Earth,
And shall have a happy New Year.

Now the wicked rule, and the people mourn
And toil from morn till night,
Enriching the men who with lofty scorn
Dole out their weekly mite.

For human muscle is plenty and cheap,
Though food be ever so dear;
So the poor may struggle and want and weep:
God send them a happy New Year.

But the grand old Prophets of ancient times
Predicted that woe should cease,
That earth should be cleansed from her chil-
dren's crimes,

And be crowned with the fruits of peace;
That the laboring man should plant and build
While plenty his toil should cheer,
Inherit the fruits of the land he tilled,
And smile on each happy New Year.

And the day of the poor and the meek has
come,

Their sun has begun to rise,
And its rays shine bright on a happy home
For them 'neath the western skies.
Where the Saints of God have prepared the
way,

With a Prophet as pioneer,
And the honest of ev'ry creed may stay
For many a happy New Year.

Farewell to departing Eighty-Seven,
And welcome to Eighty-Eight!
Oh may it be rich with the wealth of heav'n
To all in Our Mountain State!
May it bring to the faithful poor release,
Who linger in bondage here,
And be to all lovers of truth and peace,
A glorious happy New Year!

CHARLES W. PENROSE.

"AND SO—I GAVE UP TRYING."

TO GIVE up trying—think of it! What a death knell for hearts not yet turned to clay! To what a pass must life have come; what a dreary looking forward it must be, when the morning's freshness matters nothing; when there is no longer any inspiration in the air, and one awakes and watches the slow dawn breaking upon a new world—new forever to the hopeful—and hears the birds blithe as ever among the trees, by the river's bank, or on the near hill, and yet feels no stirring of the heart, no slightest inclination to renew the struggle to attain! It is like death! I can think of nothing so wretched. "And so—I gave up trying." "And so"—for what cause? Well, the way was too steep, or I lost

all interest in it, or I was mistaken, I did not possess the ability I thought, or there was no sympathy, or health failed, or too many hands were raised against me, and I was driven to despair.

Whatever may have been the aim proposed, whatever may have made up the sum of the adversity which could not be overborne, we feel that the star of that life has set, and there is but the level, spiritless horizon stretched against the sky of night; and that the heedless feet which thenceforth will go stumbling along the twilight path were better, far better, fettered in grave clay—better that the starless life were done with altogether.

There is a plain duty which life demands of those who walk jauntily the

jocund road of prosperity and success; and that is, that they shall take heed not to sow in the hearts of less fortunate ones the seeds of despair. If they cannot or will not lend a helping hand, let them at least refrain from building barriers behind them upon the path they climb. These hinder only the weak. The strong toss them aside with a smile of contempt for the mean soul of the builder who thus wars against the unfortunate. Never give up trying, wherever you may be, and whatever may be the threatening ills which rise against you. What if gods and men and the whole world oppose you? There is always some place where the soul can be itself. There is no defeat except from within. There is really no insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose. There is no power either in heaven or earth that can successfully oppose the onward course of the perfectly determined soul. Success, as the world names it, is but a word, which, with the next breath, may signify defeat.

But success as the soul knows it, is to have within the sustaining sense of right and an unselfish purpose. There is no failure except in no longer trying. Never let the eyes cease to fix themselves upon the far-off star till death shall have darkened the light within them. For so to live and so to die is, after all, the only success, whatever the world may call it. "And so — I gave up trying." I have heard these words when the lips trembled and the tears would force themselves into the eyes, and I have heard them when the lips uttering them smiled carelessly, and the eyes looked no whit dimmed. But as often as I have heard them I have felt a strange shock, as though some impossible thing had happened, and never could I look upon the speaker without inwardly exclaiming, "Where got you that sublime strength to bear a grief so insupportable? From what planet did you pluck the unearthly courage to speak those words, the most melancholy, the most heartrending — "And so — I gave up trying."—

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

?

THIS mortal body that I wear
Will soon return to whence it came,
Resolved into the earth and air
By foul decay or purer flame.
The elements again will take
The atoms that they have bestowed,
And give them in their turn to make
Some other thinking soul's abode.

To die — is it another birth?
Or is it but an endless swoon?
Will we still roam the plains of earth,
Or climb the mountains of the moon?
Will memory still retain its hold
Upon the sad and sunny past,
Or in the eternal future's mould
Are all the precious metals cast?

Will love and truth and honor live,
And hate and wrong and falsehood die?
Will only grace and beauty give
Their glory to the by and by?
Or will the fruits and flowers and weeds
Still rankly flourish side by side, —
The laurels of heroic deeds
Twined with the poisonous vine of pride?

The child I danced upon my knee,
The sunlit hair and heaven-hued eyes,
Whose laughter filled my heart with glee,
My sweetest joy, my dearest prize, —
The years of grief have reached a score,
Yet still her soft embrace I miss, —
Will she upon the other shore
Welcome me with a spirit-kiss?

My boy grown near to mans estate,
My wife whose smile had blest the years,
Victims of a relentless fate—

I yielded to the grave with tears.
And like a seared and blasted tree,
Alone I stand where tempests lower;
The joys of earth have fled from me,
But yet I fear the parting hour.

Great Lord of Life, Creative Power,
If thou canst hear Thy creatures' call,
Before that dark impending hour
Disclose to me the mighty *All*.

Unlock the volume sealed so long,
The mystery of death and pain,
The cause and final doom of wrong,
That all the race have sought in vain.

Yet stay; I would not read the book;
Too awful might its secret be
For mortal eyes to rashly look
Upon the dreadful mystery.

Let me grope on through life's dark maze,
And blindly bow before Thy will,
That o'er my few remaining days
The light of hope may linger still.

F. A. LEE H.

A JOURNALISTIC SILVER WEDDING.

THE *Petit Journal* of Paris, whose gigantic circulation of now nearly one million copies a day makes ridiculous the oft-repeated falsehoods of the *Daily Telegraph* of London that it has the largest circulation in the world, recently attained what it pleased to call its silver wedding-day. In plain language it is twenty-four years since it started, and it celebrates the occasion by almost doubling its size. Henceforward its dimensions will be exactly those of our contemporary, the *Globe*, containing, however, four pages instead of eight.

Considering the extraordinary success of this little newspaper it is worth while to extract from the somewhat gushing remarks with which *Nos Noces d' Argent* are heralded a few points of general interest. The *Petit Journal* considers three characteristics to be essential to its prosperity. First, its news must be early and complete; secondly, its articles on political and economical subjects must be clear and intelligible; thirdly, it must faithfully describe new inventions. Now this summary, which appears over the well-known signature of "Thomas Grimm," is so diametrically opposed to the statement made to our representative in

March, 1885, by M. Marinoni, the chief proprietor of the paper, that it deserves a moment's attention. It will be remembered that M. Marinoni attributed the success of the paper mainly to the novels which it daily publishes. He told us that the chief novel which was then coming out, and which would last six months, cost him \$10,000 for the serial right alone. It was by Emile Richebourg, a very favorite author, and was appearing on the first page, while a second novel by another writer, which was appearing on the fourth page, and would also last six months, only cost \$2,500. It appeared, therefore, that novels alone was costing the paper 25,000 a year, and M. Marinoni remarked that the circulation of the paper was most affected by the success of *feuilletons*. M. Thomas Grimm, on the other hand, says nothing about the novels, but lays stress upon the excellence of his news, leading articles, and descriptions of new inventions. The appearance of the enlarged paper, however, confirms the views of M. Marinoni rather than those of M. Thomas Grimm. For the chief change in the contents of the enlarged sheet consists in the addition of a third

feuilleton. Henceforward, therefore, for threepence-halfpenny a week the million in France will have three new novels perpetually on hand, surely a very surprising and unprecedented circumstance.

Again, as to the growth of journalism in France. It appears that in the last twenty-four years the political organs of Paris have increased in number from 33 to 88, while the newspapers of all sorts, political and non-political, published in Paris were 865 in 1863, and are 1,540 now, from which it is clear that the Republic has been, as might have been expected, very favorable to the growth of political journalism in Paris. In the

provinces, however, the development of journalistic activity has been proportionally even greater than in the capital. Twenty-four years ago the departments had in round numbers 600 newspapers. Now that number has swollen to 2,819, or thirty-two in each department. The distribution, however, is very unequal, the *Bouches du Rhone* having 151, while *La Haute Loire* has only nine, and similarly with other departments. Evidently what has been happening in England has been happening in France. The weight of Provincial opinion has vastly increased, and the Paris journalists are relatively far less potent than they were.

LETTERS ON THE GOSPEL.

IV.

THE doctrine of baptism for the dead, I am aware, seems new and wonderfully strange to millions of Christians who have vainly sought to find out God and His ways without the voice of inspiration which guided the disciples of the Lord before they fell asleep in the arms of death; forgetting that where there is "no vision the people perish." That it is a glorious, heaven-inspired doctrine every honest person must admit, but it is not new. This is that spoken of by Mal. iv: 5, 6: "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse." Once more, why are the Saints building temples? That they

may turn their hearts to their fathers, because Elijah has come and commanded it. Thus, our mission is to the dead, as well as to the living. Men may still doubt as to the nature of the preaching of the Savior to the spirits in prison. To show, therefore, that it was the gospel, I quote as follows: "For this cause was *the gospel* (mark the words) preached also to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the Spirit" (1 Peter 4:6). In this we not only learn that the gospel *was* preached to the dead but we also learn the object of that preaching—namely, "that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the Spirit." Now, how will men in the flesh be judged? Will it be according to their professions of *faith*, or according to their works?

I think the Scriptures plainly declare that every person will be judged according to the *deeds* done in the body.

In connection with this we will not forget the deeds that may be done by "proxy" by the living for the dead, so that they, the dead, may be judged as the Apostle tells us. Our father Adam, it appears, owed a debt; for, through his fall death comes upon all. But Jesus comes forward and in the meridian of time, pays the debt with his own blood, hence, in Him shall all live again, some to eternal joys, others to eternal shame. Not shame because of Adam's transgression, for that is cancelled forever; but shame for rejecting on their own behalf the means of salvation, and by doing so, rendering the atoning blood of Christ ineffective to them, save to bring them forth in the resurrection to judgment.

Let us look at the doctrine of "substitutes" a little further: suppose a friend of yours dies, failing through ignorance, neglect, or otherwise to pay a lawful debt for which he was obligated. Will not the records or "books" of the firm or person to whom he owed the account show the indebtedness as much after as before death? Now suppose you go and voluntarily pay the amount due and the creditor of your friend accept the same in full balance of the account. Would not that act of yours protect the memory, and free your dead friend from all liability regarding that particular affair?

This is the doctrine of vicarious salvation. The doctrine of atonement wherein Jesus became a willing substitute and sacrifice; which also was foreshadowed in the offering of Isaac by Abraham wherein God likewise provided a substitute. So likewise is

baptism for the dead. Should you still have lingering doubts regarding the condition of the "thief" who evidently had never been baptized while in the flesh, carefully read the gospel as we have it in the Testament. To show that paradise is not heaven, however, I will quote one more passage before dismissing the subject. Jesus saith unto her, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go unto my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father and to my God and your God." (John xx : 17). This was on the third day after the crucifixion; thus you see that He had not been to His Father, and therefore if God dwells in heaven, heaven is not paradise for He promised the thief that he should be with Him in the latter place three days before He spoke to Mary as recorded in the last quotation. We know where He had been, namely: preaching to the spirits in prison.

Regarding the subject of "divine authority to preach the gospel," I will only say here that God will acknowledge no tree not of His planting, and that many in the final day will endeavor to tell Him what works they have done in His name, but they will be told to "depart, I never knew you." No earthly government, power or kingdom would ever acknowledge the acts of persons whom they had never commissioned or authorized. Neither will God. In the name of Christ Jesus our Lord, Savior and Master I bear you my humble testimony that this is true, I know it, not from man, neither by man, but from God.

I tell you in the name of the Lord, that God our Father has spoken and revealed Himself in our day. That the angel whom John the Revelator

saw flying in the midst of heaven, "having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come; and worship him that made heaven and earth, and the sea and the fountains of water," [See Rev. 14: 6, 7,] has delivered in our day "*the gospel*" spoken of in that revelation; and that we have been commanded to preach it to every nation and people on earth, "as a witness," before the end, or fall of Babylon come. For as you may see in the 8th verse, she has made *all nations* to drink of the wine of the wrath of her fornication. I bear my testimony that she has done this. Not one nation has escaped; no, not one. I bear my testimony that the gospel of

Christ is a perfect law of liberty, the power of God unto salvation, that signs follow the believer now as in ancient times thus manifesting the fruits as in days of old; that when this is not the case, men have but a form of godliness without the power thereof.

* * * * *

I cannot say, in answer to your question regarding my stay in Mexico, how long I may be here, a year perhaps, possibly more. My affectionate regards to your husband and all the family. I do pray for you all. Please answer this at your earliest convenience for to me it will always be a pleasure to hear from those whom I love. Do not forget that "The stripes of a friend are better than the kisses of an enemy."

MOSES THATCHER.

To Mrs. B—— N——.



WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN I am dead
I do not want a curious crowd
To come with lamentations loud
When life has fled,
Nor would I have my words or ways
Rehearsed, perhaps 'mid tardy praise.

When I am dead
I do not want strange, curious eyes
To scan my face when still it lies
In silence dread,
Nor do I want them if they would
To tell my deeds were ill or good.

When I am dead
I only want the very few
Who stood through good and evil too,
True Friendship's test;

Just they who sought to find the good,
And then, as only true friends should,
Forgave the rest.

They who with sympathetic heart
Sought hope and comfort to impart
When there was life,
Not keeping all the tears and sighs
Till weary worn-out nature dies
And ends the strife;

I'd have them come, the friendly few,
And drop perhaps a tear or two
By kindness led;
Not many tears I'd have them shed,
Nor do I want much sung or said
When I am dead.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J. H. PARRY & Co., *Publishers.*

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY, 1888.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

HAPPILY for our Territory, very little animosity exists between capital and labor, as capital here has not yet the power to combine to aggrandise itself at the expense of labor. But in the east and the west the relations between these forces are very different and they are constantly warring against each other. Capitalists own almost everything and combine upon every opportunity to depress the wages of the laboring classes, and to increase the price of the necessaries of life, and the tendency of modern civilization is to create more wealth for the rich, and to make the poor less prosperous and less able to provide for themselves the bare necessities of life. The laboring classes, on the other hand, are organized into brotherhoods and societies for mutual protection, for the maintenance of wages at living prices, and, when thought necessary, for the inauguration of strikes, which have heretofore proven alike disastrous to the capitalist and the laborer.

As a picture of the attitude of capital and labor, we cannot do better than quote a few paragraphs from a public lecture of Wendell Phillips, the great anti-slavery agitator of Boston. The lecture was delivered in Steinway Hall, New York, shortly before his death.

"As I look down the years that are coming, and descry the harvests of our own institutions in their growth, I feel

very gravely the vast importance—I might almost say the terrible significance—of this labor-question. You ask me to speak to you on the relations of capital and labor. I am a capitalist. Why do I come here? Because I am gravely dissatisfied with the civilization around me. I shrink from so large a word as that. Civilization is, in seeming, large and generous in some of its results; but, at the same time, hidden within are ulcers that confront social science, and leave it aghast. The students of social science, in every meeting that gathers itself, in every debate and discussion, confess themselves at their wits' end in dealing with the great social evils of the day. Nobody that looks into the subject but recognizes the fact that the disease is very grave and deep. The superficial observer does not know of the leak in the very body of the ship, but the captain and crew are suffering the anticipation of approaching ruin.

"Stretch out your gaze over all the civilized world. There are, perhaps, in Christendom, two or three hundred millions of people; and one-half of them never have enough to eat. Even in this country, one-half of the people have never enjoyed the resources of this life. All over the world one-half of Christendom starves, either bodily or mentally. That is no exaggeration. Take your city, and go down into the very slums of existence, where human beings by the thousand

live year in and year out, in dwellings which no man in Fifth Avenue would trust his horses in for twelve hours.

"Take the social spectre that confronts social science the world over, — prostitution, the social ulcer that eats into the nineteenth century. Everybody who studies the subject will confess that the root from which it grows is that the poverty of one class makes it the victim of the wealth of another.

"I take the thermometer of the price of English wheat for the last century, and place beside it the thermometer of crime; and I find, as the wheat goes up or down, the crime increases or diminishes. The great majority of the human race stands just on the edge of necessity. Has the classic genius of Greece and Rome, and the common sense of the Saxon race, given us nothing better than these apples of Sodom for the golden fruit of Paradise? One-quarter of the human race lives in ease; and the other three-fourths contribute to it, without sharing it.

"I am ashamed of the civilization which makes five thousand needy men dependent on one. The system which develops this is faulty in its very foundation.

"You say, Why find fault with civilization? To-night is a cold night, and you will go home to parlors and chambers warmed with the coal of Pennsylvania. Why don't you have coal here for two or three dollars a ton? Why don't you have it here at an advance of one dollar over what it costs at the mouth of the pit? Because of the gigantic corporations, and vast organizations of wealth. The capitalists gather three or four millions of tons in your city, — sell it when they please, at such rates as they please; and the

poor man struggling for his bread is the sufferer.

"A rich man is careful: he won't put his foot in any farther than allows of its being pulled back. If he heard a groan from the people at something he did, he would withdraw his investment; for nothing is more timid than wealth. But let that man take \$100,000 or so, and put it in with nine others, and make a corporation with a capital of \$1,000,000: then he is as bold as Julius Cæsar. He will starve out 13,000 coal miners. The London *Spectator* says that the colossal strength of Britain has reason to dread the jointure of \$456,000,000 of railroad capital. How much more should America have reason to dread such combinations, when Britain has more than ten times our wealth!

"Now, gentleman, you say to me, What do you intend to do? Every man has a different theory, but I have no panacea.

"The ultimate thing which we aim at is co-operation, where there is no labor as such, and no capital as such, — where every man is interested proportionately in the results. How will you reach it? Only by grappling with the present organizations of power in the nation. It is money that rivets the chains of labor. If I could, I would abolish every moneyed corporation in the United States. Yet I am not certain that this would be a wise measure, because it seems that the business of the nineteenth century can hardly be carried on without corporations; but, if it be true that facility and cheapness of production are solely to be reached by the machinery of corporations, then I say gentlemen, that the statesmanship of the generation is called upon to devise some method by which wealth may be incorporated,

and liberty saved. Pennsylvania has got to find out some method by which Harrisburg may exist without being the tail to the kite of the Pennsylvania Central Railway."

In writing to an English friend, this same fearless advocate of reforms said:

"I wish I could have an hour's talk with you on this labor and capital question,—one, perhaps, to have as angry an agitation as slavery caused. Wealth, with you, governs; but its power is, I suppose, somewhat masked, sometimes countervailed or checked by other forces. With us it rules, bare, naked, shameless, undis-

guised. Our *incorporated* wealth, often wielded by a single hand, is fearful with direct, and still more with indirect, power. We have single men who wield four hundred million dollars, so shaped that towns, counties, states, are its vassals. Two or three united railways (*one* president) will subject a state to their will. Vanderbilt is reported to say, 'It is cheaper and surer to buy Legislatures than voters. This is the peril of universal suffrage. Then, rum rules our great cities whenever it chooses to exert its power. The sadness of the whole thing is, one hardly sees whence the cure is to come.'"

A CROOKED STICK STRAIGHTENED.

I HAD an ugly, unruly boy in my room, and he gave me more trouble than all the rest of the class. All through the different grades of the large grammar school he had been a terror to his teachers, and he was hurried on to the next teacher with surprising alacrity and precision. He never lacked promotion. When I inherited him I felt as if Nemesis had overtaken me, and just how to control him and secure any kind of work from him was a problem I long wrestled with. For several weeks he was the terror of the room, and my reputation for good order and dignity was, I felt, fast disappearing. The boy would not obey unless he felt like it, and punishments had no effect on him. He was there, he knew he was there; he had a reputation to sustain; he had earned it by several years' close application to wrong doing, and he meant to maintain it at all hazards.

It is unnecessary to narrate his pranks. Every teacher has had such boys, and will readily recognize this

one. Every plan I evolved for the regeneration of the boy proved abortive. He wouldn't reform. Finally, by accident I stumbled on the cure. I am not ashamed to say that it was an accidental plan, for it was one of those unexpected things that philosophers tell us are bound to come to pass.

I discovered that he was interested in his drawing, or rather was interested in sketching odd bits of scenery, or objects in the room, not even omitting his respected teacher, who was a typical schoolmarm and wore glasses. I resolved to make the most of this one talent—if talent it was—and so one day, when I was in my best and sweetest mood, I asked the terror if he would not draw a plan for some shelves I wanted put up in my closet. He assented, and the sketch was neatly and accurately made. There was a new look in his eyes and a new expression on his face when he gave me the paper on which his drawings were made.

Then I advanced slowly and cau-

tiously. I needed some maps made, following a new invention of mine in cartography, I again employed the terror, and again the result was encouraging. The maps were models of neatness and precision. I judiciously praised him, and exhibited the maps to the class and called for copies. None ever equaled his, and his joy was complete.

We were studying the continent of Asia, and the terror never had his geography lesson learned; but when I suggested that if he were to keep up his reputation in drawing he must draw the details of the country he was sketching, geography became a new study to him, and he easily made excellent progress in this branch. To do this he had to forego some of his

"fooling business," and it was given up simply because he had something more to his liking to do.

In fine, and to the point, the terror came out of his chrysalis state a new creature. His old ways were left, and he readily adopted the better method of doing and living. From a slouching, unkept, uncouth, shambling, horrid boy, he emerged into being a respectable, neat, tidy, order-loving, painstaking, and industrious young man. I had found that there was something he could do, and something he liked to do, and that was all there was to it. By doing something worth the doing he had no time or liking for doing what was not worth the doing, and mischief became no longer the object of his existence.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed Dec. 15, 1887.

THE work of constructing the Manchester, England, ship canal was commenced Nov. 11, at Eastham, on the Mersey River, a little above Liverpool, on the Cheshire shore. The object of the canal is to give Manchester, now an inland city, access to the sea by making it a seaport town.

STRONG efforts will be made this winter to induce the Iowa legislature to establish in every county "courts of conciliation," like those which have long worked successfully in Denmark and Norway. These courts will not have coercive authority, but will seek to settle in a friendly way disputes between individuals, and to harmonize differences between employers and employees. In Denmark one party can compel the other to appear before the court, but if the case cannot be settled amicably, recourse must be had to the ordinary courts. No witnesses are usually summoned. The parties themselves are examined by the judge, who explains the law and suggests such legal and moral points as may be pertinent. As a result of this system in Denmark, it is said that five-sixths of all controversies are settled outside of the ordi-

nary courts. It is thought that the litigious spirit among farmers will be greatly weakened if the courts are established in Iowa,—but what will the lawyers say about this? A state tribunal designed to discourage law business will be looked on with surprise—but why not guard against shysters as well as quacks?

Nov. 18, A. H. Martin, who was charged with the killing of John H. Burton, in Salt Lake City on the 29 of May last, was acquitted in the Third District Court. The verdict was a surprise to those acquainted with the testimony furnished.

ON Nov. 18, Marshal Dyer took possession of the property belonging to the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company, consisting of a safe, desk, records, account books, etc., and defaced silver coin to the amount of \$2.25.

Nov. 23, the President's Office, in Salt Lake City, was seized by the Receiver, who discharged the clerks and demanded all the records, money, etc., in the place.

DEC. 2, Jules Grevy, president of France resigned.

DEC. 2, Rudger Clawson, whose term of imprisonment in the Utah Penitentiary for-

polygamy and unlawful cohabitation was nearly expired, was pardoned by the President of the United States.

DEC. 3, Sadi-Carnot was elected president of the French republic in the place of Grevy whose resignation was tendered the day previous.

Monsieur Marie Francois Sadi-Carnot, who has been elected to succeed Jules Grevy as President of the French Republic, is a son of M. Lazare Hippolyte Carnot, a well known politician and author of his day, and grandson of the celebrated War Minister of the first French Revolution. He was born August 11th, 1837. M. Sadi-Carnot is well educated but is of a negative disposition, and without the family tradition and political vantage ground assured him he would be



MARIE FRANCOIS SADI-CARNOT.

counted a nullity. He was educated for the life of an engineer, and in 1857 entered the Polytechnic School.

In January, 1870 he was appointed Prefect of the Department of Seine and was charged with the organization of the national defense. In February 1871 he was sent to the National Assembly from the department of the Cote d'Or and took his seat in that body with the Republican Left of which party he was made secretary. He supported earnestly all the laws of the definite establishment of the Republic. In the early part of 1876 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies from

Beaune and was made one of the secretaries of the Chamber. When M. Ferry became minister in September 1880, Carnot was promoted to the position of Minister of Public Works, but retired when Gambetta became premier in November, 1881. He was recalled to the same position by M. Brisson in April, 1885, and in 1886 was made Minister of Finance. He retained the position until DeFreycinet's retirement in December, 1886.

The President has made his expected change in the cabinet. December 6, he nominated Mr. Lamar for justice of the supreme court, Mr. Vilas for secretary of the interior and Don M. Dickinson of Michigan to succeed Mr. Vilas as postmaster-general. Mr Dickinson is the only new man of the three thus put forward. He is a distinguished lawyer in Detroit, who has taken a prominent part in the Democratic party management in his state, and has shown some skill in getting men of his choice into office, whether the same were elected or appointed.

DEC. 5, the Congress of the United States opened its session. President Cleveland, in his message to Congress, deals alone with the condition of the Treasury. For the past few years the nation's revenue has far exceeded the public expenditure, leaving a surplus in the Treasury, above the annual sinking fund, of several million dollars. The surplus during the year which ended in June, 1885, amounted to \$17,859,735.84; that for the year ending June, 1886 was \$49,405,545.20; and at the end of the year, ending June, 1887 it reached the enormous sum of \$55,567,849.34, making in these three years a total surplus in the Treasury of \$122,833,130.38. The President calls the attention of our national legislators to this fact with the suggestion that they devise some plan by which this surplus can be made use of. The President recommends that the revenues of the government be curtailed in the future by the reduction of the tariff on foreign importations. This suggestion called forth a reply from James G. Blaine, who advocates high duties as a protection to American industries. It is upon this issue of tariff reform that the next presidential campaign will be fought. The message is considered to be the most important, and the best written since the days of Lincoln, and has already stirred up much party feeling.

DEC. 5, Eliza R. Snow Smith, the most gifted and best known of Utah poets, died at her home in Salt Lake City. She was born

January 21, 1804, in Becket, Berkshire Co., Mass., being at the time of her death over eighty-three years of age. In her infancy her parents removed to Ohio, where she was carefully educated in the best schools of the region. She early became a member of the "Mormon" church, and upon the organization of the Female Relief Society in Nauvoo, she was appointed its secretary. She was identified with the Relief Societies up to her death, and for many years was at the head of these organizations in Utah.

When the principle of plural marriage was revealed she became the wife of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and she has been an able and fearless advocate of the doctrine ever since it was revealed.

Her talents as a poet were not surpassed by any modern writer, her particular forte

being hymns and songs; the following beautiful lines are a fair sample of her poetical gifts:

O my Father, thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place!
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside?
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near Thy side?

I had learned to call Thee Father,
Through Thy Spirit from on high;
But, until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heavens are parents single?
No; the thought makes reason stare!
Truth is reason; truth eternal
Tells me I've a mother there.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE DEBATER'S HANDBOOK. Including J. Sheridan Knowles' debate on the character of Cæsar. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, 50 cents.

This little volume will be welcomed by schools and literary societies. Besides the model "debate on Cæsar's character," it contains directions for conducting a debate, and a list of more than a hundred most excellent questions for debate, with copious references to authorities. It concludes with a letter from Horace Mann, embracing valuable suggestions.

PERSEVERANCE ISLAND. By Douglas Frazer, author of "Practical Boat-Building." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.

A Yankee Crusoe, which will prove as interesting to youthful readers as old Robinson himself.

FAITH'S FESTIVALS. By Mary Lakeman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.

This is a pretty and dainty little book and charming to read. It is the story of a joyous and charming life, neatly told in a very interesting manner. The book is beautifully bound in white and gold.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMALIN. With fourteen full page illustrations by Percy Macquoid, R. I., Boston: Lee & Shepard. Oblong quarto, bound in gold cloth. \$3.50.

This fine poem of Sir Walter Scott is well illustrated with broad sketches after the manner of the Spanish painters, which are very effective and pleasing.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS. Gathered by Irene E. Jerome, author of "Nature's Hallelujah." Original Illustrations on wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 4to. \$3.75.

This is one of the most exquisitely gotten up books of the season. The illustrations and verses are beautifully blended in artistic arrangement and sentiment.

"Ready About," from the Boat-BUILDER Series of Oliver Optic, and "Peter Budstone, the Boy that was Hazed," J. T. Trowbridge's latest story book for boys, from the same publishers, will prove very interesting reading, as also will Miss Douglas' last novel, "The Fortunes of the Faradays."

From Lee & Shepard, Boston, we have received the following: "Oh, why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," "Gray's Elegy, Written in a Churchyard," "That Glorious Song of Old," "It was the Calm and Silent Night," "Ring out Wild Bells," "The Breaking Waves Dashed High." These are all familiar to the general reader, and in their present form will prove treasures of much value. They are beautifully bound in gold cloth, and each book is handsomely illustrated. Price 50 cents.

SALMAGUNDI.

IT RAINS alike on the just and the unjust — on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.

CLOSING the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. This accounts for the many eyes that close in church on Sunday.

"BROTHER TOM says bicycle-riding is splendid exercise for the calves. Grandma says it may be, but she can't for the life of her see how you would get them to stay on."

MR. HEEP said to a drunken fellow, "If I were in your place, I would go out to the woods and hang myself." The answer was, "If yooz in my plaiish, you couldn't get there."

A VERY neat definition of the word "suspicion" was that given by a jealous husband: "A suspicion is a feeling that impels you to try to find out something which you don't wish to know."

THE number of one-armed young men seen driving out with young ladies, these winter evenings, is truly appalling. An old soldier at our elbow says that one arm is invariably lost during an engagement.

"VY CHOULD I have de gout, toctor?" The doctor said perhaps it was hereditary: upon which Hans replied, "Ah, you are much right now. My wife's uncle used to have him; and I inherit him. Don't it?"

"TWENTY-FIVE cents a pound for sausages? Why I can get 'em down at Schmidt's for twenty cents!" — "Vell, den, vy didn't yer?" — "'Cause, Schmidt was out of 'em." — "Vell uv I was owit of 'em, I sell 'em for twenty cents too."

AT a museum some one was exhibiting the skull of Cromwell. A gentleman present remarked that it was too small for Cromwell, who had a very large head. "I know all about that," replied the undisturbed exhibitor, "but you see, ladies and gentlemen, *this was his skull when he was a boy.*"

EMPLOYER: "I am very suspicious of young men nowadays. You can't tell how they are going to turn out. Why, in six months they know a good deal more about your business than you do yourself, and want to manage it entirely!" Applicant for position: "I can assure you, sir, that, if you will engage me, I will devote as little time as possible to your business."

PAT'S LEGACY. — "What did your father leave you when he died, Pat?" "Faith, he left me an orphan!"

WOMAN has always been more than a match for man. Adam held the best cards, but didn't know how to play them well.

"MAMMA, is a shepherd a man who 'tends to sheep?" "Yes, dear." "Well, is a cow-ard a man who 'tends to cows?" "No, dear but a woman is when she sees one."

"I TELL you what it is, Gus: Araminta's father can't appreciate us. He has no soul." "Oh! he hasn't! eh? Well, if you'd been in my place last night you'd have thought he was all sole."

A GENTLEMAN, noticing that his wife's bonnets grew smaller and smaller and the bills larger and larger, said calmly, "I suppose this thing will go on until the milliner will send nothing but the bill!"

PARENT, angrily: "You have been in the water! You were fishing!" Son: "Yes, father, I was in the water; but I got a boy out who might have been drowned." Father: "Indeed! Who was it?" Son: "Myself!"

PATENT AGENT. "I've got just the thing you want. It is a book-holder, and—" GERMAN PROFESSOR. "Vell, I don' vant him. I was hold on to my books poody vell. Vat I vant ish a padent ash vill pring back dot books vat was borrowed from me."

AN ERRING husband, who had exhausted all explanation for late hours, and had no apology ready, recently slipped into the house about one o'clock very softly, denuded himself gently and began rocking the cradle by the bedside as if he had been awakened out of a sound sleep by infantile cries. He had rocked away for five minutes, when Mary Jane, who had silently observed the whole manœuvre, said, "Come to bed, you fool! the baby ain't there."

A HABERDASHER, one day, standing, as was his wont, at his door, under the sign of the Golden Lamb, was accosted by a townsman, and a neighbor. "Good morning Andrew," said the passing townsman, "what be you thinking of?" "I 'was thinking," said the haberdasher, glancing up at his sign, "as how the lamb is a picture of innocence." "Yes, friend Andrew; but that one of yours is a picture of guilt."



THE CITY OF MEXICO AND ITS ENVIRONS.—IN THE SUBURBS.

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THE CITY OF MEXICO AND ITS ENVIRONS.

VII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PEOPLE.



THE 300,000 inhabitants of the City of Mexico, contain, doubtless, a larger percentage of foreigners than that of

any other city of the Republic. Nearly all the mercantile business is done by them, and they are generally very well-to-do. According to the last census, (1883) there are about ten million people in the twenty-three states and two territories comprising the Mexican Republic, half of whom are pure blooded Indians, about one and a half millions are *creoles*, or whites, Europeans and their descendants, and the remainder are mixed. From my own observation I would think that the percentage of Indians was considerably greater.

Generally speaking, their position in society corresponds to the amount of white blood they have in their veins. Most of the civil and military officers, cadets, and public men are classed

among the *creoles* and mixed races, the Spanish blood predominating, while in the laboring class the blood of the ancient Aztecs still courses almost entirely unmingled with that of the stranger.

The Aztecs are rather small in stature, and resemble much their more barbarous cousins of the north in color, disposition, and general characteristics. They are, however, civilized, and patriotic, and many are well educated.

The government supports a great many free schools, and considerable attention and encouragement are given to education. Knowledge kindles ambition; and many of these Indians, through industry and perseverance, have succeeded in attaining the highest positions within the reach of Mexican citizens, and displayed talent and patriotism of the highest order. Several of the Presidents—among them the immortal Benito Juarez—were pure blooded Indians, and proud of their humble parentage.

It may be said that society here is divided into but two classes—the rich who are generally very rich though not very numerous, and the poor, who occupy the other extreme in both re-

spects. An impassable gulf seems to separate them, unbridged by a healthy, well-to-do middle class, so essential to the well being of society. In fact, throughout the whole Republic there exists in a modified condition the same old feudal system introduced by the conquerors of this fair land. I was told that an ex-Governor of one of the states owned sufficient land for 40,000 inhabitants, and it was lying almost idle and unoccupied. The taxes being laid upon the crop instead of the land accounts for the possibility of such men holding such vast tracts of idle land.

The national costume is peculiar. The *peon*, or common laborer seems content dressed in shirt and trousers of *manta*, a white cotton cloth made there, a nine-cent palm hat, and leather sandals of his own make; but his more wealthy countryman wears a very high crowned sombrero, richly ornamented with silver and gold, a short tight-fitting coat, with silver half-dollars for buttons down the front, while the back is adorned with fancy braid work, or, perhaps, rows of silver *reals* down the seams, a vest to match, and very tight pantaloons which are also adorned with two rows of showy buttons down each outside seam, each pair of buttons often being joined over the seam by a small piece of silver chain. Heavy spurs dangle at his high-heeled boots, and a great silver mounted pistol hanging from a belt filled with cartridges completes his ordinary attire though in cold or stormy weather, or when traveling, he is supplied with a *zarape*, a thick, heavy shawl or blanket, often woven in beautiful designs, with a slit in the center through which the wearer thrusts his head. This is one of the most indispensable articles of a Mexican's dress, and all are provided

with them. During the day it keeps out alike the cold and the wet, and at night serves as a blanket, often the only covering they have. Those who can afford it, wear very expensive clothing, their sombreros and zarapes in particular being very costly. I know of one instance (which is not an isolated one by any means) where a young man paid his three months' salary for a hat! and it often happens that a man's hat will cost more than all the rest of his clothing combined.

The wives and daughters of the wealthy dress similar to those of the same class in England and America, sometimes sending direct to Paris for dresses; and most of the lawyers, government-officials and business men of the Capital have discarded the national costume, and appear in high hats, frock coats, etc., the same as in our own country.

The females of the lower class generally wear a low-necked chemise of white cotton cloth, and one or two skirts of the same material, or of calico. When on the street their head and shoulders are enveloped in a *reboza*, a long, thin cotton shawl wove in different colors and designs. This also serves to hide a basket, or parcel the wearer may be carrying, as even the poorest in Mexico dislike to be seen carrying a parcel, and all that can afford it, hire *cargadores* to take them. Among the very poorest, the female costume is simplicity itself. It consists of a long strip of woollen cloth made by themselves, wrapped twice around the waist, and sufficiently wide to reach the feet. It is held in position by a girdle which encircles the waist. It is without ruffle, frill, or bustle, or even a seam. The covering for the upper part of the body is in harmony with the skirt, being about

a yard of the same material, with a longitudinal slit in the centre, and is worn after the fashion of a *zarape*, giving free use to their bare shapely arms. Only women of the wealthier

ther on; but the working portion are very industrious and toil early and late. Before the first gray tints of dawn herald the approaching day, the sound of the factory whistle arouses the

IMPRISONMENT OF THE DEBTOR.



class wear hats or bonnets, the others going without a head-covering, or using a *reboza* for that purpose.

Mexico, like other large cities, contains its quota of idlers called there *leperos* of whom more will be said fur-

slumbering workmen, and thirty minutes later calls him to his daily toil from which he is not released until a late hour in the evening. The streets, too, are thronged from five o'clock in the morning until ten at night with

busy multitudes. Often have I seen droves of patient *burros* at daylight, passing through the streets of Mexico laden heavily with lumber, charcoal, crockery-ware, vegetables, or other produce for market, that had traveled, perhaps, twenty miles before reaching the city, their drivers often carrying a load, too. These tame little donkeys deserve a passing remark, for they are useful in many ways. They are not only the chief beast of burden in Mexico, sometimes carrying almost incredible loads, but their long shaggy hair is woven into cloth, and their milk is deemed a great luxury. They are cheaply kept and do nearly all the freighting not done by the railroads, as they can travel where there are no wagon roads, there being very few such roads in the Republic. Many times I have looked down into the street from the balcony and seen piles of boards gliding along without any motive power visible, and a stranger would scarcely suspect that a patient little burro was secreted underneath each were it not for the impatient driver urging them to go faster.

As a workman, the Mexican is slow but he generally does his work well. Especially is this true of masons. The ancient buildings in and near the city testify to the quality of the work done by them. Seldom does a wall crack though the foundation may settle several feet in the water-logged soil on which the city is built; and many a time have I passed over an arched bridge of stone which spans a deep chasm and bears the date of 1798, that is apparently as strong now as in the year it was built, though it shows no signs of having been repaired. In his method of work, however, he is far behind the times. The farmer is content to plow his land with a forked

limb of a tree, or a primitive, one-handed, wooden plow of his own make fastened to the horns of his oxen; but his long furrows are as straight and true as though each one were laid off by a surveyor. A firm that tried to introduce modern agricultural implements had to cut off one handle of his plow before he could sell any, and now the manufacturers make one handled plows for the Mexican market.

The coarse maguery sack for removing dirt from any excavation is preferred to the wheelbarrow, and I was told that when an American first introduced the wheelbarrow there, his workmen substituted a man for the wheel, not understanding the utility of that member of the strange implement, and carried the load. They soon abandoned it in disgust, and returned to the sack their forefathers had used.

Prices for labor are exceedingly low. A common workman earns from 18 cents to three *reals*— $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents—a day, while a man with a trade gets from fifty to seventy-five cents a day. The families of this class are generally very large, and one marvels how they can be maintained on such a meagre salary—and, indeed, it is a marvel. When out of employment a few days they are forced to go into debt, and too often the pawn shop pays these debts at a great sacrifice to the poor borrower who often pays the enormous interest of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per month, and never less than $6\frac{1}{4}$. It is needless to say that the pawn shops thrive.

On haciendas and remote places where there are no pawn shops, the poor debtor often pawns his own body to the owner of the plantation on which he works, and becomes a perpetual slave, as the shrewd owner

fixes the interest so high and the wages so low that it becomes utterly impossible for the poor fellow to sustain his family and get enough ahead to pay more than the interest as it becomes due. The owners of haciendas and mines, where there is no other civil organization, are endowed by law with similar powers to those of a justice of the peace, as they often have several hundred men employed, and need sufficient powers to control them. These powers are often abused, however, and the poor are again the victim. When the unscrupulous owner gets tired of paying his men the small wages they ask, he seeks an opportunity to arrest and fine them. Of course, they are unable to pay a fine so they are conducted to the jail. After languishing there for several days, the owner generously offers to pay the fine, taking the prisoner's body as security, and thus obtains a workman for years and perhaps for life.

The food of the laboring class is frugal indeed, and consists mainly of tortillas, beans and red peppers, with an occasional addition of soup, rice, or a little meat. The tortilla, or Mexican bread, is a characteristic of that people and perhaps used by no other. It is made of corn soaked over night in lime water to hull it, when it is ground in the most primitive manner between two stones, making a stiff dough which is patted out between the palms into thin cakes and baked on a large pottery plate over the fire. They contain no yeast, shortening, or seasoning of any kind, not even salt.

Ordinarily, the meal is served on a mat on the ground without plate, knife, fork, or spoon, the tortilla taking the place of all. A piece of meat is rolled in it and eaten with it. Beans, rice, soup and thin food are conveyed

to the mouth on a piece of tortilla folded into a scoop-like form, the end of which is bitten off with each mouthful and eaten with its contents. There are no stoves in Mexico, and the houses have no chimneys. The cook-



MEXICAN PEDDLER.

ing is done on open fires of charcoal made on a crockery fire pan or a brick *brasero*. Household supplies are never bought in quantities as in our country; each day's food and fuel are purchased in the morning. As this custom necessitates a vast amount of

shopping an innumerable host of itinerant vendors have sprung into existence, whose cries create an almost unbearable din in the streets. Almost any article imaginable can be bought of them. Fruit, sweetmeats, cakes, calico, shoes, poultry, crockery-ware, wooden-ware, stationery, farm products, toys, etc., etc., are among the things sold in this way. In many instances they solve the middle men problem, the seller being the producer. Many of these peddlers will walk the streets all day to dispose of a twenty-five-cent stock of goods, the profit on which could not be more than six cents.

Many of them are very shrewd as well as unscrupulous and take advantage of the buyer in every way possible. Especially is the stranger victimized by his being unacquainted with the prices there. An example or two will illustrate how they manage it.

Two friends of mine were passing down one of the principal streets one day when they were accosted by a young fellow who had an odd toy for sale. "*Quanto vale?*" asked one of them who spoke a little Spanish. "*Dos pesos,*" (two dollars) was the reply, as he proceeded to exhibit the beauties and merits of the article. Not wishing the toy my friend jok-

ingly remarked: "*Dos reales.*" To his surprise the offer was quickly accepted, the toy thrust into his hand, and a demand for the two-bits made so suddenly that it was impossible to find any excuse for backing out, so he bought the toy for 25 cents, to the great satisfaction of the seller whose first price was two dollars.

Last winter many excursionists from the United States visited Mexico, to the great delight of these sharks, who never lost an opportunity to victimize them.

One evening a company of young American tourists were standing in front of one of the leading hotels, when one of them drew from his pocket a small folding album of Mexican views, and remarked:

"See what I got to-day for seventy-five cents."

"Well, you got cheated," said one of the others, "for I bought one just like it for half a dollar."

"I paid only three reals for mine," exclaimed a third, while a fourth astonished the crowd by declaring he had purchased two for twenty-five cents. The regular price, at which I have frequently bought them, is six cents each.

H. C.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

A PAPER read by Canon Isaac Taylor at the last meeting of the British Association is suggestive of very practical reflections. It appears that philologists are now dethroning the Sanscrit as the primitive language of the Aryan race, and concluding that the

Proto-Aryan came from Northern Europe, not from Central Asia.

I am quite incompetent to express any opinion on the merits of the disputed questions, but noting the conclusions of the ablest students of ethnology and ancient history, am

struck with their convergence towards one great central fact, approaching in its generality to a natural law. It is this, viz: that at all times down to the present, the conquering, prevailing, and dominant people, whether we call them races, tribes, or nations, have come from the North; that the flow of superior human energy has come from cold, bleak, inhospitable regions; that in spite of the physiological fact that the bare skin, the teeth, and other elements of human structure, all indicate our tropical or sub-tropical origin, the story of tropical and sub-tropical man is a history of stagnant savages, or of energetic immigrants from higher latitudes, who made certain advances in civilization at first, and then declined as they became fully acclimatized. Why is this? The general reply is, of course, that it is directly due to the enervating influence of climate. I doubt this. I believe it is due to the fact that the stagnant aborigines of the South obtained their livelihood too easily, became sensual, self-indulgent, and lazy, owing to the abundant supplies of easily obtainable food; that the energetic invaders presently became an aristocracy, and, therefore, degenerated into a still more sensual, still more self-indulgent, and still lazier condition.

Here in our temperate or rather rigorous, climate, we have two well-marked varieties living side by side. We have an aristocracy and a democracy, people with titles and vaunted lineage, and the vulgar herd of Smiths, Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons. Now, mark the difference of the vitality of these. The latter increase and multiply so vigorously that they are overspreading the earth. The aristocracy, on the other hand, are dying out like petted poodle-dogs, and these

breeds of fancy poultry, the hens of which cannot hatch their own eggs. The British House of Lords, in spite of the artificial efforts to drag in collateral branches to the family titles, cannot maintain its numbers without continual reinforcement from picked specimens of the most energetic of the democracy. There are some exceptions of course, some very energetic peers descended from a long line of peers; but a curiously large proportion of these are of mixed blood, owing to ancestral marriage with an actress, or the daughter of a wealthy self-made citizen, or other so-called *mesalliance*. The rest really belong to the working classes, in spite of their titles. Their fathers have been hard-working politicians or working sportsmen, or, in a few rare cases, hard students. *Ergo*. Every human being should earn his or her daily bread by daily work; the inheritance of such an amount of wealth as shall render a man or a woman a mere purposeless pleasure-seeker is a most degrading curse. The unemployed of Belgravia and May Fair are more to be pitied than those of Whitechapel. The latter may get work presently; the poodles are hopeless. The Anglo-Saxon race is now the richest in the world. This great wealth will become a blessing or a curse, according to its distribution. All legislation should be based on this fundamental theorem.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

HOUSEWIFE (to new domestic):
 "There is one thing I wish to say to you. The last girl had a habit of coming into the parlor and playing the piano occasionally. You never play the piano, do you?" New Domestic
 "Yis, mum, I plays; but I'll hev to charge aixtry if I'm to furnish music."

"THE MINISTRATION OF DEATH."

I.

IT WAS a cold, damp afternoon, and the line of carriages in front of Mrs. Henley Linden's house, at the hour for afternoon tea, grew larger every minute, and the crowd within more appreciative of warmth and comfort. The large quaintly handsome rooms were filled, and there was a perpetual shimmering going on, the rustling, gliding, slipping of silken skirts, the waving of feathers and laces, glistening of jewels and beads, all softly visible in the shaded lamp-light and rosy fire-light which blended so becomingly. It was really a pity there were no men to be grateful for the sight, for whether from the gentle excitement of the tea, the management of the lights, the glowing effects of the weather, or some unknown cause, it is certain that the plain women were looking pretty, the pretty beautiful, the despondent bright, and the older ones young on this particular occasion. A group near the fire-place were discussing some one with great zest. Miss Delmar, stout, dark, rather masculine, but who was always spoken of as one of the cleverest women in Washington (*very satirical*, usually added in a whisper), was the speaker, and a tall woman with gray hair, a young-looking, striking face, and very bright eyes, listened eagerly.

"If there is nothing in it, why is he never seen out with her anywhere? what is the reason you never find him with her at home? Who ever heard of a young woman having to apologize for her husband's absence from his own dinner table before? Nonsense! Of course he is jealous of her, and of course he has reason to be. No smoke with-

out *some* fire, I say; and if he is handsome and attractive, why shouldn't she go the way of other women?"

"Other women?" interposed a young girl who was lounging in a large chair near by, and who, while surveying the scene with half-closed, near-sighted eyes, and an air of languid indifference, lost nothing of what was passing. "What do you mean, my dear Miss Delmar, by such unlimited expressions? *Some* other women may go the way of Mrs. Fitzgerald."

"Oh, then you agree with me, Lucinda, that she *is* traveling in the wrong direction, don't you? I thought you must have heard a good deal that was odd the other night at the Prendergast's, when you were sitting so near in the conservatory. She and the count were very well hidden, but I saw them, and you certainly heard them so come and unbosom yourself. What were they saying?"

"Now did ever any one hear the equal of this creature? Fancy expecting me to overhear the conversation of other people when I was talking myself to Mr. Mallerton, and he was as near love-making as he ever gets! I not only never heard Mrs. Fitz and the count, but did not see them; and," she continued, in a lower tone, turning to a girl with pretty red hair and bright hazel eyes on the other side, "if I had heard volumes and seen folios, I should never have brought my news to your market."

"Well," said the tall lady with gray hair, "I assure you that I come down to breakfast every morning of my life expecting to hear that Mrs. Fitzgerald has eloped with Count Stanislaus

during the night. Why, he is always with her."

A slight stir among the crowd by the door, and an extremely graceful woman of about thirty was seen making her way toward the hostess, who rose to receive her with effusive cordiality. There was a slight, a very slight pause in the low hum of talk, and a simultaneous flutter all over the room of heads turning to look at the new-comer, but the conversation flowed on, the pretty heads twisted this way and that again, and the scarcely perceptible effect was over before Mrs. Linden's clear, rapid words of welcome were all spoken.

"Ah, Mrs. Fitzgerald, so glad to see you! Just the weather to make one feel grateful to the good people who brave it. Don't tread on Malvina; she always makes up to you. There is no doubt that cats and dogs know their best friends. Sit down and let me give you some delicious Japanese tea."

"Mrs. Fitzgerald is that you? Come over and sit here by the fire with us;" and Miss Delmar made room for her between herself and Mrs. Macclesfield, while two or three others who had listened with eager interest to her predictions and assertions now greeted the unconscious subject of them with the sweetest smiles. Why not? even if she and her husband were on decidedly bad terms, of which there was as yet no positive evidence, Mr. Fitzgerald was in office, rich, well born, agreeable to an uncommon degree, and universally believed in as rising fast to power.

Certainly, whatever people might say of his wife behind her back, there was no woman more courted and flattered, no one whose sayings and doings were more eagerly chronicled and admiringly interpreted. Look at her

now as, laughingly declining to sit down, she stands for a few moments in front of her late critics talking and looking about her, what a blithe, proud carriage she has, how firmly and gracefully the clever little head with its close-fitting coif of braided gold is held! The face is very pale, with deep red lips, flexible lovely lips, and the prettiest white teeth in the world.

"How pretty, how very pretty she is!" murmurs an innocent debutante, watching her with deepest admiration.

"Pretty, indeed," answered her companion, "with that skin like chalk, those great black eyes and coal-black eyebrows, and all that tow-colored hair! I cannot see her beauty."

Mrs. Fitzgerald heard her, and the laugh which bubbled from her lips was as gay as a child's, while at the same moment her hand closed over a letter she was carrying in her muff, and a darting thought left a faint glow of color in her cheeks. That letter was short but pregnant with meaning; in a man's hand, but not her husband's; and her danger, in possessing it, no greater than she deserved; but if this woman belonged to the devil's kingdom, she did not yet wear his livery. Her smile was ingenuous, with all its subtlety; the purest soul could look through no purer, clearer eyes; and the cross fox-terrier followed her from group to group, and settled herself at her feet where she stood. She talked of last night's dance, of this night's ball, of Miss A's partners and Mrs. B's pearls, was witty and soft and grave by turns; but through it all there was running in her mind, as if at the bottom of her consciousness, a wonder of wonders, a surprise of questioning terror nothing could hide or quell. "Am I a lost woman or not! Shall I go back to my home and lie down in peace, the

safely sheltered wife of a good man, or shall I leave husband, home, child, friends, heaven itself, behind me, to become—what?" This last question was what she could not answer, and upon which her mind was steadily at work all the time. Through everything, overpowering the lively talk within, hushing the noisy wind without, it made itself heard, and would not be denied, "What sort of a creature shall I be if I do—*when* I do this thing?"

Set apart from other women only by being placed on a pedestal of love and devotion, tenderly cared for, never put aside for ambition, or neglected in the rush of public life, but always wandering through beautiful scenes, painting, singing, sharing all the delights of music and poetry with one who has true sympathy for both. Yes, that was the right answer. But she had seen something every now and then by gas-light with haggard eyes and ghastly cheeks—what folly!—as if that could ever be! No, she would shake off this foolish, superstitious dread; she had lived a life of frivolous amusement because she had fallen into the groove, but the intellectual, sympathetic life of her ideal girlish longing was now within her reach.

Again that anxious pause in all her thoughts, while the same rush of impulsive questioning, not formed, not expressed, but powerful, seemed once more to swell above every other sound. As it subsided she found these words running in her head:

"Nay, too late for hill-mounting;
Nay, too late for east-counting."

"Well," she continued, thinking voluntarily and almost aloud, "if I find the burden of sin the old books tell us

to be a real thing, and I cannot carry it with dignity, I can always sink beneath it with grace. It is not much to die."

As this passed through her abnormally quickened mind she was standing opposite a large mirror, and could see her own face and figure, while she laughed and chatted about the reception at the Abyssinian Embassy. How young she looked! and in spite of what that old woman had said, how pretty she was! She could not help having eyes in her head, and there was no use in pretending. She must see it if she were not a fool; she certainly did make other women look faded and coarse beside her. Curious that just at that very moment, with so much to think of, with her difficult part to play, and her whole life hanging on a thread, all of a sudden she had gone back ten years to the very morning of her wedding day, and was standing before the glass in her own bedroom waiting for her father to take her down. She glanced at herself again as the memory rushed upon her and the vision grew clearer. Surely that was the same light-hearted girl, and the interval had only been a feverish, delusive dream. She had nothing to dread in the future, or mourn in the past; her father loved and trusted her; her lover—Yes, her lover! Who was her lover? Not the hard, unresponsive husband whom she was determined to punish for all his indifference and careless neglect, and not the brilliant, many-sided Hungarian whose letter was in her hand—no, neither of these; but the thoughtful, loving gaze which the glass seemed to reflect from some one at her side was a look she had known in her sweetheart's eyes before she married him, and which alone she instinctively identified with

that word "lover." What was Mrs. Drayton saying to her about the Japanese minister? She really must give up falling into reveries in public; people would think she had something on her mind. People would think, indeed! What difference would people's thoughts ever make to her again! She was soon—yes, by-the-way, *that very night*—how time does fly on!

"Is it actually six o'clock? Oh! then I must be off! We have what I call a business dinner to-night—some of Randolph's constituents—and I am always late anyway.

"Can I put you down at your door, Lucinda?"

A vague sense of saying "Good-by," then a rush of cold air, and the feeling of warm furs around her. She was in her own coupe, thank fortune! How her head was whirling! or were they only driving fast? Heavens! who was this with her? Oh, Lucinda Belden! Why, how came she here? Yes, I remember now. Did I give the order to leave her at home? "Good-night." "Good-night." Oh, for darkness and silence around me, it only for ten minutes! and if I could stop feeling so hurried, so pressingly hurried!" Mrs. Fitzgerald was at home at last, and as she walked slowly upstairs to dress for dinner, she asked a servant at what time it had been ordered. "At half past seven." She went into her dressing-room, a bright, richly glowing wood fire was there alone, throbbing like a heart in the darkness. She bent forward and looked at her clock. Fifteen minutes past six. "Marie, you can give me my dressing-gown, and have everything ready for me to dress quickly. I must rest for half an hour; call me in that time."

At last she was alone in the dark, stretched out in the low chair where

she could think comfortably and face her position. It seemed such an incredible one even now. How had it come about that she who had married for love, who had been carefully taught to know the right and to do it, who was proud of her father's, yes, of her husband's name, and who had a little son to suffer for her disgrace, should ever have come to such a pass as this, and be deliberating calmly upon whether she should leave her husband's house with another man or not? It seemed impossible that it could be true, and yet she could trace every step, remember every tiny detail which had brought her to it. Her thoughts were clear and vivid now, and worked with the force and speed of some machine. What had been the very beginning? When they first married and moved from her old home on the Hudson to Washington, she had been proud of Randolph's political life, of his being so much thought of, and taking his place easily among men much older than himself, and she had felt great sympathy with his schemes of reform. But before long it seemed to her that he thought of nothing else; she was put on one side and neglected, while he always had time for more and more work. Stop! let her be strictly honest; of course it was of very little importance now, for the main fact that he had ceased to care for her had been long established; but was she quite true in saying that he had neglected her for his work? Certainly he had sometimes refused to go out with her, but she could remember times when he *had* gone at her insistence, looking worn and tired. And she could even recall his laughing, incredulous look when she had told him he loved his work and cared for his ambition more than he loved and

cared for her. He had not laughed afterward at what she said. Well, she was glad she had stung him. Nothing she had ever said would have been a real excuse for his cold, proud manner, his studied politeness, and the way he had avoided her afterward. She could have forgiven even that, if he had cared; but to see him steadily growing more absorbed in his public life, treating her always with that calm, *forgetting* indifference, not even trying to win her back, or to— Yet then, again, she could not say that. Had he not always been most kind and gentle? and how could he persist in showing her affection after the way in which she had repulsed him, and the marked manner in which she had thrown herself into a whirl of gayeties in whose midst she knew he could not pursue her? Of course she had been perfectly right. No woman should ever consent to be second in her husband's life or heart or mind to anything, no matter how worthy in itself the object may be. But hush! this is nonsense. What had she really cared for all such jealousies as these? Could she have ever really made herself miserable over such follies? No. Though the thought even from her inmost soul has been hidden away, though she has refused herself permission to dream of it even, yet to-night, at this moment of fate, she must face it, think of it, decide the question in her heart at least. Yes, this has been the real grief, the working poison, the keen-edged sword between herself and her husband; this hateful story, told so circumstantially, attested so carefully and credibly, never wholly believed, but powerful to destroy her for all that, of a rival, young, beautiful, and absorbing, who has stolen from her the best part of her life. As the vile rec-

ollection rushes unchecked upon her, its true character for the first time strikes her, and she shrinks, as if from a blow, from the conviction it brings that the whole is an invention of one whose interest it would be to make her believe it. The reaction is almost as rapid as the thought. "No no; it must have had *some* truth. No one could have invented such a lie. Yes, it is true; it must, it shall be true. I cannot, I will not doubt it. It has tortured me for months; it has brought me to this position in which I stand. I will not doubt it to-night of all nights." Her thoughts wander on almost without volition and quite beyond control. If she had only been a religious woman, if she had ever cared to pray, perhaps all would have been different with her; but God had always been an empty name to her. She could believe in things tangible, but not in abstractions; she had "cared for none of these things," nor would she ever have known from any want in her own heart or prompting of her own spirit that there was any God needed in the universe. It was not skepticism; it was an absolute deadness, apparently. Had all her troubles come from this? For the first time in a life which had never known real suffering she felt a wish to grasp at outside help. Should she have been a happier wife if she had been more alive to the spiritual side of her own nature? Ah! if she has really done her husband injustice—why not confess boldly to herself that she knows she has been wrong? But that is not what she wants to think of now. However *that* may be, she is not happy at home, and she must go; life is too short to waste. She wants to think of what is before her, about what she has to do to-night. The time is getting shorter

and shorter. Yes, she must think of her own future, and of her relations to Count Stanislaus. There could be no doubt about *his* love. How he had followed and watched and worshipped her for three years! It was not the same kind of love as her husband's. Somehow it was a very singular thing, but while she could remember the very smallest trifle, the most minute detail, associated with Randolph Fitzgerald and his love for her, she could not remember or think about anything connected with this new lover, the count; but that would never do; if she intended to spend the rest of her life in his company, she might as well make the best of it. How the wind howls and the sleet crashes against the panes! It is warm and pleasant where she sits, and she feels unusually tired and listless to-night. It must be very nearly time for Marie's knock, but she will wait until it comes; then one more dinner under her husband's roof, one more look at his face, which never again would look upon her willingly, or upon anything belonging to her without a curse; then a farewell kiss to her sleeping boy—her boy!—and the feigned departure in evening dress for the ball she will never reach.—"My God! how strangely exhausted and beaten down by fatigue even thinking of it all has made me feel! I must rouse myself; there goes the quarter again. What is this? I cannot move. There is Marie's knock. Is this a nightmare? What—what is this frightful numbness, this dead weight which prevents my moving, breathing? I am fainting." A silence, and then she hears the maid's knock, but can no more move hand or foot than the dead, while still her thoughts fly with unnatural clearness from topic to topic,

and through the half-closed, lusterless eyes her sight is clearer and stronger even than usual. She feels the air blowing on her as the door opens, and in another moment sees Marie's dark, shrewd face bending over her, and hears her mutter to herself: "*Mais qu'est-ce qu'elle a donc? Elle est d'une paleur! Mon Dieu! et ne respire plus! Tenez! Je n'aime pas ça, moi. Je m'en vais appeler monsieur.*"

"No, no, Marie," the suddenly stiffened tongue strives to say; but the effort which seems strong enough to shake the building produces not the slightest tremor, not a sign of vitality. She is as absolutely debarred from speech or motion or breath or warmth of life as any frozen corpse, while heart and mind and memory are full of surging, rushing, tumultuous activity and strength. As Marie turns to summon help, the dawning sense of horror which rose within the unhappy creature pent in such a prison overwhelms her, and she loses consciousness entirely. But what an awakening! to struggle slowly back to full life and vigor within, only to find herself apparently a stiffening corpse without. She lies upon her own bed now in her night clothes, lights burn in all directions, not only the wax candles, she always used, but lamps of greater brightness, that the doctors may see more clearly. The first bustle has evidently been silenced, but there is still a subdued sound of unusual noise throughout the house, and two or three men and as many women are in the room. "Who are they all? what are they doing? Was she really dead, and could death be always like this? the sudden horrible striking into stone of the whole body, while the spirit lives on within? Surely no; this is only some sudden form of faintness

or fatigue brought on by over-excitement; and the doctors, these clever scientific physicians, will soon restore her, drive away the dumb helplessness, and give her freedom again.

Yes, freedom from this awful, awful power which has grapsed her so unexpectedly and holds her so completely is all she wants. She had been thinking of all sorts of wicked things, had been very discontented and foolish, but she would never be so wicked again. Of course Randolph did not love her, and if the count did, it was perfectly natural for her to respond; but now this little sickness had come, she supposed it would be too late for her to go out to-night anyway, even after the doctors have revived her. Oh dear! how slow, how fearfully slow they are! Why do they stand there whispering, with their heads turned to her, while she lies there in such immediate need of their services? Ah! here they come at last, and Randolph with them. How very strange and solemn they look — Dr. Lawrence, Dr. Stedman. She knows them both, and could almost predict what their greeting would be. She must speak, if only a word. God in heaven!

What is this fearful thing which holds her in such a grasp? Can she never shake it off? But hush; listen. Dr. Lawrence is speaking, while her husband, the other doctors, Marie, and some strange woman, all stand around. Why does Randolph look at her so? "She must have died instantly, and probably without suffering. There was undoubted aneurism, but I cannot speak as positively as I would prefer to do without a more thorough investigation." That is what the doctor says. Died? she herself dead? She would laugh if she could, but she cannot. How amused they will be

when she gets over this attack! But oh! *why do they not help her?* Listen! the nurse speaks in answer to something her husband said. "We have done everything that skill can suggest; there can be no use in further effort. We have tried *everything*, and there can be no doubt *the life has left her.*" Why, how long has she been unconscious? What time can it be? As she asks herself the question she hears her own little chimes ring out eleven o'clock. The last time she noticed the clock before that strange numbness seized her it was a quarter before seven, and now it is eleven. She has been unconscious for all those hours.

If so, and they have already tried every remedy, and she still lies bound hand and foot, what power is there to raise her up from among the dead? Has she not heard her death announced, the cause stated? What remains now but to

"shroud the corpse, and bury her deep; In fathoms of grave-mould leave her to sleep?"

Where had she heard that rhyme before? "Bury her deep." Oh, yells and shrieks and screams ring, ring, ring in her head and heart and soul, and it must be that some tiny echo, *something* of these frantic dumb ravings may be ever so faintly, ever so dimly, heard! But they have gone. She sees them pass through the door, three doctors, her husband, and the strange woman, the nurse. Marie remains. She cannot turn one hair's breadth, or wink those stiff white lids, or see more than comes into the line of her vision as she lies stark and cold upon her bed; but she can hear—oh! how she can hear! The whole of her being, all the life that throbs in her so warmly, is concentrated in hearing. The tinkle of the ashes falling, the grating of a loose

bolt on the window, the rustle of Marie's dress as she moves softly about the room—she can hear all distinctly. There are two voices whispering outside the door—one is Randolph's, the other the strange woman's—a nurse, probably. What are they talking of? Another hour gone! How strange that time should fly so quickly, while she lies rigid, with nothing to check her rushing, whirling thoughts! The night flies by—a gray dawn is already struggling in. One by one the lights are extinguished, the fires replenished. Marie rises from the sofa where she has kept watch, and assists the maids to put the room in order, when the day has fully come, smoothing the snowy draperies around the couch where lies the still, frozen form, and braiding with skilful hands the heavy masses of golden hair. She crosses the hands upon the motionless breast. How natural it feels to have Marie combing her hair, and yet how horrible it seems now! This awful stillness which she cannot break, this hideous nightmare whose weight is resistless, but which leaves the mind as clear as crystal, must be a form of faintness or numbness uncommon enough to pass for death itself, and if

the doctors are deceived, there can be, of course, no appeal to any one else. Perhaps, since the nurse spoke of so many and such powerful efforts having been made to rouse her, it really was prelude to death, the dying of the body, while the departure of the soul only occurred later, and she was now awaiting that. But how long must she wait? Did all souls linger thus in their earthly houses? And if so, *for how long?* Must it be that she should lie thus until the blessed light of heaven came to be shut out by the lid of a coffin? Was it possible that such agony as this could wring a human heart and not show itself in any way upon the surface? But here again are voices and people coming! O Christ, never believed in, never appealed to before, help this Thy most miserable creature now; grant her but one instant, one second of power to move, were it but the lifting of an eyelash, the twitching of a muscle, the faintest, weakest token of a life Thou gavest; or if that be not possible, then blot out from consciousness this poor terrified spirit which from the depths of this most awful dungeon sees and hears the torments of a twofold hell drawing near, and cannot escape!

ANNIE PORTER.

VOLAPUK.

EVER since Stephen Pearl Andrew aroused a pitying smile a score of years ago with his scheme for a universal language, the great merchants of this country have been wishing that such an idea were practicable. It needs no argument to convince such men of the utility of the scheme, as it has in the past needed no demonstration to con-

vince them of its utter impracticability. But 200 years before Andrew wrote Descartes and Leibnitz began the agitation for an international tongue in Europe, and from that time to this philosophers and linguists have spent a deal of effort in the endeavor to establish one. Not only have books been written in advocacy of the idea,

but in the course of two centuries upward of fifty new languages, or distortions of old ones, have been made in more or less imperfect attempts to make the idea useful.

The latest invention is called Volapuk, and it commands attention not only for its remarkable simplicity and adaptability, but for the actual strides it has made in a very short time toward adoption. It really looks as if it might be taken up all over the civilized world, for the interest shown in it in Europe is being repeated here, where its introduction is of very recent date. The new language is made up fundamentally from all the European languages, but it nevertheless resembles none of them. English contributes more largely to the new tongue than any other language. The general principle followed in the selection of words from the various languages was to use monosyllables as far as possible. From the monosyllable as the root is built up a class of words akin to its meaning. For instance:

The English word "pen" was transferred to Volapuk without change of form or meaning; from it is made the word penon, to write; the noun penot, a written word, the noun pened, a letter, and so on. Now the formation of the derived words from the original root proceeds according to iron rules, so that one needs to know few original words to be able to speak or write a great many. For instance, knowing that puk means language, the student may immediately decide that pukon must mean to speak, as indeed it does. In the same way he would know that pukat means a thing spoken, a discourse. Volapuk is a language without any exceptions. It has no irregular verbs, only one conjugation, one declension for nouns,

none for adjectives, only two genders, and only one comparison for adjectives. The entire tongue has been constructed on a clearly defined plan, the main object being to acquire simplicity of form and construction.

Its aim is correspondingly simple—to furnish a commercial medium between different countries. Attempts to make a literary language of it are discouraged by the leading Volapukists, for it is pointed out that it could not be susceptible to poetic treatment because it is not euphonic, because the scheme of forming derivations brings too many words of similar sound together, and because the vocabulary does not lend itself to figurative treatment.

The chief prophet of the language for America is Mr. Charles E. Sprague, who is a "Volapukatdel," or instructor for the new tongue. He said of it recently in the *New York Mail*:

"Men are the same essentially all over the world, yet every nation has a language which those of another nationality must learn or else be in ignorance of what is said by their neighbors. A German priest, Father Johann Martin Schleyer, who lives near the lake of Constance, thought it a pity that the great brotherhood of men should not have one speech as they have one nature. So he invented a language, the general scheme of which came to him like a flash one sleepless night, after he had been ruminating over the idea for years. There is no reason why a new tongue should not be invented which will lack the faults and inconveniences of existing languages and can be readily acquired by all men. This was Father Schleyer's idea, and to many thousands of minds he has made it good by the world language, Volapuk. The ac-

cent is on the last syllable and the u is pronounced like the German u with the *unlaut*, or like the French u.

"As Father Schleyer only introduced his language to the world in 1880, it is not remarkable that it has not spread to any great extent in America. But it is beginning to attract attention here, and in a short time will make great progress. There is already a Society of Volapuks in San Francisco and another in Milwaukee.

"The means by which we hope to introduce the language in this country are in a great measure the same as those which have led to its being taken up in Europe. The remarks of the press will contribute very greatly, to bringing it to people's attention. Then clubs and societies will be instituted, and it will get a hold. Although Volapuk is only seven years old, nearly two hundred thousand people have studied it in Europe. Volapukists are found in Germany, Austria, France, Holland, Spain, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia. There are several periodicals published in Volapuk on the Continent. They are brought out at Constance, Paris, Madrid, Vienna, Milan, Munich, and at several other large cities. The one in Munich is a comic paper. Of course, the great need in America for the success of Volapuk is a good grammar of the language and a dictionary. These exist already in German and French, and a Volapukian dictionary is half compiled in Spanish. I am engaged in getting up a grammar in English, and hope to publish it before many weeks. It is not hard to learn. Mr. O. I. Stillwell, Superintendent of Schools at Alma, Mich., wrote me a letter in Volapuk after having studied it only six weeks. There was only one mistake in the letter, and that a very trifling one.

But he took it up during vacation, and I suppose he went at it with his coat off. With a properly constructed grammar Volapuk can be readily learned by a person acquainted with no language but English.

"Father Schleyer took many of the roots of Volapuk from the English, in fact more, perhaps, than from the other languages. Where he found a short word, like 'man,' a vowel sandwiched between two consonants, he took it in its English meaning as the root for Volapukian words.

"There was a Volapukian congress held in Munich last August. Most of the representatives were drawn from the northern countries of Europe. The French were conspicuous by their absence. I presume national feeling was the reason for this. Yet the 'Grand Magazin de Printemps,' in Paris, one of the big fancy goods houses and universal bazaars, has in large lettering on its window: 'Volapukon,' 'Volapuk taught here.' The proprietors got up a course for the employees, and over a hundred of them learned it. They have a Volapuk champagne, also. Well, at this last Munich congress the Volapukian Association was formed out of all the existing societies, of which there are quite a number in Europe.

"Of course, the language is not yet perfectly formed. You can imagine the hundreds of points that would have to be determined in the genesis of a new ready-made language which was designed as a facile medium of communication for all mankind. They did, therefore, one very wise thing which will tend to repress any doubt or confusion about points. An academy has been established which is to be the Supreme Court of the Volapuk language."

RETIRING TO REST IN BURMAH.

I STOOD up yawning and said I should now go to bed, whereupon Ko Chaik scuttled into a long narrow room to show me where my loogalay* had put the blankets. My followers were stretched in a long row, tucked up, heads and all, under their putsoes † some snoring, others chattering to each other in low tones. Having had a long march that day, and the prospect of another and harder one the next, I sat down on my kit-bag, and, taking that most useful of jungle comforts, my air-pillow, in my hands, began to blow it up. The Burman nearest my corner, who had lain awake watching my preparations for bed with sleepy interest, sprang to life with a start as he saw the pillow increasing in bulk, and sat bolt upright on his mat. "*Ahmay!*" (mother), exclaimed he, under his breath. "*He* MOUNG GYEE! Oo Gyaw! Poh Gine! Hi! you fellows! look here all of you: look at this." Slumberers were rapidly awakened by the noisy scrambling of the wakeful members of the party, and I was soon surrounded by a crowd of squatting figures, whose long disheveled black hair and eager dark faces made a picture wild enough for Gustave Dore. Ko Chaik and his family, awakened by the scramble and loudly murmured "*Ahmays,*" as the pillow slowly swelled, glided quickly in in twos and threes, and by the time I had screwed up the nozzle the entire household and all the visitors were among the audience. A Burman has little hesitation in finding a name for a strange article. "What's that for?" asked MOUNG GYEE, a little wizened-up man like a dried

monkey. "A pillow for the head," replied I. "A wind head-bag," said MOUNG DAW, promptly, and his remark elicited a universal murmur of "*Houkbah, houkbah,*" which might be freely translated as "Ah, yes, of course, of course."

The pillow was now gently taken from my knees, and passed slowly from hand to hand, patted and pinched, squeezed, smelt, tasted and bumped on the floor. Eyes were applied to the nozzle, but they could make little of that; and after passing round the entire room and receiving as much criticism as a new fossil in the hands of a learned society, it was respectfully placed by MOUNG DAW at the top of the spread blankets, balanced on one end against the wall, where it continued to receive silent admiration. "Show us how it is done," was the next demand. I yawned widely, but unscrewed the tap and returned the curiosity to MOUNG DAW, who forced out the air in the faces of his friends, to their great satisfaction. I, being tired, had begun to unbutton my gaiters whilst the second examination was going on, but was detected in the act when the pillow was being handed back empty. "The gentleman will undress now," was whispered excitedly, and those who stood up to go hastily resealed themselves, or moved over to get a better view. The room was a large one, and as my traveling-lamp stood on the floor near me, I was soon, with it, the centre of a tightly packed circle of squatting figures in a space about six feet in diameter. The audience good-humoredly but firmly declined to go; so, seeing no way out of it, I began to undress.

Each article was quietly taken from

* Loogalay : lit. "a little man" — a boy.

† Putsoe : the lower garment made of cotton or silk worn by Burmese and Karens.

my hand as I removed it, and closely examined by every member of the party, who commented freely on its appearance. This mattered little to me, but when I had exchanged my cords for "pyjamas," and the former began to undergo scrutiny, I felt that I was blushing. A Burman is nothing if not candid, and those breeches, which had served me long and faithfully in their legitimate sphere of the saddle, and had months since been discarded as only "good enough for shooting in," underwent as searching an inspection as if I were a spy suspected of conveying information written on my clothing. "The cloth is very thick," said Moun Daw; "this would cost many rupees to buy." "They are a little old," said a neighbor, putting on his spectacles (a present I'd given him—the old beast); "you see the cloth is very thin in some places, and there is a hole there." He held them up to the light by the legs, and continued—"Look at the buttons! does his honor button *all* those buttons every time he wears his clothing? It must occupy much time, does it not?" he added, addressing me between the legs of my breeches. "Every time," I answered briefly, for I was growing impatient; and the audience, broken up now into small groups, were discussing my apparel with a zest that bade fair to last until daylight. "All those buttons! Every day! What a work!" said two or three in a breath. "One button in each place would do well," said the critic in spectacles, laying the pants down thoughtfully. "Why doesn't your honor sew up that large hole?" this terrible creature went on, sticking three dirty fingers through a rent in the leg. I deigned to give no answer to the last question, but turned to Ko

Chaik, who was quietly considering the style of my shooting-boots with one on each fist. "Good boots," he remarked half to himself; "I think the price must be about two rupees each?" he went on aloud, questioning me. "No, no," said another, "they are very large, beautiful boots, and they would cost quite eight rupees a pair to buy." This extravagant opinion was received with much merriment, during which a slight "diversion" was created by a young Burman audaciously putting one on his bare foot, whence it was roughly snatched by a friend as he held his leg up to be admired. "You will wear the gentleman's boot, Poh Gine! You son of a female dog, take it off!" Thus Moun Daw the gong,† with a severe scowl at the offender, as he stretched out an imperative hand and recovered the boot to return to me. I had now slaked quite as much of their thirst for information as I felt inclined to, so, passing over a question as to the uselessness of wearing socks with such fine boots as mine, I called up what must have been a very acid smile and treated the audience to the following short speech:—"My friends," I said, "you have to-day seen my legs and my clothes, and you have also seen me take off the clothes as you sat round me. You have seen me prepare the wind-head-bag, and I now wish to sleep upon it. I am tired, and to-morrow we shall march many miles to the big jungles carrying our guns. You must therefore now go and sleep. This has been a *poay-nya* (show-night), but it is now over." Everybody listened respectfully, interpolating emphatic *houkbahs* when I paused. Having finished my

† Police-gong: lit. "police-head." The name is commonly applied to the native petty officer in charge of a police station.

remarks, I emphasised the last words by turning out the lamp, which action convinced those inclined to linger, and secured me the peace I had wanted for the last hour to go to sleep. All the noisy barking of Ko Chaik's

numerous dogs outside, disturbed by the doings above them, could not keep me awake, and I have seldom slept more soundly than I did that night in their owner's house.

From the Youth's Companion.

THE BOYS' ROOM.

"I LIKE the plan of your new house very much, my son," said old Mrs. Lane to "David," whose prosperity was showing itself by a change of homes. "But where is the boys' room?"

"That is what I have asked him many times," said the meek little mother of "the boys."

"Well," replied David Lane, as indifferently as if he were speaking of a kennel for his dog, "you can poke boys away anywhere! I can't afford to finish off a nice room for two great romping, tearing fellows! Why, mother, when I was a boy I slept in a great unfinished garret, and I've got up in the night and hammered a shingle over a hole to keep the rain off my bed."

"Yes, David; but we were very poor then, and your boys would sleep in a garret and nail shingles over holes, too, if it were necessary; but God prospered your father after that, and He has prospered you, and the boys ought to share the blessing. Where do you mean to put them, David?" persisted the old lady.

"Well, in the chamber of the short L. The ceiling is low, and the half-windows come down to the floor, but they don't care. If they had a palace of a chamber, they wouldn't stay at home evenings," and David Lane took up his hat, and went out.

Morton and Willis Lane, two great boys of fourteen and sixteen years, were brimming over with life and fun. They played ball, rowed boats, practiced gymnastics, scraped on violins, blew horns, whistled, sang and shouted, and thus relieved, as by safety valves, their surplus animal spirit.

This did very well by day; but when night came, or storms raged, they were like caged eagles. If they went into the sitting-room, they were forced to sit still lest they should disturb their father, who was always closing up his day's accounts there. If they went into the kitchen, they were sure to give offence to old Betty by leaving foot-prints on her well-scoured floor. If they drummed on the piano in the parlor, they disturbed their sister's study, or made somebody's head ache. So they too often took up their hats after tea, and went off to sit on a fence with other boys, or to rove about town, whistling and singing and shouting.

These boys were in a fair way to be ruined for want of a cheerful home-shelter, and they would have been but for one blessing—they had a grandmother who thought their comfort and enjoyment of more importance than that of an occasional visitor of their sister's, or a bevy of country cousins who came there twice a year to do

shopping, and thus saved a hotel bill. This good grandma had a little money, and half-a-dozen homes; so she was not afraid to express her opinion on this subject, now that she had come to them for a long visit. The new house was being discussed again one evening, and her opinion was asked upon some matter.

"David," she said to her son, "who is that large chamber for with the bay-window and two mantel-pieces?"

"For company, mother," was the reply.

"What company? I didn't know you expected any," said the shrewd old lady.

"Oh, for any one who happens along. By-and-by Emma will leave school, and have company, you know. James' wife and Cousin Hepsy come down twice a year to shop, and always stop here a night or two."

"But your own boys come here to sleep three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year, and have a thousand times the claim on you that any 'company' have."

"Yes?"

"What arrangements have you made for them?"

And the father repeated the remark he had made to his easy wife so often, that "boys didn't care, and that they could cuddle down and sleep anywhere."

"But these boys must not sleep anywhere after the new house is done. Unless you divide that long spare chamber into two moderate sized ones, and give one to them, I shall settle them in the room you have planned for me, and make my home with Catharine. She has plenty of room, and is always urging me to come to her. I will not crowd your sons out of a room."

David Lane loved his mother, so the result was that the long "spare chamber" was finished so as to meet the wants of the boys.

Two happier boys never lived than these two when the time came for furnishing and ornamenting that room! Grandma took the matter into her own hands, and said they should have everything to their mind, as long as they kept within bounds.

"Now, what do you want in your room?" she asked, when the house was nearly done.

"In the first place, we don't want a carpet, because somebody would be always telling us not to kick holes in it. We don't want black walnut furniture, nor a big looking-glass, nor china vases, nor anything grand that scratches, or tears, or breaks," Morton said.

"Well, say what you *do* want, then," said their grandmother.

"Well, grandma, we want an oiled floor and two of your great braided mats; and an open fire-place with your brass andirons from the garret; and a big hearth where we can pop corn and roast nuts; and we want bright wall-paper, with pictures of the country; and two little iron bedsteads with blue spreads; four chairs, painted blue; a glass-case for our stuffed birds; shelves for our books; and lots of hooks to hang our bows and arrows, violin, French horn, boxing gloves, bats, and Indian clubs on. These, with the old sitting-room lounge and the old easy-chairs, will make us the most comfortable boys in the world."

"I'll go with you to-morrow to buy all you want new, and it shall be a present from me to you," said the dear old lady.

"Grandma, dear," said Willis, "we don't want a single *new* thing! Let

us have the old things that nobody else wants; and then we'll feel easy,—besides, I like the home-things better than new store-things. Let us have what father was going to send off to auction."

"That is a good thought, dear boy," said the grandmother, "and a week from to-day we will begin to fashion this 'boys' paradise.'"

Before the month closed, the "Boy's Paradise" was complete, and a score of wise fathers and mothers, with several scores of less wise boys and girls, had been invited to see it.

Not one of Victoria's sons to-day

enjoys his splendid apartments more than our young friends enjoy theirs. Even their father, although he affects to scorn such things, is sure to take every stranger up there, and say, "We thought we'd make these fellows happy for once."

No one now complains of the Lane boys for hooting from the top of stone-walls or howling about the streets by night; and their mother says their music and their company do not disturb her half as much as the anxiety as to where they were by night used to do.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

SAD mortal! couldst thou but know
What truly it means to die,
The wings of thy soul would glow,
And the hopes of thy heart beat high;
Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonist
schools

And laugh their jargon to scorn,
As the babble of midnight fools
Ere the morning of Truth be born:
But I, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath—
I gaze on the glory of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair
As the moon-bow's amber rings,
And the gleam in his unbound hair
Like the flush of a thousand Springs;
His smile is a fathomless beam
Of the star-shine's sacred light,
When the Summers of Southland dream
In the lap of the holy Night:
For I, earth's blindness above,
In a kingdom of halcyon breath—
I gaze on the marvel of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells—
But they hold few mysteries now—
And his pity for earth's farewells
Half furrows that shining brow;
Souls taken from time's cold tide
He folds to his fostering breast,

And the tears of their grief are dried
Ere they enter the courts of rest:
And still, earth's madness above,
In a kingdom of stormless breath,
I gaze on a light that is love
In the unveiled face of Death:

Through the splendor of stars impearled
In the glow of their far-off grace,
He is soaring world by world,
With the souls in his strong embrace:
Lone ethers, unstirred by a wind,
At the passage of Death grow sweet,
With the fragrance that floats behind
The flash of his winged retreat:
And I, earth's madness above,
'Mid a kingdom of tranquil breath,
Have gazed on the lustre of love
In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun
I can follow him still on his way,
Till the pearl-white gates are won
In the calm of the central day.
Far voices of fond acclaim
Thrill down from the place of souls,
As Death, with a touch like flame,
Uncloses the goal of goals:
And from heaven to heavens above
God speaketh with bateless breath,—
My angel of perfect love
Is the angel men call death.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

IV.

DURING his apprenticeship at Oppenheim's Mayer Amschel had more than once come into contact with Lieutenant-General Baron von Estorff, an intimate friend of William IX., Landgrave of Hesse, and had won his good opinion and esteem. When years later Baron Estorff, who, from his own knowledge and Oppenheim's accounts, was able to form an estimate of Rothschild's worth, had an opportunity of advancing his fortunes, he did not hesitate to recommend him to the Landgrave as a person well qualified to act as his financial agent. Seeing that the Landgrave had a private fortune of thirty-six million thalers, it was indeed a most lucrative post to obtain. Rothschild received a summons to wait upon the Landgrave. When he was ushered into the room, he discovered his Highness deep in a game of chess with Baron Estorff, who seemed to be getting the best of the struggle. Not caring to disturb the Landgrave's calculations, which absorbed his attention so entirely that he had not noticed his visitor's entrance, Rothschild stood by, a silent spectator of the game. At last the Landgrave, in his perplexity and despair, threw himself back in his chair, and in so doing caught sight of the banker. He at once inquired of his visitor:—

"Do you know anything of chess?"

Rothschild's answer was to point to a particular piece, saying—

"Would your Highness move this piece to that square?"

The move he suggested was adopted, and at once put a different complexion on matters. So far from the game being lost to the Landgrave, it slowly turned in his favor, and was eventu-

ally won by him. He then conversed with Rothschild on the subject of the latter's visit. He was so highly impressed by his visitor's intelligence and address that he told Baron Estorff, after the banker's departure, that he had "certainly recommended him no fool." The result of the interview was that Mayer Amschel Rothschild was appointed Court-Banker to the Landgrave of Hesse.

In 1804, Rothschild contracted with the Danish government for the issue of a loan of four million thalers: a sign of his growing influence and prosperity. At that time all Europe was in arms against Napoleon, who defeated and overran kingdom after kingdom. In 1806, the Emperor sent a portion of his army to chastise Frankfort and Hesse-Cassel for the support they had given to the cause of the Allies. The truth was that the Landgrave, having a keen eye for business, had found he could largely augment his already handsome fortune by placing his troops at the disposal of the Prussian and English governments, receiving in return large subsidies. This conduct reached the ears of the "child of fortune," who determined to administer a severe punishment to the Landgrave, by plundering and sacking Hesse-Cassel. The approach of the French becoming known, the Landgrave concluded that under the circumstances discretion was the better part of valor. He therefore made hasty preparations for flight. But, although he would by flight secure the safety of his person, he could not render his money safe, for that he was forced to leave behind. Consisting as it did largely of specie, its mere bulk was a hindrance to its removal,

and yet to leave it where it was would be but making a present of it to the French. In his dilemma he recollected Rothschild, and, thinking the banker might be able to take charge of his money, he had it packed and sent to Frankfort.

"Mayer," said the Landgrave, "I have already had some experience of your honesty and integrity, and have now to put it to further proof. I wish to deposit with you my whole fortune; to your care I leave it, to be returned to me in more peaceful and happier times."

"Such a signal mark of your confidence and esteem flatters and honors me, your Highness; but do you not forget that the French will be here in a few days?"

"Do you think so?"

"And that in their train there always follows a band of lawless ruffians, who will fall upon us and plunder us without mercy. It will be a time of unrestrained pillage, as your Highness must know full well."

"Ah, well, Mayer, I leave my fortune to your care, and you will act as you think best. I ask no receipt from you, knowing that in your hands the money will be safe, if you can but keep the French from handling it."

With these words the Landgrave left, paying no heed to Rothschild's protestations, on finding himself thus suddenly and unexpectedly saddled with the responsibility and anxiety attaching to the custody of so large a sum. Before the week passed all his prophecies were fulfilled. Frankfort was in the hands of the French, who gave themselves up to plunder and wanton destruction. Rothschild, being a man of well-known wealth, was one of the first visited, and had to endure calmly and unmoved the sight of his premises

being sacked and stripped of everything of value. He had, however, good reason for his calmness. By thus allowing the French to seize his own property, of no small value, he prevented a more thorough search of his premises being made, and so secured the safety of the Landgrave's money, which he had artfully concealed in wine casks in his cellars, or had buried in his garden.

This was the turning-point in Rothschild's career. It was the tide in his affairs, taken at the flood, and leading on to his future prosperity and fortune. Had the founder of the Rothschild family refused to undertake the trust confided to him, the course of European history might have been altered, and some of the most remarkable characters of the nineteenth century have remained unknown to fame. The trust was, however, faithfully kept, and Rothschild, after the French had once more left the city, started business afresh, and made such good use of the Landgrave's thalers that in a few years he was reputed to be richer than ever. He seems to have transmitted the whole of the money to his son Nathan, who was established in business in London. This son was already a well-known man in the English capital, where the astounding skill and boldness of his speculations had taken the city by surprise. He thus referred to the fortune left in his father's hands:

"The Prince of Hesse-Cassel gave my father his money; there was no time to lose, so he (my father) sent it me, and I put it to such good use that the Prince made me a present of all his wine and linen."

A period of respite followed, during which most of the German rulers gave in, either willingly or from necessity,

their allegiance to Napoleon. Being raised by the Emperor to the dignity of Elector of Hesse-Cassell, William IX. was enabled to return from his exile. One of the first persons he visited was, not unnaturally, Rothschild. He was aware, from the papers and other sources, of the pillage of Frankfort, and knew that the house of the Jewbanker had not escaped a visit. It had been reported to him, with every show of truth, that Rothschild had been robbed of all he possessed, and was completely ruined. Not knowing anything of the stratagem by which his fortune had been saved, the Elector concluded that his thalers had gone to fill the pockets of the French soldiery; but he still resolved to visit his old agent, if merely to show that his regard and esteem for the latter had suffered no change.

"Good day, Mayer, good day," said he extending his hand; "at last we have peace again, though rather dearly bought. You see before you a poor devil of a prince as badly off as Job was."

"You poor, my lord!"

"Yes, to be sure, since those cursed thieves have run off with my thalers as well as yours. If it is not inconvenient to you, I should be glad to get some small advance from you against the indemnity that is to be made me."

"But your Highness has no need to borrow. The money your Highness entrusted to my keeping is safe and untouched."

"*Teufel!*" cried the Prince; "why, did not the French plunder your premises?"

"Pardon me, and I will explain. The French stripped me of everything belonging to myself, but I was careful not to irritate them by any violent re-

sistance, else they might have made a more careful search in my cellar, where your money was hidden."

"What! can it be—"

"Yes, my resignation was a *ruse*; they little dreamt how great a prize they missed."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the Prince, almost dumb with surprise.

"For the last nine years, your Highness, I have taken the liberty of making use of your thalers to compensate myself for the loss of mine. All my speculations have been successful, and I can at this moment, without inconvenience, restore the whole sum to you, with interest at five per cent."

The Prince was deeply moved, and with difficulty could express his gratitude and his admiration of Rothschild's noble conduct.

"Friend Mayer," said he, "you are the most honest Jew I know; keep my money, and do what you think fit with it. I want no interest on it for the time it has been in your custody, and for the next twenty years I undertake to leave it with you, and to receive no interest on it above two per cent."

This is the account given by some writers who, dazzled by the immense riches and power of the Rothschilds, were unable to ascribe those riches and that power to ordinary business transactions, and so have gone out of their way to invent a romance for which they have little or no authority.

Some writers maintain that Rothschild's connection with the Court of Hesse-Cassel commenced during the lifetime of the Landgrave Fredrick II., who died in 1785, leaving an immense fortune of fifty-six million thalers. This he had acquired by means of his poor subjects, whom, for handsome subsidies, he had placed at the dis-

posal of the English government. In 1775 he raised a levy of 12,800 Hessian troops, who were shipped off to quell the rising of the American colonists, and further detachments, amounting to about 4,000 more, were sent at intervals. For the services of these men he received from England twenty-two million thalers. On his death he was succeeded by his son, William IX., a warlike prince, who had seen some service under Frederick the Great. He followed his father's plan, and increased, by large subsidies from the English government, the vast fortune left him.

Whether M. A. Rothschild was appointed Court Jew by Frederick II., as some assert, or first became connected with the Court owing to some dealings he had with William IX., an ardent lover of old and rare coins, and whether his honesty and integrity had won the Landgrave's favor, is shrouded in doubt. It is certain, however, that when William IX. became Landgrave M. A. Rothschild was the "Court Jew," and managed all the Landgrave's financial affairs. The bulk of the Landgrave's fortune, there is every reason to suppose, was invested in the English Funds, as being the only safe and reliable investment, and it was Rothschild's duty to collect the dividends as they became due by drawing upon the firm of Van Notten in London, in whose hands the stocks were deposited. The commission he charged for this business must of itself have amounted to a large sum. That the Landgrave was satisfied with the way in which Rothschild managed his affairs may be inferred from the fact that he gave Rothschild's third son, Nathan, when he established himself in London, full power to deal with his stocks as he deemed best, and trans-

ferred to him all the business which the Van Notten firm had formerly conducted. His confidence must have been great, as Nathan Rothschild was allowed perfect liberty of action, and could sell out and re-invest the stocks confided to him as he pleased. When William IX. fled from Cassel, his first great care was to provide for the safe custody of his money, and this we know M. A. Rothschild undertook to do. Now, instead of hiding or burying the money, as some have asserted, it would surely be more characteristic of such a shrewd man of business as Rothschild to have transmitted this sum to London to be disposed of as Nathan Rothschild thought fit. To conceal so large an amount from the French would be next to impossible, and, besides, it would have been madness for M. A. Rothschild to have kept the money himself, when its safety could have been secured by sending it to London; and that he did send it we have his son's word. The romantic version, therefore, seems to have very little truth in it, with the exception of the main point that the fortune of the Landgrave was the original cause of the subsequent success of the Rothschilds. The commission gained by the London and Frankfort houses every year for managing the Landgrave's affairs must have been considerable, and would of itself have formed a sufficiently strong base for the many successful speculations which the Rothschilds entered into in the money market.

During the war in Spain the Duke of Wellington experienced great annoyance and embarrassment from the failure of the specie supplies, and the English government were unable to assist him in his difficulty, as they could induce no bankers to assume

the responsibility of conveying the money to Spain. At this juncture M. A. Rothschild stepped forward and offered to undertake the task for a pretty heavy commission. His offer was accepted, fortune smiled on his enterprise, and the money reached the Duke safely. This was a most profitable piece of business, as Rothschild is said to have cleared annually for eight years a sum of about £150,000. The success of this operation, and the punctuality which distinguished its execution, induced the Government to entrust the Rothschilds with the payment of the enormous subsidies to the various Continental princes, and this, again, still further increased the growing reputation and influence of the firm.

Thus it was that the Rothschilds made their first millions, and few can say they have gained their fortunes in an equally honorable and praiseworthy manner. When once the first million had been made, it was a comparatively easy task to add others. Water always flows to the sea, or, in other words, money makes money. But streams in their progress to the ocean, become discolored by the muddy waters of affluent streams, and so with the Rothschild's millions. The first were gained by the fairest of means, but some of those that succeeded were undoubtedly won by recourse to those expedients and artifices, common on the Stock Exchange, which are open to serious moral objections.

Mayer Amschel Rothschild died on the 13th September, 1812, in his sixty-seventh year. Just before his decease he summoned his five sons to his bedside, and with his last breath, after giving them his blessing, enjoined them to remain faithful to the law of

Moses, to remain united until the end, and to undertake nothing without having first consulted their mother. "Observe these three points and you will soon be rich among the richest, and the world will belong to you"—a prediction that has been fulfilled to the letter.

He left five sons, Anselm Mayer, Salomon, Nathan, James, and Carl, who soon after his death established a pentarchy, Anselm retained command of the original house in Frankfort, whilst the others founded new branches in Vienna, London, Paris, and Naples respectively. By so doing they wonderfully increased the reputation and influence of the firm, and gradually gained that control over the different money markets which enabled them to augment their fortunes with such astounding certainty and rapidity.

Although Mayer Rothschild is known to history merely as an eminent financier, money-making did not monopolize his time or thoughts. With all his engagements, he still managed to find leisure and opportunities for administering relief from his well lined purse to his suffering fellow-mortals, and many tales are told of his benevolence and charity. He would often stop a poor, starving creature in the street, to place a coin in his hand and hurry away to prevent his face being recognized. He moreover exerted his influence to obtain an extension of the civil and political rights of the Jews, and the abolition of the tyrannical restrictions from which they suffered.

His wife Gudula survived him many years, dying in 1849, at the ripe old age of ninety-six. Notwithstanding its dismal and filthy surroundings, the old house in the Judengasse was her

home to the last. No entreaty or attempt at persuasion could induce her to abandon the house so intimately associated with the growth and success of the great firm, whose very name was derived from the sign by which the house had been distinguished from its neighbors. Superstitious scruples and a love of the old place combined

to prevent her forsaking it. In her eyes it had some mysterious connection with the prosperity and greatness of the family. Here then she lived on, distinguished by the simplicity of her habits, until the thread of life was snapped and her remains were carried to the grave.

JOHN REEVES.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

LUMINOUS INSECTS.

ONCE upon a time, when I was at large in the United States, I took that wonderful trip from San Francisco to St. Louis by the Texas and Southern Pacific railways. I have notable memories of that journey, and many touches of nature remain on the mind—the huge sea-lions in the Pacific below the Cliff House at San Francisco, clambering on their rocks of refuge, sprawling, scuffling, splashing; the owl-lands of New Mexico, where bird and snake and ground-squirrel live together; the cities of the prairie dogs; the bee-ranches; the leagues of yucca in full-flower; the wonders of the cactus. But above them all stands out the firefly country of Texas and Arkansas, where the land is all swamp, and the old haggard trees, tapestried with ragged moss, wade ankle-deep in brown stagnant water. The forest glades are long pools, and wherever a vista opens there is a thin bayou stretching away between aisles of somber moss-ragged trees. There is a strange antediluvian gloom about the place—this forest standing in a lagoon. The world was something like this when the Deluge was subsiding. Uttermost silence abides here; except

when a turtle stirs in the mud, or a water-snake makes a ripple on the dull pools. Sunlight! Not a ray of light ever pierces to the roots of the trees. But at sunset, when the orb goes down rosy-red behind the water-logged trees, and their trunks stand out black against the glaring sky, and the pools about their feet take strange tints of copper and purpled bronze—what a sight it is? The railway pierces an avenue straight as an arrow for miles and miles through the belt of forest. On either side along the track lie ditches filled with water. And at sunset the ditches seem all filled with blood, and the sky seen away in the distance underneath the trees hangs like a furious crimson curtain.

Whenever I remember that most strange railway journey it is neither swamp, nor frog, nor katy-did that first recurs to me, *but the fireflies*. The black night with its glistening pools, its interminable clamor of brzen-throated batrachians and tin-lunged cicadas are forgotten while recollection conjures up afresh that miracle of the lantern-bearing myriads. As far as the eye could reach into the water-logged forests, and up in the air

among the invisible branches of invisible trees, flickered in inextricable bewilderment hosts of fireflies. The air was thick with them—a spoon would have stood up in it. And such flighty, fitful creatures as exasperated the intelligence, perpetually striking matches as if to look for something, and then blowing them out again, flick, flick, flick! in countless millions; and all, apparently, desperate of any other purpose but to confound confusion. The frogs sounded as the sand of the shore for multitudes, and there were at least two katy-dids for every frog; and yet multiply the frogs by the katy-dids and you would not get the total in fireflies: It seemed as if each “yank” and “katy-did” struck out fireflies just as flint and steel strike flashes, or as if the recriminations of batrachian and insect caught fire as they flew and peopled the inflammable air with phosphorescent points of flame; a battery of din perpetually grinding out showers of sparks.

In the poets, however, it flits, “a bright earth-wandering star,” “tall majestic trees between;” it plays “around the pillared stems,” sparkles “in deep cedars” and “through the brakes,” lights up “forest bowers.” But the “emerald” light no longer serves, for “the fireflies’ lanterns of green light” now becomes as inaccurate as before it was correct. Shelley repeats his glow-worm fancy in the lines “carved lamps and chalices which shone, In their own golden beams, each like a flower, Out of whose depth a firefly shakes his light, Under a cypress in a starless night.” In another poem he has both insects together—a licence of geography that entomology scarcely, I fancy, authorises.

Day had awakened all things that be—
The lark, the thrush, and the swallow free;

Fireflies were quenched on the dewy corn,
Glow-worms went out on the river’s brim,
Like lamps which a student forgets to trim;
The beetle forgot to wind his horn,
The crickets were still in the meadow and hill;
Like a flock of rooks at a farmer’s gun,
Night’s dreams and terrors, every one,
Fled.

Without much industry the poets discover that (like the glow-worm) the firefly is only luminous in the dark—

This morning, when the earth and sky
Were burning with the blush of spring,
I saw thee not, thou humble fly,
Nor thought upon thy glowing wing.

Perhaps it is worth noting as the experience of one who has traveled that the firefly does *not* show the traveler the way. Of course in imagination it seems obvious that it must; but this is just one of those occasions when imagination is useless. For the sober fact is very much to the contrary. To the traveler the firefly is an unmitigated nuisance. Seen at first, it pleases; the spectacle is engaging. But when the myriads break from their resting-places as night draws on, and flicker up and down in mazy multitudes, the result is utterly baffling and bewildering. And herein (of which I believe I am now the first true exponent) lies the secret of the legend of the will-o'-the-wisp and the *ignis fatuus* generally. Naturally enough, a belated traveler looks upon a light as a friend. There is a firefly in his path. Therefore it is his friend. By-and-by he cannot see his path. But there is another firefly. So he thinks, “That is another friend.” Alas! it is anything but that, and will lead whomsoever follows it into uttermost swamp and jungle—the natural habitats of the creature. This is no effort of imagination. I was once riding in Sind, the second march beyond Jacobabad,

and for several miles at midnight my way lay through woodland. A straight road, at least twelve feet wide, had been driven through it for our artillery and wagons to go by, and it was as flat and soft as tan. Had the night been pitch-dark I could have cantered the whole way. But, as it happened, the place was ablaze with fireflies, and *I could not see an inch before me*. Wherever there was a natural glade or break in the vegetation, to right or left, there at once opened out a glittering vista of these dancing, flicking creatures. You could see, apparently, a road, lamp-lighted, straight before you. But turn round. It was the same behind you. There was a straight road. Look to the right or the left. There, too, stretching away into a hazy confusion of twinkling points, were straight roads. Stupidly mazed, I once got my horse's head round; but the beast was more sensible than I, and told me the right direction, and I listened to it.

But to speak of fireflies being a help to the traveler is utter nonsense; they are the most provoking, distracting mis-

chief-makers possible. Leave a path alone, and even on the darkest night a sober man may learn to distinguish it. But light up tens of millions of fireflies in the bushes on either side, in all the openings in the undergrowth, and the path, even though twelve feet wide, and straight as an arrow, is nowhere. Suppose you filled Trafalgar Square as full as it could hold of fireflies for a depth, say, of ten feet from the ground, and made the night pitch-dark. Could you find your way from Charing Cross to, say, the Carlton Club? If you think you could, begin first by chartering a hundred policemen, placed at different angles, to keep their bull's-eyes full on your face while you try to grope your way from one point to the other. When you can do this, charter a thousand, and by-and-by you will come to appreciate what a wretch the multitudinous firefly can be. For myself, all I can say is this, that I scratched myself to pieces, broke my horse's knees over a log, and eventually led him in, walking, four miles—the whole distance from start to finish being about eleven, and very nearly as straight as a crow could fly.

PHIL. ROBINSON.

From The Current.

MICROSCOPIC STUDIES.

VERY few persons even among the intelligent have a proper conception of the almost limitless number of living creatures that find a home on this world of ours.

Ordinarily, in speaking of the animal creation, they call to mind only those larger beings that can be seen by the unaided eye, not once imagining that all these taken together are but as a drop to the mighty ocean, or

as a grain of sand to the entire sea-shore.

Nor is this true in respect to numbers only, but the aggregated bulk of these minute creations will be found far greater than at first supposed. Their remains often constituting a larger part of great mountains and extensive islands and occasionally spreading over vast continents in one solid mass of great thickness.

We will begin with a well known substance, a fragment of chalk.

To the ordinary mind nothing would seem at first thought to be more unlikely to furnish any wonderful revelation than this, but let us see.

We will soak a portion in water, and when softened, with a fine brush we will gently reduce it to a fine powder and then place a portion of this powder under this great revelator, the microscope.

Now what do we see? To our amazement we find this fine substance formed of perfect shells of myriads of minute creatures so small that billions of them would be required to make a cubic inch.

These minute objects existed many thousands of years ago, and, upon dying, they sank to the ocean's bottom and their shells are now found to give us some hint of their lives and number.

Their shells condensed and changed into carbonate of lime, the substance we call chalk. In parts of the old world there is a substance called mountain meal, because the peasantry in times of great scarcity of food used this so-called meal to mix with what they ate. This when analyzed by the microscope is found to be composed of marine shells, and as it proved nutritious and was often eaten by the extremely poor without other food, there is no doubt but that a portion of the animal's body remained with the shells, and thus gave health and strength. So we find some varieties of lime-stones are composed almost entirely of shells. There is another class of small marine insects whose shells form a variety of stone that is found scattered over a portion of this country of about eighteen hundred miles in extent. This proves very

clearly that the oceans of antiquity were exceedingly closely populated by these minute inhabitants and we are quite sure that the waters of to-day are equally prolific.

We will look in another direction and see what of interest we shall discover with the aid of this wonderful helper. We will now choose some of the living insects of to-day, one that we all are familiar with, the common house fly.

On examining this specimen we find that the two brown lobes on the sides of the head which we usually regard as the two eyes of this fly, to be, instead of two not less than two hundred on each side. Startling as this discovery is, here is another far more so. In the dragon-fly, which is usually called the "devils darn needle," we find twenty thousand distinct, perfectly formed eyes on each side of the head of this active creature, while the mercurilla has twice as many all perfect organs of sight, equally distributed on each side of the head. Let us now suppose this is mere conjecture. Under the microscope they are all as distinctly seen as the two eyes of the observer and can be easily counted as they frequently have been. If asked what was the use of so many eyes we could only answer, one reason is that the food of these insects is floating in the atmosphere, and is so minute that it requires numerous microscopic eyes to see it at any distance and in any direction at the same time, for only eyes of microscopic power would enable them to see their food which consists of such infinitely small particles.

When we remember that each of these organs is made on precisely the same principle as our own, we have a new illustration of the power of the Omnipotent to make so many and so

minute and perfect organs of sight in so small a space.

Another of the wonderful and almost endless wonders revealed by the microscope we have all seen with wonder—a large strong horse-fly struggling helplessly enveloped in a spider's web, the threads of which are so small as to be seen with difficulty. Or, what is still more surprising, is to see a large beetle successfully captured and held fast by this same fine and almost invisible thread. The secret of this remarkable strength is one that the microscope so strikingly brings to light. They are made up of several hundreds of threads, and in some instances of more than a thousand, which are all twisted together the moment they issue from the spinning apparatus of the spider's body. This instrument very distinctly shows us the wonderful machinery (delicate almost beyond conception), so that we can easily see the separate threads issuing from the separate and numerous tubes that make up this spinneret of the spider as this spinning apparatus is called. Not only this but we see certain threads are knotted at regular intervals of space where they cross other threads in the web so as to prevent them from slipping. This gives the thread greater strength and enables it to hold a captive much larger than the spider itself.

There are some peculiarities of the spider as compared with the silk-worm and caterpillar deserving of notice, and which furnishes a delightful study when aided by this great revealer of wonders.

As we have before stated, the single thread of a spider is always made up of hundreds of separate threads and in some instances of more than a thousand. These threads can be seen in a

dead spider, that is carefully prepared, issuing from the separate tubes of these spinnerets, and with proper effort can be counted; so we are not dealing in mere conjecture in making this statement.

In striking contrast with these is the spinning contrivance of the silk-worm and caterpillars. These have but a single opening or tube, from which issue only a single thread. This one thread differs from the threads of the spider in being much thicker and stronger even than all the thousand threads combined. It also issues from the silk-worm and caterpillar much slower than from the spider and is comparatively smooth along its entire length.

The spider's thread, on the contrary, is often knotted, or a minute ball is formed at certain points when it crosses another thread as in the case of the garden spider's beautiful geometrical web with its numerous concentric rings or more properly spiral rings.

The object of these knots or balls at the points of crossing is to prevent them from slipping by binding them together, and, at the same time, strengthening the web and enabling it to hold more securely its prey.

An eminent entomologist, who made spiders and kindred insects a specialty, counted 120,000 of these knots in a web fifteen inches in diameter.

It is a very remarkable fact that the threads of these concentric or spiral portions of the webs are quite different in quality. To explain, the spider has three different sacks holding the viscid or sticky fluid from which the threads are made. Connected with these are three separate spinnerets or sets of tubes, each one spinning its own peculiar thread.

One of these sets furnishes the stronger threads, called in natural history radii, that branches out from the center like the spokes of a wheel, and it also spins the stronger cable that anchors the entire web and keeps it firmly fixed. It is a curious fact that while all the circling threads are very sticky, these radii and anchors are not so at all. Anything touching them does not adhere. Being so strong perhaps, they would hold too large a prey, something so large that the spider could not well manage it, or something that might injure the web in its weaker parts.

Why this great number of threads, you will naturally ask, and why can they be so rapidly formed as we have seen?

The number is necessary for size as well as strength, to catch and hold securely the prey that is entangled in its meshes. Any one observing a spider has seen how rapidly it can envelope or completely enwrap in a silken net his victim so as to render it perfectly helpless. These thousand threads enable it to do it aided by the wonderfully formed claws on its hind feet, and, also, its powers of rapid spinning gives it the capacity to weave a web of sixteen inches in diameter in forty-five minutes. The silk-worm and caterpillar have no need of doing

such rapid work, and hence they spin their single threads slowly, it being necessary, perhaps, to give more time for the gummy substance, of which their silken threads are made, to harden and thus acquire the proper strength.

A curious fact is that the silk-worm's sack that holds this gummy substance has, at the extreme of the opening, a single tube that is much harder and much more horny-like than the tubes of the spider's spinnerets, because there is a greater strain upon it in spinning a thicker and stronger thread.

There are spiders also in the sea which spin their webs and spread them out to catch minute marine insects very much as those do to catch their prey on land. We see also a merciful provision of the Creator for shortening the sufferings of the insects caught in the spider's webs. There is a tube connected with the poison-sack by which poison is forced into the wound made by the spider's fangs and which instantly produces insensibility, and very soon death.

In all these arrangements we see means strikingly adapted to ends, and we cannot resist the conviction that all these were arranged by an intelligent and all-wise Being who had regard for the welfare of his creatures as a whole.



PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J. H. PARRY & Co., *Publishers.*

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

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CO-OPERATION.

WHERE great wealth and the power that it wields are centred in a few individuals, as seems to be the tendency in America, there is great danger that our free institutions will sooner or later succumb to their influence. When the rich corporations that exist throughout the land can go into our legislative chambers and into the halls of Congress, and influence and shape almost every enactment presented to the people's representatives, it appears but a matter of time ere this will cease to be a government of the people, by the people and for the people, because the rich will appropriate all the privileges to themselves, and will consign the duties and burdens of the government to the poor and less fortunate of its citizens. The experience of mankind in all ages has shown that the people of communities and nations among whom wealth is unequally distributed, enjoy the least liberty and are the most exposed to tyranny and oppression. If measures be not taken to prevent the continued enormous growth of riches among the class already rich, and the painful increase of want and destitution among the poor, our nation is liable to be overtaken by disaster; for, according to history, such a tendency among nations once powerful was the sure precursor of their ruin and downfall.

The remedy for the present anomalous condition of society is not easy to suggest. Every philanthropist,

however, has some cure to offer. The socialist, if he had his way, would have all property held in common for the benefit of the whole. The Henry George philosophy is also communistic in theory, and alike impracticable in application. The anarchists and nihilists, despairing of any peaceful remedy, aim at the complete overthrow of the present social system, while they do not offer anything better, but trust to the developments of a revolution to improve their social status. As the best, most practicable and the least revolutionary in its tendency, co-operation has been suggested as a remedy for the many evils resulting from the centralization of wealth, and has been very earnestly advocated by many able thinkers who have long made the present condition of society a study. As a measure for the more equal diffusion of wealth among the people, and for the bettering of the working classes in particular—by educating and elevating them to a higher plane of manhood and citizenship—the co-operative movement has met with much encouragement and success in England and other European countries where it has been adopted and intelligently conducted.

Successful co-operative societies were first established in England in 1844, by the organization at Rochdale of a society of twenty-eight members, who each contributed, by instalment, the sum of five dollars with which to start their store. They began on the

principle of dividing their profits according to the amount of purchases, and did all their selling and buying for cash only. But it was not till nearly twenty years later that co-operation was taken hold of with any degree of earnestness by the people. In 1862, there were in England 450 co-operative societies, with a total membership of 90,000; in 1882, there were 1,200 societies, with a total membership of 640,000, possessing a capital of \$40,000,000, with sales aggregating \$127,500,000, which netted a profit of \$10,500,000. The surplus stock of the retail stores has been used to establish wholesale and jobbing houses, which do a business amounting to \$30,000,000 annually, while the extent of co-operative production and manufacture are estimated at over \$15,000,000, all conducted with a good margin of profit, which in most cases is divided between the shareholders, producers and consumers.

As the membership of these various co-operative societies are made up almost exclusively of the laboring classes, and the business of conducting and managing their stores is done by the working-men, there can be no question regarding the beneficial results of these organizations. Instead of remaining a mere wage-earner, the laboring man has become, in a small way, a capitalist. and in his mind there is no antagonism between capital and labor. And if the incentives to save and accumulate more capital, and to learn business habits by making the best of his resources, are once awakened in his mind, as the educational side of co-operation contemplates, the laboring man is morally and intellectually elevated, as well as bettered financially; and is more capable of effecting the needed reforms of the community in which he lives.

In the constitution of the English Co-operative Union, its objects are stated to be :—

“To promote the practice of truthfulness, justice, and economy, in production and exchange.

“1. By the abolition of all false dealing, either (a) *direct*, by representing any article produced or sold to be other than what it is known to the producer or vendor to be; or (b) *indirect*, by concealing from the purchaser any fact known to the vendor, material to be known by the purchaser to enable him to judge of the value of the article purchased.

“2. By conciliating the conflicting interests of the capitalist, the worker, and the purchaser, through an equitable division among them of the fund commonly known as profit.

“By preventing the waste of labor now caused by unregulated competition.”

Upon this plan the system has flourished and prospered among the working-men of England, and much has been done to mitigate the evils of competition, to give hopefulness to labor, to increase the leisure, to lessen the hurry and pressure of life, and to insure for men happy lives in homes of their own; much also has been accomplished in diffusing wealth more equally, and diverting it more from merely private purposes, and expending it more for the public good.

It is not the purpose of this paper to urge that co-operation is the only remedy for all social evils, or to give it more importance than it really deserves, but our object is to show that the principle of equitable association is calculated to do an immense amount of good in any community that will put its principles into practice, either in merchandising, manufacturing, or farming, or in building and making homes for its citizens.

In the twenty years that co-operation has been established in Utah, its influence for good has been recognized in every part of the Territory. Not

only in the distribution of profits among its numerous stockholders have co-operative stores been a benefit, but the public at large have shared in the profits, as the old practice of dealing, which prompted trades to increase the price of an article because of scarcity, was abandoned. People no longer had to pay a dollar a pound for sugar, and alike exorbitant prices for other necessities and commodities. Goods have been sold at something like uniform rates, at reasonable profits, throughout the Territory.

In the face of these facts it is matter for regret that many promising co-operative institutions are not so thriving as they deserve to be. Many have

ceased to be co-operative in principle through the apathy of the people, who, in many instances, were too willing to dispose of their shares, and allowed them to be absorbed by the few who better appreciated the value of their stock. The only way that co-operation can be made successful, and by which it can be made to reach the acme of its usefulness, is for every member to take a *personal interest* in its success. The leaving of all the work of looking after its welfare to the president and board of directors has been the cause of the decline of many a promising co-operative association in this Territory.



Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

THE CHORUS OF THE BELLS.

Our hearts are light and cheery,
Our lips with songs are merry,
While our sleigh is swiftly gliding
Where the tinkling music swells,
In the jingle, tinkle, jingle,
Where a score of sledges mingle —
Oh ! what pleasure is this riding

In the chorus of the bells.
Jing, jang, jingle,
Jingle, tinkle, jingle,
Merry, merry voices and merry, merry bells !
Ev'ry one is cheery,
Ev'ry one is merry,
Ev'ry one is happy in the chorus of the bells !

With echoes softly flying,
Or murmuring, tinkling, dying,
From the distance hear the chim-
ing
As it musically wells ;
Or, swiftly coming nearer,
It startles ev'ry hearer
As it jingles in the rhyming

Of the chorus of the bells.
Jing, jang, jingle,
Jingle, tinkle, jingle,
Merry, merry voices and merry, merry bells !
Ev'ry one is cheery,
Ev'ry one is merry,
Ev'ry one is happy in the chorus of the bells !

Here love-lit eyes are beaming,
Here sweet first love is dreaming,
And here Love intones the voices
In his happy magic spells ;
While back and forth were flying,
And the silvery bells are plying
Only music that rejoices
In the chorus of the bells !
Jing, jang, jingle,
Jingle, tinkle, jingle,
Merry, merry voices and merry, merry bells !
Ev'ry one is cheery,
Ev'ry one is merry,
Ev'ry one is happy in the chorus of the bells !

J. L. TOWNSEND.

TWO MEETINGS.

Love met me on a day,
And Love was weeping :
"Why weep, sweet Love?" I said :
He drooped his golden-head,
Saying : "For love's decay,
For hearts that are cold and dead,
Ill worth the keeping."
But while he spoke I spied
A wicked arrow peeping
From the quiver at his side,
And when I stooped to kiss him,
Before I could caress him,
He seized the tiny dart,
And threw it at my heart ;
Then, like a lark in May,
Fluttered and flew away.

Love met us on a day,

And Love was gay,
"Well met, sweet Love," we said —
He tossed his golden head
Like a little child in play :
He said, 'O happy day!
For not all hearts are dead,
Not all are old and cold ;
Smart cancels smart
When heart to heart
My silver chains enfold.
I wept," he said, "for loves not true,
I smile," he said, "for you and you" —
Then lisping out some tender word,
And looking up and laughing low,
He snatched the bowstring from his bow,
And bound us with the silver chord ;
Nor ever shall the sad fates sever
The twain that Love made one for ever.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed January 15, 1888.

ON DECEMBER 14, 1887, Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonds and Hon. Arthur O'Connor, leaders of the Irish Home Rule cause in the English Parliament, arrived in Washington, D. C., and were tendered an enthusiastic reception by the Irish societies of the city. Rousing speeches were made on the occasion by prominent American statesmen in which they expressed their sympathy for the Irish cause, which their distinguished guests came to represent. O'Connor stated that Ireland was attempting, by the force of organized public opinion and other peaceful means, to get her rights and secure freedom.

DEC. 15. News comes from China that great suffering and loss of life has occurred in the Northern part of the empire through high floods. In the province of Chihli there are over two hundred thousand people drowned or rendered homeless. The suffering and loss here it is stated, is trifling compared with that in other places. It is said that millions all told, are homeless, and are deprived of all chances of earning their living, as their fields will either become a permanent lake or uninhabitable swamp. Later advices state that while laboring to stop the overflow of a river, nearly four thousand natives were drowned. Subscription's are being taken up to relieve the sufferers as far as possible.

DEC. 22, Ferdinand Vanvere Hayden, a

distinguished scientist, died at his residence in Philadelphia. He was employed more than twenty years in the exploration of the Great West, and extended his investigations over a great portion of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Utah.

JAN. 1, Pope Leo XIII celebrated his golden jubilee. Special services were held in Rome and in all Catholic countries, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Pope's ordination to the priesthood.

EXTREMELY cold weather was felt throughout the United States the first two weeks of the New Year, accompanied in most places by terrible storms. People were frozen to death as far south as Texas, and scores of people perished in the Northwestern States and Territories, the thermometer in some places registered as low as 58 degrees below zero. The loss of live stock has been very great. In our own Territory the cold was felt very severely, being greater than anything ever before remembered. Few fatal casualties, however, occurred. The loss of stock will be very heavy.

JAN. 9, the Twenty-eighth session of the Utah Legislature convened in the City Hall, Salt Lake. The following day the message of the Governor was read. The document is quite voluminous, and dwells at great length upon the social affairs of the "Mormon"

people. The Governor urges the enactment of such anti-Mormon legislation as is now pending in Congress, with the understanding of course that the pay for the enforcement of these laws should be forthcoming from the Territorial treasury. The Governor suggests that the Territory borrow money and erect a creditable capitol building, something that is hardly necessary from the fact that nearly all the political business of the Territory is now done by Congress, and what few privileges are enjoyed by the Legislature the Governor is doing all he can to wrest from them, and establish a Legislature appointed by the President. The liberal endowment of the Deseret University, and the establishment of free schools is also strongly recommended by His Excellency. The Governor suggests also the setting apart one day in each year, as arbor-day, for tree planting, as a means to enlist the interest of the people in tree culture.

JAN. 10, Delegate Caine, of Utah, presented the constitution of the proposed State of Utah, with a memorial asking for the admission into the Union, also a bill for that purpose, which was referred. Much opposition was offered to the printing of the constitution and memorial in the *Congressional Record*, a disposition being shown by some congressmen to prevent a fair hearing before the country. Senator Edmunds was particularly hostile to the movement, and the only way that the memorial and petition could be gotten into the *Record* was to have it read in the speech of Senator Call, of Florida.

THE situation in Russia remains unchanged though rumors of war preparations are rife. Troops are moving toward the frontier in such numbers that the railroads are occupied with artillery and ammunition to the exclusion of ordinary traffic. The speech usually given by the Czar at his New Year's reception was expected to indicate to some extent his intended policy. This speech was omitted for some unexplained reason, and it is now stated that at a grand military fete to be held in Moscow in about two weeks the Czar will probably make public his policy. The *casus belli*, will be found, of course, if war is determined upon, in the action of Bulgaria.

IN ROUMANIA, a decree has been published fixing the number of recruits for the coming year at 44,500. This is a notable increase and is regarded as a proof that Roumania is preparing for coming events. The arsenal and state railway factories are working night and day and their hands have been doubled.

Premier Bratiano states that Roumania, if obliged to enter the field, can do so with 300,000 men.

CONCERNING Germany's attitude, the *National Zeitung* of Berlin, in an article on the political situation, says: Germany neither expects nor desires war. Prince Bismarck has thrown into the scale the decisive word in favor of peace. It is hardly probable that Russia will be in a position to force a war upon Germany and her allies. The chances are, therefore, that peace will prevail, although this peace cannot be taken as synonymous with the restoration of European tranquillity, a fact for which Russia must answer to the world.

It is further asserted that the German government has been informed by Lord Salisbury that if war shall be occasioned by an attempt of Russia to occupy Bulgaria, England will send two squadrons to the Black Sea, but that if the occupation of Bulgaria be abstained from, England will remain entirely neutral.

THE Pacific Railroad Commission, appointed by the president under act of congress dated March 3, 1887, made its report Dec. 30. The Commissioners were ex-Gov. R. E. Pattison of Pennsylvania, E. Ellery Anderson of New York, and David T. Littler of Illinois, and the purpose of their appointment was "an investigation of the books, accounts, and methods of railroads that have received aid from the United States." These roads are the Union Pacific, covering, with its branch line, some 2,762 miles of track, and the Central Pacific, extending from Ogden, Utah, to Sacramento and San Jose, Cal., (about 900 miles) besides numerous branch lines. To aid in the construction of these roads, the United States gave outright many million acres of public lands, and also loaned large sums of money, taking a first mortgage on the road. This mortgage was later on made a second mortgage to enable the construction companies to issue first mortgage bonds in aid of the completion of the tracks. The findings of the commission fully confirm the popular opinion that the affairs of these roads have been criminally mismanaged. This will appear in the following summary of the report: "The Pacific roads cost \$95,955,347; bonds and stock to the amount of \$268,302,462 have been issued; the stock was not paid for in accordance with law; \$140,000,000 has been paid in interest on the bonds, \$63,250,000 has been distributed in dividends, and all this while less than \$39,000,000 has been paid on the debt to the government, whose net balance is now \$107,402,418. The mere

recital of these figures proves rascality. But besides it is stated in the majority report that great sums have been spent for legal expenses which cannot be defined, other great sums have been dissipated in pools; the construction contracts, coal contracts, supply and ex-

press contracts, all framed for the benefit of individuals connected with the officials of the road, have robbed the road at every turn. Grosser examples of deliberate and constant violation of trusts does not exist in our history."

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS. By Geo. Lowell Austin, with steel portrait and other illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 431 Pages. Price \$1.50.

The life and times of a man like the late Wendell Phillips will always command the attention of thoughtful people, who remember personally, or have learned by reading and by tradition of the wonderful intellectual powers he possessed, and the stirring and important era in American history in which he lived, and in which he bore so conspicuous a part. Orators who could approach Mr. Phillips in eloquence in the whole history of mankind can be counted by the fingers on one's hands. Indeed, it may be safely asserted he never had a superior. The work is written in the most attractive manner, and cannot help being a source of profound interest to all who open its pages; and as a work of reference it is invaluable, as it is the only complete life of the great agitator and orator.

HUMAN LIFE IN SHAKESPEARE. By Henry Giles. With introduction by John Boyd O'Reilly. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 286 Pages. Price \$1.50.

Books of Shakespearian study, too numerous to be counted, have been printed within ten years. This work which comprises a series of masterly lectures, on the humanities of Shakespeare, is of inestimable value to any one desiring a clear view, as it were, of the great poet's mind and method. Condensed, refined, tested, the author gives into our hand, as a result of years of faithful investigation, the best lectures on Shakespeare in print.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. His Life, his Works, his Friendships. By Geo. Lowell Austin. Illustrated with an excellent portrait. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 419 Pages. Price \$2.

The present volume, published by subscription a few years since, is quite exceptional in its excellence, inasmuch as it gives for the first time many reminiscences of Mr. Longfellow, from early life till his death.

The reader gains from this volume a glimpse at the hidden suggestions which came to the poet from time to time, calling forth many of his best productions. The reader is also presented with a clear and popular picture of the poet's life.

Many illustrations adorn this book, giving clear ideas of Mr. Longfellow's surroundings from his birth until his death, besides several portraits of the Poet, taken at different times, and of Hawthorn, Holmes, Agassiz, Sumner and Lowell. There are also fac similes of Mr. Longfellow's writings, rendering the book one of the choicest, and containing much which has not been hitherto generally known of this beloved Poet.

OUR STANDARD BEARER; or, the Life of General Ulysses S. Grant. His Youth, Manhood, Campaigns, and Eminent Services in the Reconstruction of the Nation his Sword Redeemed. Related by Captain Bernard Galligasken, and written by Oliver Optic. Illustrated by Thos. Nast. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 366 Pages. Price \$1.50.

This entertaining volume was first printed shortly after the close of the war of the rebellion, and was very popular. As renewed interest is now awakened in the war, the work is reprinted with the addition of the closing scene in the life of the national hero.

We have received from Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, "The Grand Army Speaker," "Irish Dialect Recitations," "Dialect Recitations," "Yankee Dialect Recitations," "Negro Dialect Recitations," and Baker's "Reading Club No. 18," all carefully selected and edited by Geo. M. Baker, compiler of "The Reading Club and Handy Speaker," etc. The series comprise almost every variety of subjects from which to select good readings and recitations.

"ONLY A YEAR AND WHAT IT BROUGHT," by the same publishers, is a charming story for young folks, from the pen of Jane Andrews, which will be read with much delight and profit.

SALMAGUNDI.

A TIDY FORTUNE. — An orderly housewife.

WHAT is the difference between a successful lover and his rival? — The one kisses his miss and the other misses his kiss.

"A MARRIED man," says one who knows, "can always pack a trunk more easily than a bachelor can. He gets his wife to do it for him."

WOMEN are frightful gossips, we know, says a cynic; but, if they were not, husbands would miss a deal of entertaining information about the neighbors.

A NEAT proposal of marriage was made by a young man the other night; he said, "Now, Miss Smythe, you say you have one thousand pounds in your own name; why not put it in mine?"

"Mrs. Fangle is a homœopathist, isn't she?" remarked an old lady, during a call on a neighbor. "No, I don't think she is," was the reply. "She's very seldom in when I call."

"MA" WAS BOSS. — He: "Then you love me, my darling?" She: "I do." He: "And I may speak to your father?" She: "No, Augustus; speak to ma. Pa ain't anybody in this house."

HE WISHES HE HAD NOT SAID IT. — He: "What a lovely fan you have, Miss Edith!" She: "Yes; I like it. Papa gave it to me. It came from Paris, and is hand-painted" He: "Indeed! And how nicely it matches your complexion."

YOUNG WRITER "Have you read my article in the current number of the *Every Other Monthly Review*, Miss Penelope?" Miss Penelope. "No; that pleasure is still in store for me. I heard papa say, though, that he had read it." Young Writer: "Did he not think that I treated my subject in a very exhaustive manner?" Miss Penelope: "Yes, I believe he did say something about being tired."

A YOUNGSTER of eight was taken to a service in a Roman Catholic church, having previously been warned to leave all his playthings at home and be very quiet while in church. As they left the building he said, in an injured tone: "Mamma, you told me I musn't play in church. What was that lady next to me doing with marbles, then? She had a whole string of white alleys."

THE HOME CIRCLE. — Walking about with the baby at night.

DEFINITION OF "APPETITE." — The most ungrateful thing in the world. The more you do for it the sooner it deserts you.

"JOHN," said the "better-half" of a well-known city man, "your patent combination pocket-knife is all rusty—all but the corkscrew."

JUSTICE: "Ninety days. See that the fellow gets a bath." Prisoner: "All right, Judge. I don't mind the washing, only so I ain't ironed afterward."

ANGRY WORDS.

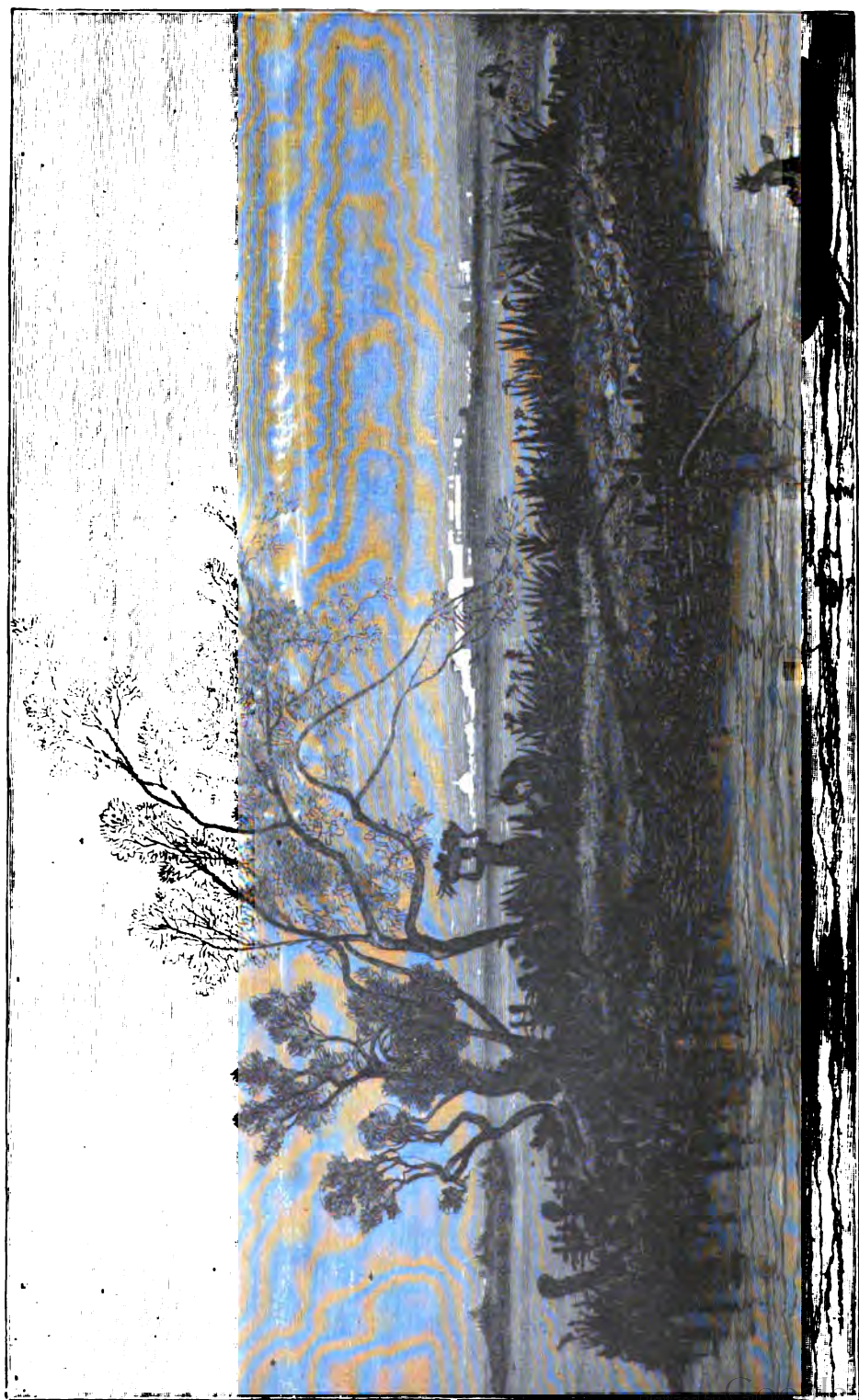
POISON drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Sad memorials of to-day.

WIFE, one day after marriage: "No, dear, don't give me any money; I might lose it." Same wife, one year after marriage: "I took a five-pound note from your pocket-book last night, John."

JOY! — It was very late, and Brown was steering Robinson homeward. "What will you say to your wife?" Brown asked. "Not a (hic)—a word," said Robinson. "Why not?" "I sha'n't have a (hic) chance."

"You seem to be enjoying yourself, Bobby," remarked one of the guests at a dinner party. "Yes," assented Bobby, with his mouth full, "I am makin' the most of it, 'cause after pa an' ma give a big dinner like this, it's always cold pickin' for the next thirty days."

"WELL, Johnny, did you do all of your examples?" asked a teacher of one of her best pupils as he handed in his last paper of an arithmetic examination. "Did 'em all except the fifth; didn't do nothin' at all to that, though." "Did not do *anything*," corrected the teacher. "But why, John? The example is not hard; there it is on the black-board. Read it." John reads from the board as follows: "If one orange costs ten cents, what will sixteen and one-half oranges cost?" "Why, John, I am certainly much surprised at you. Not to know that easy example!" "I didn't say I didn't *know how* to do it; I said I did not do it. Of course I know how to do it; but no orange ever costs ten cents, and I ain't goin' to waste my time doin' no such fool questions."



FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1888.

NO. 6.

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

THE CITY OF MEXICO AND ITS ENVIRONS.

VIII.

MEXICAN POLITENESS AND HOSPITALITY—AMONG THE FLOATING GARDENS.



MEXICAN politeness and hospitality are truly Oriental. Old and young, rich and poor, alike possess these pleasing characteristics, which render traveling in that

country so enjoyable.

My surprise was equalled only by my admiration one day shortly after my arrival there, on asking a little, half clad Indian boy of perhaps six summers his name, and receiving the reply, which, rendered in English, would be somewhat like this:

"If it please your honor, my name is So-and-So, your latest servant," at the same time touching respectfully the fragment of a hat through which his unkempt raven locks seemed anxious to escape. I repeated my question for the sole purpose of hearing him repeat so nicely the reply his mother had taught him.

Many of their polite expressions translated literally sound queer, indeed, and some of them are even ludicrous. For example a gentleman in reply to a lady's thanks generally says: "I am at your feet, madam," instead of a simple, "You are welcome." If a visitor has occasion to thank his host he often receives this reply: "One need not give thanks in his own house." Ask a person where he lives and the invariable answer is: "In—street, number—you have your house."

On one occasion a prominent lawyer called to have an interview with me, and we spent a very pleasant evening together. On rising to leave he almost overwhelmed me with the following deluge of politeness:

"I am most happy at having the honor of your acquaintance," said he, bowing repeatedly, "and have been delighted with this interview. In—street, number—(his residence), you will find your honor's house, and within it your latest and most useless servant who kisses your feet."

One day I was visiting a young Indian whose father had recently died, and who desired me to go with him to look at some land that he intended to sell to pay some debts that his father

had left due. He also wished me to assist him in fixing the price and disposing of the land. The farm, a piece of which he wished to sell, consisted of several of those ancient "floating gardens" described as such wonderful curiosities by the conquerors of this fair land, and which greatly attract the interest of the traveler at the present day; though, if we are to believe the ancient chroniclers, they have lost not only their *floating* power, but much of the tropical splendor that once rendered them so magnificent.

I will give a brief description of them and of the way they are formed.

The lakes of this valley, to which reference has been made in former articles, are not open and free, but the surface is covered with a thick carpet of water plants, comprising some twenty species, closely tangled and held together by countless tendrils. This vast mat of floating vegetation is called *cinta*, and numerous water-ways are kept open through it for the passage of numberless boats and canoes which traverse them.



FROM THE FLOATING GARDENS.

At the present time they are nothing more than highly cultivated little islands, about three by twenty rods in extent, fringed with trees and gay with flowers. They are boggy and will shake by jumping on them, like meadow land.

But there are in some of the lakes of the valley of Mexico, actual floating gardens, a fine representation of which will be seen in the frontispiece; and if the reader will pardon the digression

It sometimes happens that in a violent storm great masses of this *cinta* become detached, and obstruct the water-ways, and the unlucky boatman who finds himself thus hemmed in miles from shore is indeed in a bad fix. His canoe cannot plough through it, and the mass will not sustain his weight in walking over it. He has to make his escape the best way he can.

The reader of ancient Aztec history will not think it strange that a people

so persecuted that they were forced to build their city in the midst of a lake, should from necessity, take advantage of the *cinta* and make floating gardens around their city. They probably did it then, as their descendants now do it, by separating a rectangular piece of *cinta* from the mass, covering it with sticks, and brush, and then with soil, the richest in the world, dredged from the bottom of the lake. At first they are not attached to the bottom, but they keep sinking, and as new soil is placed on top each year, they soon become stationary. I have seen men at work with a long wooden shovel filling their large flat boats with mud from the bottom, which they would spread over these gardens for five cents a boat load of a ton or more.

But to return to my narrative. We jumped into a canoe and soon reached one of these island gardens, and I asked:

"Whose piece of land is this?"

"It is mine and yours," he gravely replied, and we walked over to where we could examine the one he wished to sell.

This is the usual answer when a question of that kind is asked the owner of anything; and under some circumstance it sounds ludicrous indeed.

I once went to visit some friends who lived in the small town of Tecalco,

about fifty miles south-east of Mexico, and who always received me very cordially. As I approached the dwelling I saw the father, an intelligent young man, repairing the stone wall in front of the house. After saluting him I passed in where his wife was busily employed with her domestic duties. On being seated, a bright little Indian boy of five or six years came up and saluted me so politely and spoke so intelligently that I asked:

"Is this your son?"

"Yes, brother, and yours, too," was the usual, though, to me at that time, astonishing reply.



MEXICAN MARKET SCENE.

Among the middle and lower classes the family never eats with a visitor. His meal is carefully spread before him, and his food promptly served in courses. The father of the family may sometimes join him, but he generally has to eat alone, thus being deprived of the pleasure of the social chat so much enjoyed by us under similar circumstances.

Mexicans often dispute quite sharply

as to which shall walk on the outer edge of the side walk, or enter last through a door, etc., each insisting that the other must take the place of honor. On entering a house and removing my hat, they have often said: "Do me the favor to cover yourself," or put on my hat, thereby giving me to understand that they considered I was giving them too much honor in removing my hat.

Their politeness, however, does not surpass their hospitality. On entering a dwelling, be it ever so humble, its inmates and contents are at your service. The best of everything available is willingly surrendered for your comfort. If your visit is only a call, work is promptly suspended, and you are entertained to the best of your host's ability, and when you arise to leave, you must accept a pocketful of oranges, pears, bananas, nuts, or what-

ever they chance to have on hand to give you. The host always accompanies you to the gate; and if you have stayed with him over night, and have a long journey before you, he will sometimes go with you several miles.

The favorite salutation among the Mexicans is a hearty embrace. It makes no difference whether friends are of the same or of the opposite sex, they embrace, especially if they have been separated a considerable length of time. Often at the railroad station have I seen men hug each other as tenderly as young lovers at the parental gate post. Females often kiss as well as embrace each other. I have not unfrequently been raised off my feet and held a moment in the arms of a stalwart Indian friend on meeting him after a long absence.

H. C.

WHAT THE WORLD OWES.

THE *Amateur Mechanic* thinks when a man has a conviction that the world owes him a living, the best thing he can do is to go to work and collect the debt, and there is no surer way than by work. It is the magic key to the most stubborn defenses. Steady, persistent, intelligent work has surmounted more difficulties than the brilliant sallies of genius or the temporary spurts of men without an object.

Many young men feel that they are unappreciated, and that if some one would only come forward and give them an impetus—a chance—they would take the world by storm! Doubtless there are many such who languish for want of opportunity, but

the incipient genius must not wait for something to turn up. He must turn things up himself, and keep turning.

When he is sick of it and wants to stop and take things easy, let him keep right on turning and all will turn out right!

Want of pluck has killed many an enterprise that had all the elements of success in it. The projectors joined the great ranks of the "unappreciated" after a few good strokes and fell out of the race, when a little more snap and "hang on" would have brought them into smoother sailing.

There is no battle call more stirring than "Up, guards, and at them!" and that must be the motto of every young man everywhere—we say the young

man, because if the old has not learned it, it is too late for him to make the knowledge available.

"You don't know how hard it is to start a new business," said a friend the other day, at the head of a large and well-appointed concern; to which we made no reply, though we might have given a few appropriate remarks on the subject from our own experience.

Those who fancy that success depends upon luck or good fortune, or anything short of energetic, persistent hard work, will be undeceived if they embark in trade, and expect to have business roll in on them.

Want of capital is a drawback, but want of work is like a countertermine to a mine, destroying the best plans and intentions.

The faint heart says, "There is no chance; there are so many in business already; the field is occupied," etc. In proportion to demand the field is no more occupied to-day than it was forty years ago, and if men have good wares, sell them at a fair price, deal honestly by all, and perform what they promise, their future is certain. The world owes every man a living, and will pay it if it is worked for.



THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept;
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them
all;
But for our blunders — oh! in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth has no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

EDWARD R. SILL.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY AND HIS MEDICAL ADVISERS.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY had a great fall, and, feeling rather sore, said to himself, "Now I will go and see a doctor, who will cure me at once." So he put on his hat, and walked along until he came to a street of large houses. On the door of these houses were brass plates, and behind these brass plates were the doctors who cured everything. Then he walked up to one of them, and knocked at the door, and rang a bell marked "Professional," to show that he had come on business, as he had had a fall and felt sore, and wanted to be made well again. Presently the door was opened, and Humpty-Dumpty was shown into a waiting-room, where there were two or three others who scowled at him for coming into the room, and went on pretending to read the daily paper and last year's *Punch*.

After a long time, he was shown into the doctor's private room, and said, "Please doctor, I have had a fall, and am sore, and I want to be made well."

Now, this doctor was an ear-specialist, so he took down a tube and looked down his ear, and said he could see it quite plainly. Then he said, "Have you the ear-ache?" "None at all," said Humpty-Dumpty. "Ah!" said the doctor, "you will have it the day after to-morrow. These falls are dangerous things; but we will do our best. I will prescribe a lotion which you must pour in at one ear, and let it run out of the other. Then stuff them up with cottonwool, and keep in a quiet room, away from all noise, and come to see me again as soon as you feel worse."

Then Humpty-Dumpty paid his two guineas and went away joyfully to the chemist.

Presently he said to himself, "Perhaps, after all, this man doesn't quite understand my case." So he went to another door, and in due time was shown in to another doctor. Again he said that his name was Humpty-Dumpty, and had had a fall. But this doctor was a throat specialist, so he put a small looking-glass on the back of his neck and a long feather down his throat, which tickled him so much that he had a fit of coughing. "Ah!" said the doctor, "I see it all now. The arry-glottidean epiblast is in a sadly suppressed state."

Now when Humpty-Dumpty heard that his epiblast was wrong, he thought it was all up with him, and that he should never again be able to indulge in his favorite pastime of sitting on a wall.

"But I don't feel anything wrong in my throat," he said, faintly. "Wait a bit," said the doctor, "and you will see how I shall bring it out in the course of a week or so. I will prescribe you a vapor, which you must inhale, and as soon as you feel choky, insufflate this carminative powder, and call here every morning, in order that I may apply some luminous paint."

Then Humpty-Dumpty paid his two guineas and went off to the chemist.

"Perhaps," thought he, "this time also my case has been mistaken, so I will try again." And he went off to another house a little farther on, where he found several ladies, all looking extremely ill, and the horrid truth flashed across him that he must be in the abode of a ladies' doctor, and that these were the victims. He at once seized his hat, and ran out of the house before anyone could catch him, and arrived, breathless and perspiring,

on the doorstep of a mansion, with a brass-plate, on which the name of Sir Monger Pill was inscribed. "Now," thought Humpty-Dumpty, "I shall be right at last." So he went in, and before he could speak Sir Monger said, "Dear me, a bad case indeed. Breathing rapid, perspiration copious, pulse bounding," because he did not know that Humpty-Dumpty had just escaped from a ladies' doctor.

"Lucky you found me at home," said he, and wrote out prescriptions for draughts and pills, and told him to call again in three days. Then he said he must be off, so Humpty-Dumpty paid his two guineas, and told the story of his fall to the butler instead, who told him he ought to see a surgeon. Off then he went to Mr. Sniker Snee, and told all about himself.

Mr Snee said that it was a very serious case, that it might have been better and could have been worse, and that he must wear a plaster-of-Paris jacket, with an iron bar down his spine, for three years in order to get better.

So Humpty-Dumpty went home, and felt very sad, and made his will. Then he thought he would try and eat some dinner and have a glass of champagne to keep up his spirits. After dinner, he felt so much better that he amused himself by putting all the pills and medicines in a row, and thinking which he should begin on. But as he meditated, he fell asleep; and, when he woke up in the morning, he had quite forgotten about his fall. He found, however, that his pet dog had eaten the pills and expired, and that the landlady's cat had licked a plaster and gone into a fit. Later on, the miasma which was exhaled from the floor led to the taking up of the boards. Underneath them were found the bodies of the rats and mice which had perished from spontaneous combustion owing to their having partaken of an ointment. So Humpty-Dumpty never allowed himself to be ill again, for fear that he should share the fate of the poor animals, and he lived happily ever afterwards.

HOW THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS ARE TREATED.

GENERAL STRELNIKOFF'S plan was to arrest simultaneously a large number of persons belonging to the "untrustworthy" class; throw them into prison; keep them for ten days or two weeks in the strictest solitary confinement, and then subject them to a terrifying inquisitorial examination with the hope of extorting scraps of information. The effect produced upon a young, inexperienced, impressible girl, by the overwhelming shock of such a transition from the repose, quiet, and security of her own bedroom, in her

own home, to a narrow, gloomy cell in a common criminal prison at night, can readily be imagined. Even if she were a girl of courage and firmness of character, her self-control might give way under the strain of such an ordeal. The sounds which break the stillness of a Russian criminal prison at night—the stealthy tread of the guard; the faintly heard cries and struggles of a drunken and disorderly "casual" who is being strapped to his bed in another part of the prison, cries which suggest to an inexperi-

enced girl some terrible scene of violence and outrage; the occasional clang of a heavy door; the moaning and hysterical weeping of other recently arrested prisoners in cells on the same corridor, and the sudden and noiseless appearance now and then of an unknown human face at the little square port-hole in the cell door through which the prisoners are watched—all combine to make the first night of a young girl in prison an experience never to be forgotten while she lives. This experience, however, is only the beginning of the trial which her courage and self-control are destined to undergo. One day passes—two days—three days—ten days—without bringing any news from the outside world, or any information concerning the nature of the charges made against her. Twice every twenty-four hours food is handed to her through the square port-hole by the taciturn guard, but nothing else breaks the monotony and the solitude of her life. She has no books, no writing materials, no means whatever of diverting her thoughts or relieving the mental strain which soon becomes almost unendurable. Tortured by apprehension and by uncertainty as to her own fate and the fate of those dear to her, she can only pace her cell from corner to corner until she is exhausted, and then throw herself on the narrow prison bed and in sleep try to lose consciousness of her misery.

At last, two weeks perhaps after her arrest, when her spirit is supposed to be sufficiently broken by solitary confinement and grief, she is summoned to the *dopros*, a preliminary examination, without witnesses or counsel, conducted by General Strelnikoff in person. He begins by saying to her that she is "charged with

very serious crimes under such and such sections of the Penal Code, and that she stands in danger of exile to Siberia for a long term of years. In view, however, of her youth and inexperience, and of the probability that she has been misled by criminal associates, he feels authorised to say to her that if she will show repentance, and a sincere desire to reform, by making a *chisto-serdechni*—'clean-hearted' confession,—and will answer truthfully all questions put to her, she will be immediately released. If, on the contrary, she manifests an obdurate disposition and thus proves herself to be unworthy of clemency, it will become his duty as prosecuting officer of the Crown, to treat her with all the rigor of the law."

It is not a matter for surprise if a young girl who has thus been torn from her home, who is depressed and disheartened by solitary confinement, who is without counsel, without knowledge of the law, without the support of a single friend in this supreme crisis of her life, breaks down at last under the strain of deadly fear, and tells the inquisitor all she knows. She is at once released, but only to suffer agonies of self-reproach and remorse as she sees her relatives and dearest friends arrested, imprisoned, and exiled to Siberia, upon information and clues which she herself has furnished. It frequently happens, however, that a girl remains steadfast and refuses to answer questions even after months of solitary confinement. The authorities then resort to other and even more discreditable methods.

In 1884 Marie Kaluzhnaya, a girl eighteen years of age, daughter of a merchant in Odessa, was arrested upon a charge of disloyalty, thrown into prison, and subjected to precisely the

treatment which I have described. She was, however, a girl of spirit and character, and withstood successfully, for many months, all attempts to persuade or frighten her into a confession or a betrayal of others. At last Colonel Katanski, a gendarme officer in Odessa, brought to her a skilfully forged statement, which purported to be the confession of her imprisoned revolutionary associates. Miss Kaluzhnaya fell into the trap. She sent word to the Procureur that she was ready to testify, and, upon examination, admitted facts which she supposed the police already knew through the confession, but of which, in reality, they had no proof whatever. Having thus unconsciously served at last the purpose for which she had been arrested, Miss Kaluzhnaya was released from prison and put again under police surveillance.

When the case of her friends came up for trial, she discovered, of course, that none of them had made confession, and that there was no evidence against them of any importance except that which she had furnished. The terrible agony of such a discovery to a generous, affectionate, high-minded girl can be imagined. She saw her friends sent into penal servitude upon her testimony, while she herself could neither share their fate nor explain to them the fraud of which she had been a victim. She was in the attitude of a coward who had betrayed her associates in order to secure her own safety. For a time her remorse and despair seemed likely to result either in insanity or in suicide; but she finally recovered her self-control, and there gradually formed in her mind a determination to do something to avenge the intolerable wrong which she had suffered, and to show the world that if

she had unwittingly betrayed her friends, she was not afraid to share their fate. She procured a revolver, and on the 21st of August, 1884, called upon Colonel Katanski, and fired at him as he entered the reception-room to meet her. The bullet grazed his head, slightly wounding one ear, and buried itself in the wall. Before she could fire again he sprang upon her and wrested the pistol from her hand.

For this attempt at assassination Miss Kaluzhnaya was brought to trial before a court-martial in Odessa on the 10th of September in the same year. As it was her only wish to be sent to Siberia with the friends whom she had betrayed, she refused the aid of counsel, and made no attempt at self-defence. The court found her guilty of premeditated assault with intent to kill, and sentenced her to twenty years' penal servitude. I witnessed the beginning of the last act in this mournful tragedy. I happened to be present in the town of Chitta, in eastern Siberia, on the 8th of December, 1885, when Marie Kaluzhnaya, in convict dress, left there on foot, with a gang of chained criminals, in a temperature of twenty degrees below zero, for the mines of Kara. It affords me a sort of melancholy satisfaction now to think that the unfortunate girl was at least aware, as she walked wearily away from the etape that bitter cold December morning, that there was an American traveler there who knew her story, and who would sometime explain to the world why she had attempted to commit murder.

GEORGE KENNAN.

SOMETHING highly prized, yet always given away—a bride

THE STARS: ARE THEY SUNS?

IT APPEARS, in considering the relation of the sun to the stars, that our inquiries, in whatever direction they may be prosecuted, lead us invariably to believe that the stars are suns and that the sun is a star. This is, indeed, a sublime conclusion. The researches of astronomy, based upon irrefragable evidence, teach us that the innumerable luminaries which adorn the stellar vault are vast bodies resembling the sun in their physical constitution and rivaling the sun in magnitude and splendor. In connection with this grand idea another thought naturally occurs to the mind of the inquirer. It is this: Our own sun is accompanied by a retinue of primary and secondary bodies revolving round it. Does this fact also hold good in respect to the countless bodies in the stellar regions which we are taught henceforth to regard as so many suns? To this we would reply, in the first instance, that in so far as observation is concerned we have no evidence whatever (unless in the exceptional case of Sirius) that any star is accompanied by opaque bodies revolving round it similarly to the planets of the solar system. But a little inquiry will soon show that this objection to the doctrine of the stars being accompanied by a system of planets is without valid foundation.

If we suppose the earth to be viewed from either of the planets Venus or Mars, it would doubtless present the aspect of a brilliant star, perhaps exceeding in luster the average brightness of a star of the first magnitude. If we suppose the observer to be upon the planet Saturn the earth would no longer be visible to the naked eye, but might be perceived in a telescope

of moderate power. Finally, if the observer took his station upon the planet Neptune, which is the most remote body of the planetary system (and which, be it remembered, a railway train traveling at the rate of fifty miles an hour would not reach in less than six thousand years), the earth would be visible only in the most powerful telescopes which the skill of man has hitherto constructed, and even then would be preceptible only as an excessively small point of light.

Now the planet Neptune is distant from the earth only one seven-thousandth part of the distance of the nearest of the fixed stars. Obviously this fact, viewed in connection with the remarks we have just made, settles the question of the visibility of planets revolving around the stars. At such a distance any system of opaque bodies shining solely by reflected light, and resembling in other respects the bodies of the planetary system, would be utterly imperceptible even in the most powerful telescopes which have heretofore been constructed for astronomical purposes. We repeat, therefore, it is no valid objection to the doctrine of the stars being accompanied by planets that we have no ocular proof of the existence of such bodies, seeing that in consequence of the immense distance of the stars the visibility of a system of planets revolving around a star is utterly impossible, notwithstanding the most powerful telescopic aid which we may employ in our observations. On the other hand, it seems a perfectly reasonable conjecture to suppose that the innumerable suns which adorn the stellar vault and which have been found, so

far as the researches of the astronomer have heretofore conducted him, to be vast bodies comparable in magnitude and splendor to our own sun, should, like our sun, also be accompanied in each instance by a retinue of revolving worlds. The researches of astronomers on the movements of double stars inform us that the great law of attraction which governs the movements of the various bodies of the solar system extends also to the vast bodies of the universe which roll in space at an inconceivable distance beyond the limits of the solar system. It is probable, therefore, that each star is accompanied by a system of revolving bodies, the movements of which are controlled by the preponderating attraction of the central body, as we see in the case of the solar system.

Another interesting question offers itself in connection with these remarks: Does life exist not merely on the earth, but on all the planets of the solar system, and also on the planets which may be presumed to revolve round the innumerable suns of the stellar regions? Here, again, we have only conjecture to guide us. With respect to the bodies constituting the solar system, which, from their comparative proximity to the earth might be supposed to furnish a solution of this problem, careful observations have heretofore offered no indication whatever of the existence of life upon their surfaces; but life in some form or another may notwithstanding exist on those bodies. We must bear in mind that the planets are in all probability in various stages of development. It may be reasonably presumed that the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, in consequence of their enormous bulk, have cooled down more slowly than the earth and the other

smaller planets of the solar system, and are therefore less advanced as abodes of animated existence than the latter are; but even in the case of the earth it must be admitted to have revolved millions of years round the sun merely as a fiery orb before life appeared on its surface, and even after it had cooled down and become the abode of animated existence it produced, during countless millions of years more, life only in its lowest forms. The existence of man is but yesterday. This is an instructive lesson. It teaches us that although man exists on the earth's surface it does not follow that beings of the same order of intelligence as man exist upon all the other planets, or even upon any of them. Upon some of the planets life may not have yet come into existence; upon others life may exist, but in a less advanced stage than upon the earth; and the same remark is obviously applicable to the numberless bodies of the starry firmament. The state of the question, then, is this: We cannot pronounce positively upon the existence of life anywhere beyond the planet upon which we dwell; but, reasoning from analogy, we may suppose that certain, if not all, of the other bodies of the planetary system, which in so many respects bear a strong affinity to our own planet, are in like manner the abodes of life in some form or another, and that similarly there are countless bodies in the stellar regions which may also be the abodes of life.

PROF. GRANT.

"YES," said Fogg, in the street-car, "I'd get up and give my seat to one of those ladies if seats weren't so plaguey scarce."

MEETING OBLIGATIONS.

DEBTS and duties would be nearly synonymous words were it not that custom has associated the word debt so closely with money as almost to confine its use to that alone. Every duty is, however, really a debt, which is, something that we owe and ought to pay. It may be money or it may be service it may be justice or mercy, command or obedience, protection or friendship, reverence or love; whatever it be that comes to us as an obligation to be met, a duty to be performed, is also a debt that is owed, which a healthful conscience will not desire to repudiate.

Most of the moral teaching in the world consists in defining these obligations, in explaining to men and women how certain relations involve certain duties, why they are binding upon them, and what results will follow their obedience or disobedience. All this is most useful and necessary, yet it should never be forgotten that it is like the gardener's work in nourishing the plant, which is excellent if the root be alive and healthful, but of no avail otherwise. The root of a dutiful life is the *heart's readiness* to pay all debts, to discharge all obligations. This is something entirely apart from correct views of duty. It may exist with or without a keen appreciation of relations and their consequent obligations. But unless it is there, no perception, however acute, no mental outlook, however broad, no conclusions, however well founded, will suffice to make a virtuous character. There are few things in which men differ more radically than in this inward tendency. Take for example the commonest form of debt, that of money. There are some who would

never pay such debts if they could help it. Either the fear of the law or of social condemnation or some other penalty is needed to compel them, and if these can be avoided, or have lost their force, their debts will remain unpaid. Others need no such motive. They not only promptly pay their dues, but they would be unhappy not to do so, even could they conceal the fact from the whole world. The same difference is seen in all obligations. One heart will spring to meet and to discharge them as soon as they are manifest; another discovers them with regret, and either fulfils them through some outside pressure, or, if that be absent, leaves them unfulfilled. It is clear that the effect of moral teaching on these two classes of people, as well as the effect of their own advancing intelligence, will be vastly different. In the one case the new knowledge will blossom into rich fruitage; it will exalt the character and improve the conduct; in the other it will lie a heavy weight of unfulfilled responsibility.

Given the *disposition* to discharge obligations, and every new one that is revealed to the mind is a step upward in the life and value of the individual. How, then, may this disposition be cultivated? is a question for everyone who hopes to improve himself or his neighbors. How may we cherish and develop the spirit which springs to pay each debt as fast as it is discovered? Certainly this is a far more delicate and difficult task than any unfolding of duties to the understanding. Yet much can be done in this direction by those who have some knowledge of human nature and much sympathy with it. The influence of heart upon heart, wherever affection or strong

fellow-feeling exists, is well known. If those who love to fulfill their own obligations will cultivate a warm and sympathetic interest in their fellow-men, and manifest that interest in all their relations with them—if, not resting satisfied with the instruction that may convince the intellect, but leave the mainspring of conduct untouched, they also appeal to the sympathies, the desires and the feelings, stirring them into vital activity rather by their influence than their words, they will have touched the right chord.

It is pre-eminently in youth, however, that this desire to meet obligations may be most firmly implanted, and become a permanent possession. Children are quick to catch the spirit of those they are with, they soon learn to value the same things and to strive

for them. And the desire for a worthy object continually striven for and attained, grows into a habit of the heart, as surely as any long continued process of thought grows into a habit of the mind, or any oft-repeated manual operation grows into a habit of the hand. And what habit can be so inestimable to the individual, or so valuable to society, as that which leads men and women to meet every obligation as it arises, gladly and speedily with the same satisfaction that every honest man feels in paying his debts? In the words of a late writer: "An ideal society would be one in which an ideal education habitually stimulated and inflamed the good passions, while it starved and discouraged the bad."

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

"THE MINISTRATION OF DEATH."

II.

THE immortality of the spirit! What commonplace, senseless words they had always seemed?—a mere formula, a phrase without meaning; and *now* there was no truth, no fact, no reality like them; they seemed to flame in burning letters before her half-closed, motionless eyeballs. The immortality of the soul, that is, a never-dying consciousness, a *me* that must live, must suffer, must see, hear, be alive through *everything*. What was that verse she had so often read unthinkingly about fleeing to the uttermost parts of the earth without finding a refuge from the wrath to come? That was what the immortality of the soul must mean; that though the body have its own peculiar power of sink-

ing into dust, the soul could not abate one atom of power or life or strength, but must face eternity, *the same always*. Hours have gone by again—long, fearful hours—in which no interval of unconsciousness has relieved that fearful suffering; but nature cannot always stand the same tension, and as the day declines, the minutes rushing past at lightning speed, while each minute is an endless round of torture, a merciful dullness or blunting of the senses comes to the soul in prison. She has been prepared now for the tomb, clothed in her last snowy raiment, with flowers heaped upon her; lilies-of-the-valley, white roses, hyacinths, japonicas, are on her brow, twined in her hair, clasped in her hands. As twilight draws on, and the

wintery sun slips away, all is done, and she is left alone in the sweet-smelling, peaceful chamber, where no fire any longer twinkles on the hearth. As she thus lies, the first sensation of something that is not *all* agony comes over her, and the all-absorbing horror of the present moment fades.

There comes in its place a vision of herself in the past, and she dwells, wondering, upon the callous, light-hearted self-absorption, the delight in flattered vanity, the enjoyment of her own power, she had once called love. How could she have been so blind to the truth? Surely she must have had some true knowledge of her husband's worth. She had *once*—it must be that she had *once*—recognized his lofty nature; for she had loved him, not wisely, or nobly, or unselfishly, or even faithfully—no, that last was a lie; she had loved him faithfully *always*. Was it true that her last act on earth, her last use of the powers she had lost, had been to hide away a letter from Count Stanislaus, giving her careful directions where to meet him when she ran away from home? Count Stanislaus! why, she *hated him*; she never from the first had cared for him—his cold, hard smile, his marble gray eyes which never seemed quite human, his smoothly shaven, cruel-looking jaw—could it really be the truth that she had only been prevented by a miracle from leaving her husband, Randolph Fitzgerald, to live with Count Stanislaus?

Yes, her mind is perfectly clear; the remorseless thoughts roll on. She knows that except for this miracle she would by this time have been in that distant city by the sea whence *he* and *she* were going abroad. Her name would have been accursed in her husband's ears, her memory in his heart.

Now she is still *his* and in the coffin will bear his name. *In the coffin!* To awake to the knowledge that she loves him, had always loved him, could never love or like or think of any other. *In her coffin!* What had all her jealousy, her wounded pride, her cold withdrawal been worth? Nothing, and worse than nothing. Had she ever believed in his want of faith, his want of affection for her? Never; it was all of a piece with the rest. Vanity, worthless, selfish, wilful vanity; easy, shameful yielding to base insinuations, the habit of listening to vulgar, injurious gossip; the trifling with duty and truth and faith, and love which all around her encouraged: love! She had never before been able to feel that God was Himself. Nothing had seemed real; she was wearied with shadows. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." How it all flashed through her mind at once, the long unsatisfying years full of petty weariness and complaining coming after the love-marriage which promised such royal happiness! She saw vividly, clearly, the secret growth of all her sins and sorrow, the first yielding to foolish discontent, the pining for excitement which soon made every home occupation distasteful, the luxurious habits which swept away her time, the passion for admiration which made the society of men necessary; above all, the craving for amusement which kept her forever in a crowd, while she found herself more and more thrown with this one man, whose pursuit of her had been so stealthily progressive, so warily unalarming at first, so completely unrelenting at last.

Through it all she had been conscious of a neglected, subdued, but never-ceasing pain, of a steady in-

ward aching, which would be made sharper at any moment by meeting her husband's eyes.

Yes, that was the marvel—how she had ever fallen apart from him; for now in this supreme last moment of her prolonged self-communing, when she must lie here face to face with life and death at once, she knows her own heart.

Ah! if she could only be raised up again to life; but God does not throw away His mercies on such a wretch as she. He had already performed a miracle in keeping her from eloping by striking her down in this terrible manner. And even lying there in the awful grasp of that living death, with the horror and agony of knowing that soon, in a few hours, she must be placed alive, conscious, full of frozen but abounding vigor, in the coffin and the tomb, to be slowly— But her thoughts went on; she could not control them, or bring them to bear steadily on that future. She could still say, "I am thankful to have been kept faithful to my husband; I am thankful to have been saved from sin."

But hark! some one is coming. It is her husband, and as he comes through the folding-door, she sees in the great mirror which is in the alcove opposite, and which has so often reflected her own graceful, perfectly dressed shape, that he is leading their little son by the hand. The room is quite dark now, except for the soft light of two wax candles which are burning at the foot of the bed, and a crimson but subdued reflection through the half-open door of the wood fire in her dressing-room, where the watchers have been sitting. Her eyes have been left as they were, and are half open; but the glassy stare of real death is

absent, and though she is powerless to move them by so much as a hair's breadth, the dark pupils, blue in health, but looking black now, are so soft and natural, under the white lids that the boy's exclamation, "Papa, she is only asleep!" seems perfectly true for a moment. But his father shakes his head, and leads the little fellow to the side of the pillow. In this position it is impossible for her as she lies to see either of them. Mr. Fitzgerald lets the boy look on in silence while he gazes himself as though he would photograph that most delicately fair and touching vision upon his brain forever.

The leaves of the japonica buds are not whiter than her cheek and brow, while her lips still keep the singular red they wore in life, the coils of hair which had always been wonderful for their metallic golden shine seem even brighter and more lustrous than usual. Over the whole face, from the black upward-curling lashes and pathetic-looking eyes to the relaxed curves of the mouth, lies an indescribably touching look of humility, peace, and sadness. Young as she really is—for she has not passed her twenty-third birthday—years seem to have dropped from her like a mantle, and the very look she might have worn in her childhood is on her now. The tiny boy's wondering face, so near her own, is its very counterpart, Fitzgerald thinks, as he looks from one to the other.

"Papa," the child says, in a whisper, "is mamma dead?"

"Yes, Randolph"

"And will they bury her in the ground, papa?"

"Only her body, boy; *she* cannot be buried; she has gone to heaven."

He speaks slowly, and the child

seems to ponder before he answers. At last he says (and listening with every quivering nerve on fire, his mother thinks that he touches her hair, and longs—ah! with what longing she does yearn to clasp him in her arms!):

"Papa, there's one thing I'm certain about: I would rather have had my mamma, just as she was, than all the other boys' mothers, if they do hug them and let them rumple up their clothes, and tell stories and all—you know how they do. Well, my mamma was a million hundred times the prettiest of them all, wasn't she papa?"

"I think so, my boy—prettier and sweeter, and—"

God! can it be a sob which chokes his voice? is it possible that her husband is weeping for her? As the questioning thought flashes through her mind she feels that he has moved from where he stood, and in another moment both he and the boy are in such a position that through her half-closed eyes, to them so glazed and cold, to her so keen with darting vision, she can drink in every detail, every line of their faces. She sees the child's awe-struck, tear-stained little visage, the chubby, rosy cheeks a little pale with excitement, the merry blue eyes honestly sad, and wide open with a child's solemn gaze; and then she sees, as he comes into her field of vision, the man whom she had thought wholly absorbed of late in his books, his professional work, and his political advancement—ay, or something worse than either. She has estranged herself from him, nursed her jealousy of his pursuits, rejected his advances, made his home unhappy, neglected his son—and *hers!*—and, last of all, she has only been prevented by a miracle, an intervention of some power

not to be disputed, from disgracing, outraging him and the boy forever.

And yet he weeps for her! Weeps for her? Fool—miserable, blind, helpless fool that she has been! He has sent little Randolph out of the room, and kneeling by the bed, takes the cold, unmoving form, which within is panting and bursting with pent-up life, passion, love, remorse, and terror, into his arms—O God! in what a close, straining clasp!—and while his unaccustomed tears fall like the outpourings of a thunder-cloud upon her close-sealed face, who could have guessed that the tempest in her heart is wilder, fiercer, more deeply rending than his own—that his strongest emotion is as nothing to the whirling rush of agony in the still form he presses to his bosom? But in that brief moment, in the short space the strong man allows himself for the full indulgence of his pain, Elsie Fitzgerald reads and understands her husband's inmost soul at last. The pale, dead woman whom he lays back on her pillow, her brow wet with his tears, even in that supreme moment, with the gates of horrible death already opening before her, feels the thrill of his kisses, the warmth of his love above and through everything, though she knows that his farewell has only been spoken then because the time of her agony is near at hand.

That time has come; the hours so long in passing have slipped away like running water, and now, clad in soft and lustrous white, Elsie lies in her last bed, covered with lilies-of-the-valley, and gazing still through those half-shut eyelids at the friends around her. She can see distinctly that she is in the centre of her own parlor, the sun shining faintly through the half-drawn curtains, and a number of peo-

ple are standing about the room; she sees the end of the clergyman's long black silk robe, but not his face, while just in the line of her vision are three women who have been constant associates of hers in all kinds of amusements. They are whispering together now, and one of them is smiling maliciously. The service is evidently not to be read just yet; there is a sort of pause in the preparations, and she distinguishes the clergyman's voice conversing in a low tone with some one out of sight. Mingled with it are the murmurs of other voices equally suppressed, the rustling movement of many people, the heavy tread of servants carrying in chairs, and every few minutes the arrival of some eager late-comer. Sometimes a hand, which she knows to be that of her faithful old nurse and house-keeper, lays fresh lilies about her, or alters the position of some already there, their faint yet powerful odor breathing, it seems to her, into her very brain, and adding to the feeling of numbness, of stupefaction, which is slowly, slowly creeping over her.

At last silence, and then a voice reading the old familiar words. Oh! can those be the same, the words she has heard a hundred times with indifference, with admiration, with half-poetical sentiment, but never with deep emotion before?

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Can it be true? can there be a new life, a new tide of full, flowing, living life coming again to *her*? Will these chains and shackles drop off, and leave her free?

Silence again, and a movement around her. The service is ended; the time is come; and though the land of deliverance, the morning of resur-

rection of which that voice has just spoken, lies on the other side of horror and pain unspeakable, still it will soon be over, and perhaps—

Yes, they are saying "good bye" to her now, all these friends, all these acquaintances, all these strangers. She feels a vague surprise as she mechanically classes them that any of those "newspaper women" should have been admitted, and finds herself thinking that she must warn the butler at her next reception. Then she recovers herself, and knows where she is again. It will soon be over now. She could hear the men lifting the heavy lid which was to shut her out forever from the life of earth—when a man who had slowly drawn near to that snow-white bier paused and looked down upon the breathless form within. Fairer than the daylight, the sunny braids of long thick hair framing the cold, placid face, and veiling with fold on fold the outlines of the shrouded bosom, she lay with half-open eyes, a faint, lingering smile, or shadow of a smile, parting the lips still so brightly red.

Slowly he raised his hand, this man who did not shrink from the sight, and slowly, as though to steal from her clasp a flower for good-bye, he touched the waxen palm.

God of heaven! hast Thou heard to save?

The shriek that burst from those pale lips, the light that flashed from those sealed eyes!

With the gesture of one who repulses some loathsome danger the sleeper arose in her coffin, sitting there in the midst of her grave-clothes and lilies, with the sunlight streaming full upon her, and both hands outstretched to repel, while the echoes of her

scream died away in the awe-struck silence. Then, with the sudden movement of a child awakened among strangers, she turned—face, figure, soul, mind, and heart one throb of ecstasy and love—to her husband, and was locked in his embrace.

That which neither love, nor fear, nor grief, nor skill could effect, the traitor's touch had done. He who

would without remorse have consigned her to the death of sin, now, by the very force with which in that dread hour her nature had revolted from his sway, recalled her from her open grave. In that moment the broken shackles fell from spirit and body together, and the awakened woman knew that the "truth had made her free."

ANNE PORTER.

THE COMFORTS OF LIFE.

LEON Gambetta is reported to have said, "There are no questions but social questions," by which he meant, no doubt, that the only propositions worthy of prolonged argument are those concerning the welfare of mankind at large. In all ages and in all countries there has been contention between those who possessed a full share of this world's goods and those who had little. The demands of modern socialists for a more equal distribution of the comforts of life are the same in principle as were made in the earliest ages; the machinery proposed for enforcing them alone differs from their predecessors. Requests for higher wages are still met with indignation by men—and women also—once wage-earners themselves or the children of wage-earners. Asiatic despots or feudal barons could hardly display more entire contempt for the bienêtre of their serfs than do many employers in democratic America. They refuse to take into consideration the poor food, the insufficient clothing, the wretched shelter of the laborer, his dread of starvation, or its alternative, alms seeking. They treat these evils as allotted by Providence to a particular class. Even the benevolent who spend

their days and nights in efforts to relieve distress will not tolerate the idea that workingmen or women have a right to improve their condition by bringing pressure upon their employers. They regard the "lower classes" to have been appointed by Providence as media for displaying their own beneficence, and look with alarm at the growth of trades societies, which seek higher wages by means of strikes. Few indeed of the influential classes undertake an inquiry into the justice of the demands of the workingmen or the cost of satisfying them. Employers pay what they cannot help, and workingmen and their families live from hand to mouth, anxiously looking for a time when they will enjoy a greater measure of mental and physical comfort.

A man child is born; he grows to be a lad, exhibits a fondness for accumulation, saves his pennies, puts by dollar after dollar, shows business faculty, becomes a master builder, employs many workmen, undertakes large contracts, and grows rich. His brother is a good workman, a thinker and a reader, a good husband, father, and citizen, but is without high ambition, business talents, or taste for

accumulating money; he lives sparely, and if he suffers mishaps from sickness or has a large family must eat the bread of carefulness all his life, and may nevertheless die dependent on charity. It is true that the qualities of the first of these individuals are rare and therefore bring a higher reward; but they are not in themselves more praiseworthy than the other's, nor necessarily more useful to the community. The population would be housed as well and cheaply if the millionaire had not possessed so eminent a faculty for making gain. If some of his great profits had been distributed among his workmen they would have lived better, they and their families would not have been a burden to the community, and the sum of human happiness would have been greater.

It is much easier to prove the accuracy of these statements than to show how a remedy is to be provided. The employer acts after the manner of his kind. He has to compete with his rivals; he buys his labor in the cheapest market and thinks he has discharged his duty if he pays what he promises. The workman, on the other hand, is forced to find work day by day to provide for his family. The civilized world is fast becoming over-

populated, and if there are any lands where day's labor is amply paid they are far away and traveling expenses heavy. The idea of regulating by law the amount of money or food which each individual or family shall expend in a given time has not yet commended itself to the good sense of mankind at large. It would withdraw the stimulus to exertion which men believe to be beneficial to the world. Within bounds, competition, rivalry, and even strife, are eminently beneficial. The civilized world pities the feeble who fall out by the way and provides for them; but it does not encourage them to be feeble. All the great blessings of life come from exertion, and those who work hardest are, as a rule, the happiest. The desire to acquire wealth is not to be numbered among the higher emotions, and is often the motive of very bad actions. But how many of the great inventions which have benefited mankind have proceeded from the desire of accumulation? Great fortunes should not be allowed to descend to single individuals, but the man who labors hard with skill and energy should have his reward in his own life and be able to provide a moderate portion for his descendants.

From Woman.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.

THE teacher, a lesson he taught;
The preacher, a sermon he praught,
The stealer, he stole;
The heeler, he hole;
And the screecher, he awfully scaught.

The long-winded speaker, he spoke;
The poor office seeker, he soke;
The runner, he ran;
The dunner, he dan;
And the shrieker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew;
The buyer, on credit he bew;
The doer, he did;
The suer, he sid;
And the liar (a fisherman) lew.

The writer, this nonsense he wrote;
The fighter (an editor) fote;
The swimmer, he swam;
The skimmer, he skim;
And the biter was hungry and bote.

WHERE DOES THE DAY BEGIN?

THE following instructive letter, signed "Latimer Clark," appears in the *English Mechanic*:—

Your highly esteemed correspondent, 'F. R. A. S.' says that this subject has been thoroughly thrashed out; but I do not feel that this is the case, and I think it is rather one which will continue to grow in interest the more it is popularly understood, and especially when it becomes known that the spot where the day begins can be accurately localised, and that something happens there quite unlike what occurs elsewhere. The theory of the subject is indeed thoroughly understood; but the facts of the case are very little known even to scientific men, for it is not a matter dependent in any way on science or astronomy, but a mere question of fact dependent on accident alone. One would expect that the starting-point of time for the whole human race would have been a spot as interesting to travelers, and as celebrated as the source of the Nile or the Congo; and whenever the poets grasp the majesty of the ideas associated with this mysterious 'womb of time,' they will certainly not fail to sing of it.

Most people imagine that if we were living at the spot where the day commences, we should observe nothing extraordinary, but that the days would glide evenly by, as they do in Europe and elsewhere; but this is by no means the case. If the spot from which the new day sets forth should happen to be on land (and as a matter of fact it is so), we must be prepared to expect some interesting anomalies there. I pointed out in *Nature*, May 9, 1878, that the daily starting-point of time really occurs at Sitka, in Alaska, in what was the Russian portion

of North America. After having long and in vain sought for this information among travelers and geographers, I met with it in a small book entitled 'The Geographical Readers,' by C. B. Glark, M. A., London, 1876. At p. 19 the author says: "At the town of Sitka, in Alaska, half the population are Russians who have arrived from Russia across Asia; half the population are Americans who have arrived *via* the United States. Hence, when it is Sunday with the Russians, it is Saturday with the Americans. The Russians are busy on Monday while the Americans are in church on Sunday, to the great interruption of business." Here, then, is evidently the answer to the question, Where does the day begin? As this territory has now been ceded to the United States, the Russian chronology must gradually but inevitably die out, and the starting-point will doubtless thereafter be where it ought to be—viz., on one of the Aleutian or Behrings Straits islands still owning Russian sway, so that no inconvenience will be felt by anybody.

We may record the boundary line between Alaskan and American territory as a portion of a meridian, and some very amusing and seemingly paradoxical results must occur there, quite opposed to our common notions. Let us, for example, consider the coming New Year's Day of 1888. The longitude of Sitka is such that the new year will commence there about 9 o'clock in the morning of next Saturday, December 31 (Greenwich time); during the first three hours the new year will only have spread about as far as New Zealand, all the rest of the world will still be in 1887. Any

person born in this region will date his birth from January 1888; but his cousins, born in Europe many hours afterwards, will date their birth from 1887. He will be the younger in age, but the older in date, and if he chance to inherit family wealth and title, he may possibly afford some day an interesting case for the ingenuity of the lawyers and an apt illustration of the utility of universal time. Fifteen hours later the new year will have reached England, and the midnight peals will joyously herald its advent; after twenty-four hours the earth will have completed its revolution, and for a single instant only, before the next day starts, the entire world will be living under the date of January 1, 1888.

But, now, let us for a moment consider the case of the people living on the American side of the line: The first of January will have only just commenced for them, and they will have to wait twenty-four hours longer before it will terminate; it follows from

this that each day exists on some part of the earth for forty-eight hours and for the same reason the year endures for 366 days; during the whole of the first twenty-four hours we have 1887 on one side of the line and 1888 on the other. A Russian can at any time cross the borders and spend yesterday with his friends, or an American can enter Russia (where he will find it to-morrow) and enjoy the New Year's dinner with his Russian neighbors and return home in ample time to spend the evening of the old year with his family. If he stands astride on the boundry line there will be an instant during which his feet will be the one in yesterday morning, the other in yesterday night, while his body will still be in to-day—that is, the day just expiring—and, if he enjoys the position, he may remain there throughout a day forty-eight hours long. The whole problem is an instructive one, and sufficiently interesting to be more generally known and understood.

HOW THE SULTAN IS INTERVIEWED.

THE reports of the interview between Sir Charles Dilke and the Sultan which have reached England are so confused, and may convey such a very wrong impression, that I think it will be well to describe what an interview with the Sultan of Turkey is like, and as I have several times seen and talked with his Majesty, I will narrate simply how such interviews as these are really managed.

Before anyone sees the Sultan of Turkey a great many preliminaries have to be adjusted. The Chief Eu-

nuch, a black gentleman, who looks to get some profit financially out of every transaction which takes place at the Palace, has to be first of all consulted. Even the Grand Vizier himself could not arrange an interview for anyone with the Sultan without first speaking to the Chief Eunuch. If he did, the Eunuch would intrigue against him, and he would shortly have to resign office. But once the Eunuch is satisfied, the course is comparatively clear. Then there is another functionary to be made complacent—the Chamber-

lain of the Palace. He is a gentleman, as a rule, of small desires. If he can get a little present—a very insignificant backshish—he will be content; but he must have something. For the Eunuch, about £10 has been needed; the Chamberlain will not want more than £2, but it will have to be given him in the form of tobacco or snuff. The Eunuch takes his “honorarium” in gold, because with him, if presents all took the form of tobacco, he would soon have enough to stock a warehouse. There will still be a little present required for the lower-class Turk-servant of the Palace, who comes to announce to you that the Sultan will receive you, or you may yet be stopped at the gates of the Palace. But when this minor matter has been arranged, all goes well.

You start on your visit in a nicely appointed carriage, on the day and at the hour designated. You will be urged to be in time, as the “Sultan is very punctual;” and you will go, perhaps, in feverish haste to Yildiz Kiosk. But you need not do anything of the sort. You will have to wait at least an hour or two before his Majesty sees you, and during that time you will have plenty of means of learning how the Turk wastes time. Ushered into the Chamberlain’s room, you will sit down on a cushioned divan, and then be saluted by all in the room. The Chamberlain will call to a servant, “Gel!” and on his coming will order cigarettes and coffee to be handed you, and while that is being brought you will see that all in the room are making remarks about you in a language that you probably do not understand. The room—if it be cold weather—is warmed by a samovar, which is a sort of circular flat tray on

a stand, containing lighted charcoal, and the chances are that long before you leave the apartment to see the Sultan you will have a splitting headache.

But, at the moment when you are summoned to the august presence, you will possibly forget all this; and as you tramp along the corridors behind the eunuch, who shows you the way, you have plenty of time to get rid of your headache, for the ways to the Sultan’s room are long and devious, and you have many a passage to thread before you enter into the presence of the Padishah. At last you pass over a series of steps, and arrive at the door of the presence-chamber. You are notified that here is the Sultan, and you prepare to do obeisance. The door opens into a large apartment, at one end of which, under a sort of archway, is a smaller room, in the centre of which, in a chair of European make, sits the Sultan of Turkey. He rises to meet you, and you now see that the Caliph is a man of about middle age, with a sad, thoughtful face—a dignified gentleman, of kindly mein. He shakes you by the hand, invites you to enter the smaller room, waves his hand to give you a seat, and in this way places you at your ease. There is a Pasha waiting to interpret for you, and he, standing by, receives from you the remarks you make, and translates them to the Sultan, telling you what the Sultan says in reply.

The Pasha is not quite certain to tell his Majesty exactly what you say; he will, in fact, alter your phrases so as best to suit them to the Royal ear. Something in this fashion:—Pasha: “His Majesty says when will the English leave Egypt?” You: “I do not think they will evacuate the country for some time.” Pasha (translat-

ing for the Sultan) : "He says, Oh, Father of the Faithful, that he hopes, please God, they will go very shortly." Or, Pasha: "His majesty asks what is the opinion in England about Bulgaria?" You: "That the Bulgarians should be allowed to choose their own Prince, and live peaceably." Pasha (translating for the Sultan): "He hopes, your Majesty, in common with all Englishmen, that the Bulgarians will accept your Majesty's orders, and leave the choice of a Prince to you." So that, unless you understand Turkish, the interview, so far as you are concerned, is of very little value. You think you learn exactly what the Padishah thinks, and that you are conveying your opinions to him. Nothing of the sort. The Sultan hears just what the wily Pasha desires, and so do you, and the farce is kept up to the end of the visit. At last you rise to go. The Sultan has been told little or nothing that you really said; you have learnt nothing of the real mind of the Sultan. But that is immaterial. The Pasha has made you comfortable and pleased his master, and the Grand Turk and his subject are both very happy.

But I think I hear you ask whether this can be the case with so great a man as Sir Charles Dilke. It can, unless the Chief Dragoman of the Embassy go with him as interpreter to the Sultan, and then you will know what the Sultan says; though it is more than probable that even in that case the Dragoman will fail to translate for you your pungent remarks to the Sultan. The Dragoman is an Armenian, and he would not hurt the feelings of the Sultan for anything. Besides, it would be impolitic in him to do anything of the kind. He has to meet his Majesty, again, and he, being an Oriental himself, knows that he must not say anything offensive to the Grand Turk. So he mellows your phrases and waters your most striking ideas, so as to make them palatable to the Padishah. In this way he gives no offence—and, perhaps, after all, does good, for you might blurt out something that was not useful, with the very best intentions. Not even our acutest statesman would know how to suit his remarks to the exigencies of the Caliph of Islam.

A TRAVELER.

From the Youth's Companion.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

THE TIDE of war penetrated for the first time into Kentucky in the summer of 1862. The armed neutrality which the State had declared as its policy, and which it had striven to maintain, had proved a failure. The confederates entered the State, hoping and expecting to find her ready to come at their call.

But she was not ready, and every inch of the ground was fought over,

till step by step the Confederates were driven back from the Blue Grass Region, through the dense wilderness of the Cumberland Mountains, on to the Great Gap, through which the broken and routed army passed into the Valley of East Tennessee.

The silence of the forest was broken by the tramp, tramp of thousands of feet; the hills swarmed with the Blue and the Gray; the divide of the

Cumberland River, in its deep, rocky bed, rolling between. Giant trees, the growth of centuries, were felled to make room for batteries and rifle-pits. The scanty crops of corn and potatoes were soon exhausted, and forage for man and beast became every day more scarce.

Supplies were brought up the river on steamboats, then transferred to wagon-trains, and when the roads became impassable, were carried on pack-mules.

So the advancing Federal army under Burnside had no lack. But for General Bragg's men, who were re-treating, weary, discouraged, footsore, and ragged, there was no recourse but to ravage the surrounding country, and this they did with such effect, that the natives, who are always abjectly poor, were reduced to extremities, particularly when the "bread-gitter," as they call the head of the family, was serving in the army.

Communication with home was cut off, and mails were irregular and infrequent. Yet it was a question whether to be glad or to be sorry when a mail did come, so piteous were the tales of destitution and need that it brought.

The early twilight was settling down, a light fall of snow had sprinkled the hills with white, the wind whistled cheerily through the pine trees. Shivering, the men drew closer to the roaring camp-fire, which with

"Rude humor painted
The rudy tints of health
On haggard form and face,
That drooped and fainted
In the fierce race."

Suddenly one of the group started up, and dashing a letter he had been reading to the ground, exclaimed,

"Boys, I'm bound ter git a leave an' go home fur a week!"

"Git a leave in the face uv the Blue Jackets! Why, John Rowsey, air ye crazy?"

"I tell you fellers, I'm bound ter go — my wife an' th' young uns they's starvin', aint got nuthin' ter eat at all!"

He groaned, as he walked away, to present his petition to General Breckenridge, his brigade commander.

With orderlies and adjutants on guard, it is by no means easy for a private to approach his chief, but a motive such as impelled Rowsey would have overcome even greater obstacles than these, and he was in a short time standing in the general's tent.

"Beg pardon, General," said the aide, "I tried to keep the man out, but nothing would do but he must see you himself."

The young officers who filled the tent smiled audibly at the appearance of the ragged, unkempt, shoeless man, who presented himself among them. But in General Breckenridge's veins flowed the blood of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, and he remembered that the battles of the Revolution had been fought by just such men, and he was too polite to find matter for merriment in genuine distress however humble. With a glance of stern rebuke to the jesters, he turned, and with the same gracious, sweet courtesy that marked his manners to every one, he said, "Well, my man, what can I do for you?"

"I would like a week's leave, General, if you please."

"Why, my good fellow, don't you know that in the face of the enemy no one can have a leave?"

"Read that, General, if you please."

It was a torn and soiled half-sheet of

coarse paper. The general took it, and these were the pencilled words he deciphered:

"DEAR JOHN.—Can't you come home and help us? We aint had nothin' ter eat sence day before yesterday, 'cep' some dry crusts uv corn-bread. The soldiers hev took everything. They've kilt the cow, an' the meal's all gone; if you can't come soon we'll all be starved. Good-by, an' God bless you if I don't see you no more. MARY."

No petition from high official had ever moved General Breckenridge as did that simple little letter.

"My poor fellow," said he, laying his hand on the soldier's shoulder, "I will indorse your petition and send it up to head quarters. You know that when we are so near a battle as now no one but the commanding general can grant a leave, but you shall have it if I can get it for you."

"God bless you, General!" sobbed the poor fellow, as he sank on his knees. "God bless you, and thank you kindly!"

There were few dry eyes in the tent as Breckenridge read the letter to the officers who surrounded him, after Rowsey had gone, and he lost no time in sending it with his own indorsement to Bragg.

John Rowsey slept with troubled dreams of love and Mary, and awoke, stretching out his arms and crying, "I'm a-comin', Mary, I'm a-comin'!"

"Pore feller!" said his comrades, "he's all dazed wi' his trouble."

"A message for private John Rowsey, Company E, —th, K. V. M.," called out a gay-looking officer, galloping down the line.

Flushed with hope, he came forward,

received the packet, and tore it open eagerly; but when he saw his wife's letter inclosed with General Breckenridge's indorsement, while across the paper were written the fatal words, "Request disallowed," he dropped heavily to the ground.

"I tell yer, boys, I must go!" he said an hour or two later to a group of friends.

"But yer'll be caught!"

"Ef I am they cant do nothin' but shoot me, an' I'd ruther be dead than stay here. Good Lord, you dun no what 'tis ter feel as them as yer love better'n yerself's starvin' ter death, an' you can't do nothin' ter help 'em!"

After that no one said anything to hinder him, but all gave him money to help him.

"Give my respects to General Breckenridge, Jim," he said to a comrade, as he started, "an' thank him fur what he tried to do fur me, an' tell him I hed to go." Then he turned and walked quietly down the line, into the thick woods patrolled by the boys in gray.

Past the first and second sentry he went unchallenged, no one taking notice of the man who walked along so coolly, and seemed to be minding his own business. Only one more picket, and then—freedom and Mary, when—

"Who goes there?" called a stentorian voice.

"A friend."

"Advance and give the counter-sign."

A dash through the woods was the only answer. What odds, however, had one against half-a-dozen? The sentry's gun gave the alarm, and John Rowsey was surrounded and lodged in the guard-house.

The tidings soon penetrated to the

little group who were so anxiously awaiting the result.

"Sarves him right," said a burly Tennesseean, "fur desartin' his country's flag."

"Shet up, Jake Larkins! Country's well 'nough, but if them what's bone o'yer bone's a-starvin', an, a-callin' fur ye, I reckon ye wouldn't be a-thinkin' 'bout country," said Jim, as he strode off to Breckenridge's quarters.

"Is it any use, General, do ye think, axin' fur a pardon? I knows as it's a mighty bad case, but jes' ye think what was pullin' the pore teller t'other way."

"I'll see, I'll see," said the General, with a tremble in his voice. "My God, I wish I had given him the leave, and taken the risk myself!"

And "see" he did, for he got up a petition which was signed by half-a-dozen brigade commanders; but all to no effect.

"Deserter Johnny Rowsey to be shot at high noon," was the sentence issued.

The prisoner sat in the guard-house, trying to write a letter by the dim light of a slut, as they call the lights used in the mountains. It is a rude, iron cup on a stem, and is filled with lard, in which a twisted strip of cotton serves for a wick. As he was writing, General Breckenridge opened the door and came in.

"My poor fellow, I am sorry for this!"

"I knowed you'd be, General, I knowed you'd be. I love my country, too, but I couldn't help doin' it. I was bound ter go, you see."

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"If you'd find my Mary, General, an' tell her how I tried ter come, an'

give her this letter, an' if you could help her a bit."

"I will, I will," was the answer. "I will find her myself."

"An', General, you don't think I run away cos I was a coward?"

"A coward? No!" and the kindly blue eyes shone with moisture.

"I ain't afeard ter fight, an' I aint afeard ter die, but there's some things as takes the heart outer a feller."

"I'll tell Mary that you died like a brave man," said the General, as he grasped the horny hand of the soldier.

"Bless you fur that word!" cried the other, springing up eagerly. "An' God bless you now an' alwiz, an' keep you frum trouble like mine!" And there they stood hand in hand, the general and gentleman, and the uncouth mountaineer, whose ideas were limited to his native hills. Of one blood hath He made all inhabitants of the earth.

Around a large, partially cleared space, where the stumps of the trees showed that the wilderness had but lately given away before the advance of man, the battalions were drawn up to see—what?

One solitary man standing in the centre of the circle, with eyes blinded, a target for the bullets of half-a-dozen bright, glittering rifles fifty yards away.

"I'll not do it," said one. "I came to fight the enemy, and not to murder a defenceless man."

"Orders is orders," said another, "and he's a deserter."

"Deserter indeed! Wouldn't you have done the same in his place?"

"Well, I wasn't in his place, and how do I know what I would have done if I had been?" with which piece of philosophy he turned away.

The signal given, a flash, a discharge, a muffled scream, and all was over. No one noticed that one of the shots was fired into the air.

General Breckenridge's face grew whiter and whiter, as he sat immovable on his horse at the head of his troops and watched the preparations. And when the faint cry was heard, he fell to the ground in a dead faint.

What mattered it to the thousands in that camp, who might themselves meet death in the next twenty-four hours, that one soul had gone on before? But happily, there is One who says that not a sparrow falls to the

ground without His knowledge. The "extenuating circumstances" that availed naught at the camp on the Cumberland may have weighed heavily at the bar of heaven.

When General Breckenridge sought out that once happy little home on the spur of Pine Knob, he found only an empty and deserted cabin. Whether Mary had heard the sad tidings, and gone to the settlement in the valley away down below, or whether she had wandered into the wilderness in pursuit of sustenance for herself and little ones, and perished there, no one will ever know.

S. L. YOUNG.

From The Forum.

EDUCATION AND LAWLESSNESS.

ALONG with this steady and ordered condition of things in nature goes subordination. One thing, species, class, is above another. The whole cosmos stands by subjection. Hence, as in man, so in the training of man there is subordination; and as there is subordination, so also there is the principle of authority, as far-reaching, omnipresent, necessary, as law itself. If humanity has a common life, it lives by a common rule. If it is to be nurtured and developed from infancy to maturity, it must be by the subjection of one mind to another, of one will to another, of the taught and training to the teacher and trainer. Schools are governments. Ought they, then, to govern?

Taking the family, the school proper, the college, and the university together, we have four stages of educational work. Within half a century or less a change has been taking place in them apart from all changes of in-

struction, curriculum, text-books, or the graduation of studies, but a change more or less affecting their intellectual character. The marks of the innovation may be misinterpreted; they seem to mean a declining respect for authority. Probably they are only one phase of a much broader tendency, traceable to our national origin, political system, and democratic traditions. It is not very strange that a civil polity which began with a declaration of its rights, and got its foothold upon the earth with a struggle of life and death for them, should have the sense of what it deserves so intensified in its consciousness as sometimes to forget what it owes; or that, lodging all power in the individual members, it should dispose each individual to insist more upon his civil rights than his civil duties. The present writer is one of those who believe that the constitution of every government under the sun should be so far theocratic as

to keep up in the mind of the people an unflinching conviction of dependence upon the Almighty, the strongest of empires and republics being made strong by that conviction. There may be a rhetorical sense in which it can be said that a government derives its power and its right to make and administer laws from the consent of the governed. It may, indeed, get its opportunity from the people, but it gets its power primarily from God. Apart, however, from the sphere of religion, say what we will of the glory of independence, there is a glory, equally high and deep, of obedience—voluntary, intelligent, principled obedience where obedience is due. The voices of three generations have extolled enthusiastically the principle of popular self rule. It would be no new thing in history if the prolonged reiteration of an unquestionable and precious truth should suppress some other truth balancing it. Nothing can make it true, not even the American experiment, that self-praise is the highest function of a person or of a people, self-direction the best guidance, or self-development the loftiest aspiration. On the contrary, a system based on such maxims is equally at war with common sense, philosophy, and faith. The first want of any society is to recognize a past behind its oldest members and an intelligence above its highest heads. Persuade any nation that self-aggrandizement is its supreme good, or that every citizen is sufficient to himself, and it cannot fail in time to breed degradation of public character where politics will be a science of greediness, offices and officers will be merchandise, legislation a convenience to be managed for sordid ends under State ceremonials, and law itself a purveyor to one or another

of the appetites. There is a great deal to be done between two oceans, and we have no time to spare for self-congratulation.

In the recent struggle of contending educators over the question of elective studies, it strikes an observer that due respect has hardly been paid to the discipline of the will. The debate has been carried on almost exclusively with reference to those results of education which are strictly intellectual, man being treated as a receptacle of knowledge. The "fetich" is not altogether, as Mr. Adams suggested, the dead languages, but knowledge itself, a better idol than most but not so good as the best, and as an idol not good at all. Now, if modern education has any distinguishing principle it is that its business is to train, enlarge, and invigorate the man in all parts of him, the integral sum of his faculties. It will be a step forward when it is fairly acknowledged that even with the knowing or understanding faculty the foremost object is to perfect it as an instrument for service rather than to stock it as a recipient of information. But, more than that, there are other powers and capacities stamped with quite as weighty a responsibility as those of apprehension, acquisition, or memory, viz., the moral judgment, conscience, and will. It can hardly be pretended by the most extravagant secularist that hitherto these great forces in a complete manhood have had their share of culture. Where they dwindle or are overshadowed, it is not only the symmetry of a complete individual manhood that must suffer; society will be disordered. And the point in the body politic where the disease will be felt first will be that where society finds its safeguard—reverence for right and obedience to law.

There is another modern educational innovation, the self-government of pupils. Within twenty years or less a theory has been promulgated, and in a few instances put upon experiment, that the autonomy of a college should be shaped into a democracy. The governing power of a faculty, having experience, and age, and deliberation, and a supposed special fitness and a very obvious and vital accountability, is intermingled or made to be coordinate with that of the students themselves, acting either in general meeting or by chosen representatives. A practice of politics, and it may be juvenile politics, is introduced among academic pursuits. In certain states of excitement, under the sway of those passions which inevitably sweep through a collegiate community, where pride, favoritism, resentment, false sympathy, false honor, play so large a part, who can expect the exercise of calm wisdom, of judicial impartiality, of patience, of true royalty? Under some presidents of rare sagacity and a genius for mastery, such as the last generation has seen, so adventurous a system might be rightly managed. We are not aware that any one of those statesmanlike men undertook to manage it or institute it. They know that in every academic atmosphere there are gusts. Instructive examples have been afforded quite lately of the rising spirit of pædocracy, where it has been more than suspected that the administration of discipline has been controlled rather by the dictation of the boys than by the good sense of the officers. More than one such officer declares that, as respects the conduct of college newspapers, athletic clubs, inter-collegiate games, the irregularities and illegalities that attend boat-racing and ball-playing, that it is the impulse

and cry of immaturity that carry the day rather than the administering body to which the sacred trust of command has been assigned. Without in the least impugning the courage or conscience of those to whom this trust has been committed, and fully admitting the plausibility of certain arguments for a relaxation of the former police rigidity, is it not both fair and timely to urge extreme caution in changes which threaten a subversion of ideas that lie at the basis of social welfare, and which are of vast moment to the future law-makers of the country? The drift in that direction is formidable. In the multiplication of chairs there ought to be in every college a professorship where the divine sanctity of law should be ably taught and illustrated—history, philosophy, political economy, and social ethics being made tributary to that instruction.

The Prussians have a saying, that whatever you wish to have appear in the life of a nation you must put into its schools. Will the republic be ennobled, then, by the citizenship of a generation taught in childhood to believe that as soon as children can go alone on their feet they should be permitted to go alone in their judgment, their manners, and their principles? A pleasant aphorism of a German poet, that a wise age reverences the dreams of its youth, appears to frighten parents from setting up a rule in their own houses. The children are consulted as to what they like, which is well enough with the important limitation that a large part of the appointed business of their fathers and mothers is to teach them what they ought to like. It is reckoned despotic to coerce nature, as if we did not bring into the world in our nature

a great deal which, unless somebody does coerce it, ruins us. Earlier and earlier the reins are tossed on the neck of juvenile inclinations, till that whole period of beautiful and blessed subjection which Saxon homes once knew as boyhood and girlhood is eaten away by a premature and offensive self-assertion, and instead of boys and girls we have little men and little women. Some futile attempts are made, too late, to hire or bribe the virtues which might have been healthily grown under a sturdier nurture. Indulgence ends in misery. Sharper cruelty can hardly be done to a child than to leave him to himself in those things in which God ordains the parent to act over him and for him. Whenever we come to be a lawless land, as we certainly shall after four or five lawless generations have grown up in it, this "great country" will be a great grave of true freedom, of manly virtue, and a pure peace. Where the young are brought up to obey, not coaxed or supplicated to obey, the foundation is laid for a solid social fabric. From this home legislation the first transfer is to school. The same firm hand of law, strict and merciful, and merciful because it is strict, is meant to take the child up there, too, holding him and guiding him.

The whole apparatus of education, from top to bottom, fails unless it chastens and moulds the mind to orderly methods. Not more self-reliance, but more intellectual humility, is now our national want. To create in the scholar a patient, modest, and obedient action of the whole intellectual nature is a benefit that lasts on in the personal experience and makes an abiding element in character, opening the soul to all the light of truth. Of two graduates from college, one car-

ries out a store of things learned, the luggage of his mind. The other carries the secret how to learn, and how to be taught, which is the better part of wisdom, his faculties being set in the order of the Maker's plan. Which will be the master of his place and the master of other men in the fight of after years, who can doubt? When the Duke of Wellington received a very intrepid battalion returning from a bloody campaign it was observed that he said nothing of their courage, praising only their discipline and subordination to command. Civilians were surprised. The field marshal's reason was ready—Englishmen are expected to be brave, but obedience is the higher honor. War itself, as a science of slaughter, is not a lofty kind of work, as the most courageous warriors in later days always admit. Yet the military profession is an elevated one in civilized countries, because it is a discipline of character in the principle of authority. The fascination in the presence of an admiral or general is not in the strap or title. Great commanders, great statesmen, true gentlemen the world over, never gain their places by self-assertion, but by steadfast drudgery under orders, each obediently observing the limits of his rank and post. How sternly the public judgments of heaven have instructed both Cæsars and democracies that presumption is weakness; that military dash and extemporization and "head-quarters in the saddle" and contempt of "red-tape" and all that raw brood are sure agencies of national self-destruction.

The men, the nations, the ages which most venerate law are the strong men, the commanding nations, the happy ages. The American poet is not wanting in the liberal sympha-

thies of his age, but he seems to see both sides of the social fact when he writes :

"Three roots bear up dominion. Knowledge, will ;

These two are strong ; but stronger still the third,

Obedience, the great tap-root, which still, Knit round the rock of duty, is not moved Though the storm's ploughshare spend its utmost skill."

The great master of Rugby, Dr. Arnold, when it was suggested that a proposed expulsion of some insubordinate boys of choice blood would endanger the patronage, replied: "It is not necessary that there should be three hundred pupils in this school, but it is absolutely necessary that all who are here should be amenable to discipline." I remember a case of disturbance at Harvard, where a budding socialist in the sophomore class, being called before President Walker, ventured to remark that he did not approve of the law which he had just broken. The president discontinued the conversation by saying, so dryly that every drop of moisture seemed to be squeezed out of the words, "We don't expect you to approve of the law, but to mind it;" and he sent him home to learn a lesson more useful to him than the calculus or the Greek tragedies.

"Self-made—though there really is no creature of that sort in creation—is a title which, in current use, has come to be received as a kind of indisputable challenge to admiration, a proof of intellectual nobility and of fitness for high office. Great respect is doubtless due to the energy of any man who makes the most of his gifts or his opportunity. Such men may here and there rise to the intellectual peerage of the world. But the self-made man is badly made who is not

ready to confess that other men might have made him better than he made himself, and especially that institutions which gather and treasure up the wisdom of the past, and are complicated instruments perfected by ages, are likely to educate better than an individual mind, however vigorous, or an individual will, however resolute, or a personal aspiration left to itself, however persistent. Who would not rather have, as his ruler, his doctor, his preacher, his attorney, or his judge, the pupil of the best that the world has thought and learned, than the pupil of a master who is master and pupil at the same time, and who, therefore, at any given moment, has an uneducated mind for his educator? A reconciliation, therefore, of the ideas of liberty and law is for the teachers and guides of mankind a matter of profound concern. Wherever it is attained the gain is more than a mere triumph of consistent scientific thought. It must go far to clear and settle those grave questions of social morality, just uses of wealth, adjustments of industry, and political integrity which have never been more urgent than now, and on which not only the well being but the being of this nation depends. We repeat, therefore, with a variation, the Prussian maxim: "If you would have respect for law appear in the life of the nation, you must put it into the schools."

TO DISCOVER your husband's, your wife's, or your friend's special aversions, and to keep the discovery to yourself while you studiously keep them out of sight and hearing either by deed or word, is true courtesy and true friendship.

ON NOSES.

PEOPLE of all ages have written on them—in classical times, in the middle ages, in the glorious seventeenth century, and of late years—so I see no reason (says the writer of an article in the *Echo*) why I should not perpetuate the strain. Perhaps the finest essay on the nose was delivered by Taglicozzi in 1597, when he wrote on the dignity and authority of noses. To him they were the only feature of the body worth noticing, giving pleasure to the entire frame by means of taste and smell, conveying to the mind the most subtle and satisfactory of sensations, and endowing the face with what majesty it possesses. And then you have all read Sterne's essay on noses in "Tristram Shandy." But we will keep clear of these gentlemen, and consider the nose from our own point of view. I hold, for instance, that by looking at a man's nose one can tell a great deal about his character. The large, heavy nose, to me, denotes strength of character; the upturned, pretty, *retroussée*, a frivolous, soft, yielding mind; the sharp, ill-shapen, turned-up pug, a quick, bad temper; and the proboscis without well-defined lines, as indicative of a weak, ill-balanced intellect. Yet here Thomas Moore differs from me, for he writes, quite oblivious of Lavater:—

"In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked nose, and short proboscis,
Boobies have looked as wise and bright
As Plato and the stageyrite;
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peeped through windows dark and dull."

Noses have, however, been held in respect for many reasons by the learned. As an oracle, the old writers held that it was invaluable for telling of love;

for if it bled it was a sure sign of faithful affection. Writes Boulster:—"Did my nose bleed in your company?" And, poor wretch, just as she said this, to show her true heart, her nose fell a-bleeding." Bleeding of the nose did not always indicate this, however, as the learned Grose pleaded, for he held:—"If a nose bleed one drop only, it forebodes sickness: if three drops, the omen is still worse." While Milton, who wrote the "Astrologist," said:—"If a man's nose bleeds one drop at the left nostril it is a sign of good luck." Dekker, on the other hand, held that the principal use of the nose was to foretell the coming of strange guests:—

"We shall ha' guests to-day—
My nose itcheth."

There are lots of expressions in popular parlance, too, to show how important the nose is considered. For instance, one speaks of a dupe as a person who is "led by the nose," and Iago says of Othello,

"He was led by the nose as asses are."

"Paying through the nose," again, is held to be a condition of too much trustfulness, and Grim says that this saying had its origin in an old practice of the King Odin, who levied a tax of a penny on every nose or poll. "Tweaking" the nose indicates not only a nose puller, but a nose-owner who is weak enough to let people wring his proboscis: and not only did Papists in the old days slit the noses of Protestants, and Roundheads slit the noses of Cavaliers, but in the war of 1877-78 the Montenegrins generally cut off the noses of all the Turkish prisoners that they chanced to take. Still, though suffering the occasional

indignity of a "tweak," a good nose only belongs to the clever man—a man who is able to find out secrets. For, as the Latin poet says:—

"Non cuiusque datum est habere nasum."

Which, freely rendered into English, means:—

"It is not given to everybody to have a nose" (keen wit).

Still, as I have remarked, the nose is not treated with the respect that it should be, and this is possibly because it is often the medium of ridicule. You will remember Barham's lines:—

"The sacristan expressed no words
To indicate a doubt,
But he put his thumb unto his nose
And spread his fingers out."

Naturally the hands placed "tandem" in front of the nose put the organ itself in some peril, and hence it gets hit occasionally in a fight, as witness Hudibras, who notes that—

"Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose."

But I will conclude with a little anecdote showing a new use to which a nose can be put. There came into a Western American town where I was staying a ramping, drunken cowboy, who said he was "on the shoot" and wanted blood. A quiet Englishman, known as Bill, happened to come into the saloon, and "getting the drop" on the Roarer of the Prairie with his revolver, ordered him to give up his pistols. Then making him stand with his back to the wall, he put a lighted cigar end into the nose of the Roarer, and told him if he moved till it went out he would kill him. The Roarer of the Prairie did not move while Bill was there, and when he had gone went quietly to another town. He did not like the way noses were treated in Los Angeles in those days.

AT LAST.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,

Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
and shine,

And kindly faces to mine own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace—

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place—

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,

Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,

And flows forever, through heaven's green
expansions,

The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,

I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy tree of healing,
The life for which I long.

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HOME INDUSTRIES.

THE establishment and maintenance of local manufacturing institutions should engage the attention of the people of Utah to a much greater extent than is done at the present day, if she would be insured of a permanent prosperity. History and experience teach us that no country can long remain prosperous which is not made up of communities who manufacture or produce as much as, or more than they import, and thus make the surrounding communities contribute to their wealth.

The secret of England's wealth, and of her greatness at home and abroad, is the unlimited industrial resources of her people. Although Great Britain is very much over-crowded with population, and cannot produce more than a very small percentage of the necessities of life required by her millions of toilers, by her wealth of manufactures she commands the supplies of the world to be brought to her doors much cheaper than they can be produced at home. While her armies were conquering and acquiring new countries, till Britain has become the greatest landholder of modern times, the ubiquitous "drummer" or agent of her enterprising manufacturers was on the ground taking orders for something the newly conquered inhabitants needed, and which was often forwarded by the next ship that left England's shores. In all of her conquests,

England has ever sought to make new markets for the products of her artisans, and has in this way become great and prosperous.

Spain made more headway in the New World than any other European nation, but her conquests were characterized by an insatiable greed for gain which led her to make slaves of the natives, whom she robbed of every species of wealth that they possessed, and offered nothing in return. By conquest and robbery the Spaniards became rich, indolent and profligate, neglectful of every pursuit except the business of gathering gold. As a result of this neglect of legitimate pursuits, Spain is, to-day, the weakest, poorest and least important nation of Europe, not inaptly described by a modern writer as a "dead whale on the shores of Europe," while her people are among the most thriftless of Continental communities.

What is true of nations is applicable to communities and individuals. There is no wealth so sure, nor prosperity so lasting as that growing out of and founded upon industry.

Utah is promised a business boom, and judging from the lively manner in which real estate is exchanging hands at high and exorbitant figures, the prospects for trade seem quite flattering. But while city lots, homesteads and farms are being sold at fabulous prices, we have not learned that any capital is being invested in establishing industries of any kind. Unless

manufactories are established to give employment to the thousands whom it is expected the boom will attract hither, the reaction will bring ruin and disaster to many, and will leave the Territory poorer by far than she was before.

To insure the permanent prosperity of Utah, her citizens must become more patriotic in sustaining home industries of every sort, whether established on a large or a small scale. Nothing should be imported from abroad that can be produced as well and as cheaply at home.

The lack of the necessary capital to insure success deters many from venturing into industrial pursuits. But were we to become acquainted with the secret history of many of the largest industrial establishments of the world we would learn that it was not the possession of capital that had insured their success, but the energy and perseverance of their founders, who knew their business and had the pluck to keep hammering away till the world recognized their worth. Alfred Krupp was early left an orphan by the death of his father, and his only inheritance was a blacksmith's forge which he and his mother worked to maintain themselves. By his own individual energy he established and maintained one of the largest and most prosperous industrial institutions of the world. His works gave employment to some 20,000 people, whose productions were noted the world over. In our own country we may instance the career of Peter Cooper, of John Roach, and of many others who, by industry, rose from obscurity and poverty to become not only wealthy, but benefactors of their fellowmen. It may be said that the mention of these instances of phenomenal prosperity may do more harm

than good because the recital may enkindle, in some minds, ideas that are not attainable. We do not claim that the same degree of success will follow every effort, but we do believe that every mechanic who knows his business thoroughly, and has confidence in his own abilities, and possesses the will to make the best use of them can establish some industry which will not only better his own condition, but will add to the general prosperity of the Territory.

It is the aggregate of many small industries, workshops and factories, if rightly conducted, rather than a few large ones, that count the most in establishing a prosperous community. Three or four mechanics or tradesmen, by co-operating together will not need to wait for capital to come and help them, but they can start the business with which they are familiar, and if they start right, and maintain the quality of their productions, success is sure to follow, and abundance of capital will result.

Another urgent reason for the establishment of various industries is the need of employment for the young men of our community, many of whom are growing up without trades or other visible means of support. It is a very short-sighted policy to rear boys without a knowledge of some handicraft upon which they can confidently depend in case of necessity. We think the policy of Germany, which compels every male citizen, whatever his social position, to learn some useful trade, is much more to be commended to our good judgment than the policy generally adopted in America, which gives so much license to the young to learn a trade or not, pretty much as they choose. The result of this is that the great majority of the master

mechanics, who command the highest wages, are foreign born; while the native is filling the position of hod-carrier, or is employed as a plow boy or sheep herder at a salary of thirty dollars a month. It is not possible for all our boys to get paying positions as clerks, or as assistants to business men, yet many of them are growing up with just such impracticable

ideas. In consequence of this our cities and villages are full of young men with nothing to do. Such a condition bodes no good to the Territory, and the only remedy is to foster home industries. There is plenty of room for them in every county in the Territory; the raw materials are abundant, and if developed will produce wealth and prosperity for all.

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

A JANUARY THAW.

THE south wind blew all day,
And roared and whistled all night;
While it said to the snow,
"Be melted, and go
Away, away from my sight!"
The snow felt the breath of the warm south
wind
Piercing its mantle of white, —
Blowing and whistling,
Whistling and blowing,
Ever to northward
Coming and going
Over its mantle of white; —
Hurrying by, 'neath a leaden sky,
Hurrying day and night!

Not a star looked below
On the vanishing snow
Through all the wearisome night;
Through the long, long day,
Of sunshine, no ray
Came streaming down all golden and gay;
So the lone, sad snow
Was compelled to go,
And trickled in tears away!

But the soul of the snow
Mounted higher and higher,
Till reaching the cloud-land,
It gained its desire;
And a royal saluting
The soul entered under,
For clouds were all shooting
Their lightnings and fire,
And ev'rywhere sounded the roll of the
thunder,
Through cloud-land and mist-land,
And lands full of wonder, —
Far off, far above, where the clouds were all gold
On the borders of sun-land it echoed and rolled
Still echoed and rolled

A welcome salute to the soul of the snow,
Where softly the clouds in their beauty unfold,
In silvery mists, and in vapors of gold.

Then the wind from the north —
Trusty friend of the snow —
From its homesallied forth
O'er the cloud-land to go;
And it welcomed the soul of the snow in the
mist,
With a song that the soul had no power to re-
sist;
And it formed from the mist, for the soul of
the snow,
A million of millions of crystals so white,
So feathery, beautiful, graceful and light,
That into each crystal the soul of the snow
Gave part of its life to again fly below.

"O, now," said the snow,
"Away I will go,
Away I will go to-day,
Away on the gale
Over mountain and vale,
Away! away! away!
Till o'er country and town
My mantle I've thrown;
And the stars shall look down,
Where my crystals are strewn;
And in starlight and moonlight
Through nights all my own,
I'll scintle and sparkle till winter has flown."

So silently, softly, falling, falling,
Falling through all the night,
It formed its mantel of crystals, —
Its beautiful mantel of white.
And the sun in a golden glory
Spread over it through the day;
And lying there, it was far more fair
Than ere it vanished away!

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

POPULAR MISCELLANY.

HOW TO TREAT THE EYE WITH A CINDER IN IT.

NINE persons out of every ten with a cinder or any foreign substance in the eye, will instantly begin to rub the eye with one hand, while hunting for their handkerchief with the other. They may, and sometimes do, remove the offending cinder; but more frequently they rub until the eye becomes inflamed, bind a handkerchief around the head, and go to bed. This is all wrong. The better way is, not to rub the eye with the cinder in at all, but rub the other eye as vigorously as you like.

A few years since, I was riding on an engine. The engineer threw open the front window, and I caught a cinder that gave me the most excruciating pain. I began to rub the eye with both hands. "Let your eye alone and rub the other eye [this from the engineer]. I know you doctors think you know it all; but if you will let that eye alone, and rub the other one, the cinder will be out in two minutes," persisted the engineer. I began to rub the other eye; and soon I felt the cinder down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. "Let it alone, and keep at the well eye," shouted the doctor *pro tem*. I did so for a minute longer, and, looking in a small glass he gave me, I found the offender on my cheek. Since then I have tried it many times, and have advised many others, and I have never known it to fail in one instance (unless it was as sharp as a piece of steel, or something that cut into the ball, and required an operation to remove it). Why it is so, I do not know; but that it is so, I do know, and that one may be saved much suffering, if he will

let the injured eye alone, and rub the well eye. — *R. W. St. Clair, in the Medical Summary.*

THE SUGAR TRUST.

THE annual consumption of sugar in this country is 3,120,000,000 pounds, or fifty two pounds per capita of the entire population of the United States. Every housewife knows that she has to spend relatively more money for sugar than for flour, and in a large proportion of American families it costs more than the beef used. An increase of one or two cents, therefore, in the price of a pound of sugar is felt distinctly by every person in the United States whose duty it is to provide for the support of a family. The selling price of granulated sugar has advanced about 25 per cent. in the last few months, and that of crushed sugar about 41 per cent. While the details of the organization and operation of the sugar trust have been kept secret, it is known to embrace all the important refineries in this part of the country, except one or two in Philadelphia; that it has already closed up four of the refineries, and that it has, even in the short time since its organization, proved so profitable to its stockholders that its certificates are now selling at \$80, although each share represents only \$25 of actual value of plant owned by the trust. If Congress has a right to interfere to protect the people against an artificial increase in the cost of the necessities of life and the enrichment thereby of a few persons, the operations of the sugar trust seem to present an occasion for such action. At present the trust is governed only by its insatiable greed. It makes no difference whether the

sugar crop of the world is short or abundant; when it is brought to this market there is no competition for its purchase, the only buyer being the representative of the trust. He offers a price that is just sufficient to secure the importation of sugar in such quantities as the trust needs, and, as there is no one to bid against him, he is able to fix arbitrarily the price of raw sugar. When it comes to selling the manufactured product, the control of the trust over the price is even more absolute. The cost of the raw material, the expenses of refining, the laws of supply and demand, have nothing to do with it. The trust will put the price of sugar just as high as it can and not reduce consumption to such an extent as to cut down its own profits. The advance in price already made is equivalent to a tax for the benefit of these few great firms of sugar refiners to the extent of 75 cents upon every man, woman, and child in the United States.—*Frank Leslie's*.

“PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.”

THE printers' strike in the *Courier-Journal* office is the fight of the workmen against improved machinery. Some years ago a syndicate composed of the New York *Tribune*, the Washington *Post*, the *Courier-Journal*, and Mr. Horace White, bought the right to a type-setting machine. They have been steadily perfecting this at the works near Baltimore, and it is now in actual service and is a success. The type is not “set.” The machine is exactly like the type-writer, and the letters are forced by the touch of the operator into a stream of melted metal instead of against a ribbon as in the case of the type-writer. The type instantly makes its impression in the molten lead and the printing is done

from this impression. One man can do the work often on this machine. When the first of these machines was brought to the *Courier-Journal* office, the workmen refused to permit it to be used and became violent over the firmness of the proprietor. A force of policemen protected the operators at the machine, and new workmen took the place of the strikers. There are now twenty of these machines in operation in the *Courier-Journal's* job and newspaper office. When the operators become proficient, these twenty machines will displace one hundred and eighty workmen from the profession to which they have given their lives. There was a good deal of philosophy in the title Mr. Reade gave his book “Put yourself in his place.” Suppose you were one of the one hundred and eighty men turned out of your place for no fault of your own, but because a machine that could work ten times cheaper than yourself was introduced. Would you feel pleasant about the march of progress and the unfolding of science? And yet this is but part of the inevitable. Even farm machinery is now so perfected, that two men can raise enough food to feed three families, and eight men can produce enough wheat on a prairie farm, put it into sacks, transport it to the mills, grind it, make the barrels, barrel it and put in the hands of the grocer, enough flour to feed a thousand men. The invention of the type-setting machine is but one step in the march in which individuality counts for little and in which character and proficiency are to be largely effaced.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A WEAK mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed February 15, 1888.

JANUARY 16, the appointment of Lamar to be associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, was confirmed by the senate by a vote of 32 to 28. Some four hours previous had been given up to debate, or rather speeches by the Republicans, all but two of whom put themselves on record as opposed to his nomination, senators made speeches charging that he was too old, and that he was not a good lawyer, and that he was not in accord with the recent constitutional amendments.

DAVID WHITMER, the last of the witnesses to the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, died at his residence in Richmond, Mo., Jan 25, in the 84th year of his age. He maintained to the last his testimony to the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, although he had not been identified with the Church for many years.

REPORTS are rife of the projected formation of a treaty of alliance between Russia and France, to off-set the combination between Austria and Germany,

THE Washington despatches report that the house committee on territories, has concluded its consideration of the bill for the organization of the new territory of Oklahoma, brought forward by Mr. Springer, of Illinois, and also that an omnibus bill for the admission into the union of the territories of Dakota, Montana, Washington, and New Mexico, will be presented and passed. The Oklahoma organization bill briefly provides for the organization of Oklahoma and the western part of Indian Territory as a new territory.

FEBRUARY 12, the newspapers published a letter from Jas. G. Blaine to B. F. Jones, the chairman of the Republican national committee, in which Mr. Blaine states positively that he will not be presented as a candidate for the Republican nomination in 1888. "I am constrained to this decision," he writes, "by considerations entirely personal to myself, of which you were advised more than a year ago." And though the letter is long, no further explanation of his withdrawal from the field is offered. This action is considered by the Democratic press as a direct bid for the nomination.

THE biennial election of municipal officers for Salt Lake City, which occurred Monday

Feb. 13, was the most exciting ever held here. By invitation of the People's Party representatives, the Liberal party were invited to nominate four of the members of the city council. The offer was made in good faith, conceding that the minority had a right to a representation in the government of the city. This liberal offer however was spurned by a large majority of the Liberal party, who were not willing to make peace on any such terms, and insisted on running a straight anti-Mormon ticket. The Citizens' ticket, as the fusion ticket was called, carried the election by a large majority. Governor Caleb W. West took a very conspicuous part in support of the Citizens' ticket.

A PARCELS-POST treaty has been signed between the United States and Canada. The provisions of this treaty are in every respect the same as the provisions of the parcels-post convention now in force between the United States and Mexico. It provides that articles of every kind or nature which are admitted to the domestic mails of either country shall be admitted to the mails exchanged by the United States and Canada at domestic rates and classifications. No accounts will be kept between the two countries, but each government will retain all its own postal receipts. This arrangement will make one postal territory of the United States, Mexico, and Canada.

WITHIN the memory of man there has not been a more terrible calamity than the flooding of the province of Honan by the bursting of the dykes of the Hoangho river. Other calamities have been cited as more dramatic—such as the tidal wave that submerged the island of Deccan Shahbaspore in 1876, or the terrific explosion of Krakatoa in 1883, and the following tidal waves,—but for destructiveness and desolation the floods which still continue to cover the better part of Honan are unequaled. The torrent that broke through the banks last September is said to have formed a stream thirty miles wide and ten feet deep, traveling about twenty miles an hour. From this flood, escape was impossible, as hills are not to be found in these lowlands, and no artificial structure could withstand the force of the rushing stream. Nearly 7,000,000 lives are reported lost and 20,000,000 people rendered homeless by the bursting of the banks of the Yellow river. In attempting to repair the break, 4000 more lives were recently lost.

SALMAGUNDI.

WHISKY will take a man down-hill faster than a toboggan.

ON THE rolling deep: FIRST PASSENGER: "Well, old boy, what's up this afternoon?" SECOND PASSENGER: "All but the soup."

SOME one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put in potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

"YES," said a passenger in a street car, who was arguing with a friend, "some men are born great, others achieve greatness, and some"—just then a lurch of the car landed a fat woman in his lap—"and some," he concluded, "have greatness thrust upon them."

LITTLE CLARENCE, now four years old, looked out at the big snow, and said to his papa, who was dressing him, "Papa, there was one year we didn't have any snow." PAPA: "Is that so, my boy; what year was that?" CLARENCE: "Oh, I guess it was last summer."

"MAMMA, what's a bookworm?" "One who loves to read and study and collect books, my dear." The next night company called. Miss Edith, who wears rings innumerable, was present. "Oh, mamma, look at Miss Edith's rings. I guess she's a ringworm, ain't she?"

A COUNTRYMAN in a restaurant ordered roast lamb, and the waiter bawled to the cook, "One lamb!" "Great Scott, Mister!" cried the countryman, "I can't eat a hull lamb: gimme some fried oysters instead." "One fried," bawled the waiter. "Well; Methusalem's ghost! Mister, one fried oyster hain't goin' to be enough. Gimme a dozen of 'em. Durn these city eatin' places."

"MY DARLING," said a fond mother who believed in appealing to children's tender feelings instead of punishing them, "if you are so naughty you will grieve mamma so that she will get sick and have to lie in bed in a dark room and take nasty medicine; and then she may die, and have to be taken away out to the cemetery and be buried; and you will—" The child's face had become solemn and more solemn, but an angelic smile overspread his face at his mother's last words, and throwing his arms about her neck, he exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! and mayn't I sit beside the coachman?"

THE reason a woman is continually looking in the glass is because she wants to see herself as others see her.

"THEY tell me you have acquired a snug fortune, Mr. Grimes." "Perhaps I have." "What was the secret of your success?" "Minding my own business, sir."

"WHAT are you doing there?" demanded the grocer of the new clerk. "I am putting a little sand in the sugar. Ain't that right?" "Right? Great Scott! No! You take a little of the sugar and put it in the sand."

AN INDIANA man who started in the poultry business with five dollars now sells more than \$1,000,000 worth in a year. A man in an adjoining county who embarked in the poultry business one night without a cent in his pocket, is now boarding six months at the expense of the county.

A LITTLE boy was told that he must never ask for anything at the table, as it was not good manners to do so. The consequence was that he was frequently overlooked. One day his father said: "Johnny, get me a clean plate for my lettuce." "Take mine, pa; it's clean," and he added, with a sigh: "There hasn't been anything put on it yet."

MRS. DE MOUNTONCOUER — "My love, just see what an industrious wife you have. Here I've made this lovely screen-door." De M. (critically) — "Yes: very nice. How much did it cost?" Mrs. De M. — "Why, nothing at all, or next to nothing. I paid 75 cents for the stuff, \$1.25 for the frame, 5 cents for tacks, 30 cents for the varnish, and I gave a little girl 50 cents to mind the baby while I did it." De M. — "Just \$2.85. Well, Jones offered to put one up for \$1.50." Mrs. De M. (triumphantly) "But then I had all the pleasure of making it."

AN OLD fellow who lives among the Ozark Mountains came to Little Rock to visit his son. "Well, father," said the son when the old gentleman had been in town several days, "how do you like the city?" "Pretty well, but I ain't got used to the whisky. That liquor up there in the jug seems to have a quar taste about it." "Great Caesar! you haven't been drinking out of that jug?" "Yas, but, as I say, the liquor tastes quar." "My stars, father, you have been drinking turpentine!" "That so? Wal, as I said, it tastes quar. I didn't know but that it was the way with all town licker."



THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

She fills all the valley with warmth of her sunshine,
Till billows of vapory atmosphere rise ;
And kisses the orchards, till ev'ry tree blushes
A bloom of sweet blossoms to gladden her eyes.

[See page 251.]

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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From Modern Explorers.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

THIS distinguished traveler is a native of Hungary, born in 1832. Impelled by the desire of ascertaining the relation of his native language to the Turco-Tartarian tongues, he went first

to Constantinople, whence, after several years' residence, he set out for Samarcand, the capital of the famous conqueror, Timour.

He left Teheran, the modern capital



ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

of Persia, in March, 1863. As a means of more readily accomplishing the objects of his journey, he assumed the character of a dervish, or mendicant pilgrim, on his way to the shrines of Moslem saints. This character, his acquaintance with Oriental languages, and with Mahomedan manners and customs, qualified him to assume without much fear of detection; and thus it was that he left Teheran in company with more than a score of Tartar pilgrims, a motley group of merchants, artisans, soldiers, and beggars, some mounted on donkeys, others trudging on foot, and mostly attired in the ragged garb of mendicancy.

Taking a north-easterly course, up the slopes of the Eldurz mountains, the travelers entered the great defile of Mazanderan, from which they looked down upon primæval forests of the brightest verdure.

From this defile they entered upon the causeway made by Shah Abbas, but now fast decaying, resting at night in the midst of a beautiful forest of box. Next day they reached Sari, the chief town of Mazanderan, a province of Northern Persia, surrounded by groves of orange and lemon trees, the brightly-tinted fruit of which presented a charming contrast to their dark green foliage. Here they had to hire horses for a day's journey through the marshes between the woods and the shores of the Caspian Sea, on which they were to voyage in a small coasting vessel to Gomushtepe, a Turcoman village at the western extremity of Alexander's wall, which, according to the dwellers in that region, was built by genii at the Macedonian conqueror's command.

The pilgrims lingered three weeks in this place, much against the inclination of Vambéry, and then continued

their journey in a north-easterly direction, all now riding camels or mules. Their way lay at first over grassy plains and through marshes, covered with tall reeds, which swarmed with wild hogs.

The Persian mountains had now disappeared, and all around them, as far as they could see, stretched verdant plains, dotted here and there with a few tents, near which camels were grazing. Soon, however, the verdure ceased, and they found themselves entering upon the dreary salt-marsh through which the Etrek river pursues its sluggish course towards the Caspian. To avoid other marshes, formed by the overflowing of the river, they had to follow a zigzag course, for the most part over a sandy tract, on which very few tents were visible. Crossing the Etrek with some difficulty, owing to the softness of the bottom and its flooded banks, they held on a northward course over a trackless waste, guided during the day by the sun and at night by the pole-star.

On the night of May 19th the caravan was for a time in a position of great peril. They were approaching the Little Balkan ridge, at the foot of which are many dangerous salt-marshes, which are not distinguishable from the firm ground in their vicinity, owing to a layer of salt which everywhere covers the surface. Warned by the stopping of the camels, all sprang down and found the ground quaking and yielding beneath them. Fear rendered every one motionless until daybreak, when they slowly and carefully effected a retrograde movement, reaching the foot of the hills about ten o'clock next morning.

Along the foot of these hills they journeyed until the evening of the 21st,

when they reached the great Balkan. "The spot where we encamped," says Vambery, "was not without its charms; for, as the setting sun projected its rays upon the lovely valleys of the Little Balkan, one could almost fancy himself actually in a mountainous district. The view might even be characterized as beautiful; but there is the idea of a fearful desolation, the immense abandonment which covers the whole, as it were, with a veil of mourning."

The pilgrims were at this time suffering much from thirst, the springs which they found having dwindled to little pools of turbid and brackish water. On the morning of the 24th they had reached the extremity of the sandy waste over which they had been toiling, and had their hopes of soon meeting with drinkable water encouraged by coming upon numerous footprints of gazelles and other wild animals. Some little pools of rain-water were presently reached, and from this spot all the way to Khiva the waterskins of the pilgrims were always full.

Ozbeg villages now succeeded to the brown tents of the wandering tribes of the desert, and on the 2nd of June the domes and minarets of Khiva, the capital of Turkestan, were before them, rising above gardens, and cultivated fields, and groves of poplars. Vambery entered this town with his nerves strung to their extremest tension, for he had heard that the Kahn condemned to slavery all suspected strangers. He relied much, however, on his knowledge of all the Khivites of distinction who had been in Constantinople, and especially of one, Shukrullah Bey, whom he had seen several times at the house of Ali Pacha, sometime Minister of Foreign Affairs.

To Shukrullah Bey he accordingly at once proceeded, introducing himself as an Effendi who had made the Bey's acquaintance in Constantinople, and desired to offer his respects in passing. The Bey, though surprised, made eager inquiries concerning his numerous friends in the Ottoman capital, and the events which had occurred since he had left that city. Vambery answered all his questions with the utmost readiness, and, as he had anticipated, received next day a present and an invitation from the Kahn. He found that potentate sitting on a dais in the hall of audience, with his right hand holding a golden sceptre and his left resting upon a velvet cushion. The interview was satisfactory to both, and at its termination the Kahn wished Vambery to accept a purse of twenty ducats and a donkey for his further journey; and on the money being declined, on the ground that dervishes are vowed to poverty, his highness insisted upon his visitor becoming his guest during his brief stay in his capital.

Our traveler did not linger long in Khiva, for the heat was growing oppressive, and he wished to push on to Bokhara before it became intolerable. He now rode the donkey presented to him by the Kahn, and employed the camel to carry provisions, with which he was now well supplied. The route pursued by the caravan until the Oxus was reached was through a fertile and well-cultivated country, with mulberry trees bordering the road, and their berries within reach of the traveler who rode in their shade.

Flood-water rendered the Oxus so wide that the farther bank was almost indistinguishable. Owing to this extent of water, the passage occupied from ten in the morning until sunset, though the river proper was crossed in

half an hour. After passing over a few miles of tolerably well cultivated land they entered upon a sandy tract through which they pursued a south-easterly course along the right bank of the river. Here and there they came upon a few Khirgis tents, at which they were always sure of a draught of water or milk, which the dust and the intense heat rendered very acceptable.

On the fifth day of their journey along the banks of the Oxus, which are almost everywhere overgrown with willows, rushes, and tall sedges, they met five horsemen, merchants returning from Bokhara to Khiva, and learned from them the pleasing intelligence that the route was quite safe. This communication set their minds at ease, for they had heard on leaving Khiva that the Tekke Turcomans, taking advantage of the absence of the Emir and his army from Bokhara, were infesting the approaches to that city. Their agreeable reflections on this score were disturbed soon after daybreak next day, however, by meeting two men, who informed them that they had been robbed of their boots, their provisions and most of their clothing, by a band of Tekke Turcomans, numbering about a hundred and fifty. Their Afghan guide, who had been twice robbed, and narrowly escaped with his life, immediately gave the word to retreat, which was done with as much speed as was possible with heavily-laden camels.

Having reached their last resting-place—the ruins of an ancient fortress on a green hill overlooking the Oxus—they allowed the camels three hours' rest and pasture, while filling their water-skins, and then struck into the desert, which seemed their only chance of evading the plundering Tekke. It was sunset when they left the ruins, and a

few stars were visible when they reached the desert; but the moon had not yet risen to betray them to the keen sight of the robber horde, and they pursued their way in silence, the feet of the camels treading almost noiselessly upon the fine sand.

The night passed without an alarm. "Our morning station," says Vambery, "bore the charming appellation of Adamkyrylgan (which means 'the place where men perish'), and one needed only to cast a look at the horizon to convince himself how appropriate is that name. Let the reader picture to himself a sea of sand, extending as far as eye can reach, on one side formed into hills, like waves, lashed into that position by the furious storm on the other side, again, like the smooth waters of a still lake, merely rippled by the west wind. Not a bird visible in the air, not a worm or beetle upon the earth; traces of nothing but departed life, in the bleaching bones of man or beast that has perished, collected by every passer-by in a heap, to guide the march of future travelers."

They were now obliged, notwithstanding the heat and dust, to use their water sparingly, and they began to suffer the tortures of thirst. Two of the camels died, two of the pilgrims became exhausted, and had to be bound at length upon their camels, and on the fourth day one of the sufferers died. So slow was their progress that they were not yet beyond the desert. And now, with the mountains in sight, the hot wind and the sand-cloud came, and they had to dismount in haste, and lie prostrate behind the camels, which fell on their knees, and strove to bury their heads in the sand. The dust-storm passed over them, and left them covered with a thick crust of hot

sand. Towards evening they reached a spring, but its water was undrinkable, and at midnight they started again, fevered and feeble, and scarcely able to move. Vambery slept from exhaustion, and found himself in the morning in a hut, surrounded by men, whom he found to be Persian slaves, sent from Bokhara by their masters to tend sheep. By them, poor as they were, he and his companions were hospitably and kindly treated.

"I was much touched," he relates, "to see amongst them a child five years old, also a slave, of great intelligence. He had been, two years before, captured and sold with his father. When I questioned him about the latter, he answered me confidently, 'Yes; my father has bought himself (meaning paid his own ransom); at longest I shall only be a slave two years, for by that time my father will have spared the necessary money.' The poor child had on him scarcely anything but a few rags, to cover his weak little body; his skin was of the hardness and color of leather. I gave him one of my own articles of attire, and he promised to have a dress made out of it for himself."

Leaving these unhappy slaves with mingled feelings of compassion for their condition and thankfulness for their kindness, our travelers started with the intention of making their next station at Khodja Oban, a place to which pilgrims resort to visit

the grave of a Moslem saint; but they lost their way at night among the sand-hills, and found themselves at daybreak on the margin of a lake. They were now on the borders of Bokhara, and free from fear of robbers, hot winds, and empty water-skins.



GIRL OF BOKHARA.

Their next station was a village called Khakemir, in the midst of a tolerably well-cultivated country, the whole district being watered by canals connected with the river Zereshan. This was crossed next day at a ford, though the remains of a stone bridge were visible on the farther side, near the ruins of a palace said to have been built by the renowned Abdullah Khan Sheibani. The city of Bokhara was now before them, its walls broken in many places, and its buildings presenting no traces of its former grandeur, though it is still vaunted by Bokhariots as the capital of central Asia. Vambéry says the wretchedness of the streets and houses far exceeded that of the meanest in Persian cities, and the dust a foot deep, gave a poor idea of "noble Bokhara," as the inhabitants call it; the only thing which impressed him being the strange and diversified mixture of races and costumes, which present a striking spectacle to the eye of a stranger.

Vambéry was well lodged here, and had access to the best society; but the task of maintaining his assumed character was a difficult one, and it is probable that only the sanctity supposed to attach to that character guarded his secret. He believed that he was suspected, and that many devices were resorted to with the view of causing him to betray himself. "One day," he says, "a servant of the Vizier brought to me a little shriveled individual that I might examine him, to see whether he was, as he pretended, really an Arab from Damascus. When he first entered, his features struck me much—they appeared to me European. When he opened his mouth, my astonishment and perplexity increased, for I found his pronunciation anything rather than that

of an Arab. He told me that he had undertaken a pilgrimage to the tomb of Djafen Ben Sadik, at Khoten, in China, and wanted to proceed on his journey that very day. His features during our conversation, betrayed visible embarrassment, and it was a subject of great regret to me that I had not an occasion to see him a second time, for I am strongly disposed to think that he was playing a part similar to my own."

Some of the pilgrims being left in Bokhara, the caravan was reduced on leaving that city to the occupants of a couple of carts of very primitive construction, in which they were jolted in a most unpleasant manner, as the wheels—far from perfect circles—rolled through the deep sand or mud. Night was chosen for starting, and as the driver was not familiar with the road he mistook the way, and it was morning when the little town of Mezar was reached. The journey was resumed, therefore, after a brief halt, through a fertile and well-cultivated country, more refreshing to the eye than anything the travelers had seen since they had left the Pontos mountains behind them.

Next evening they reached Kette Kurgan, where there is a fortress defended by a strong wall and a deep trench, and, the sun having set, the gates were closed, and they had to lodge at a caravansarai outside the walls. Samarcand was reached on the sixth day, and the first impression made by its domes and minarets, brightened by the sunbeams, and brought into relief by a background of groves and gardens, was very pleasing. Of this ancient city, to which so much historical interest attaches, Vambéry says that "although it equals Teheran in circumference, its houses

do not lie so close together; still, the prominent buildings and ruins offer a far more magnificent prospect. The eye is most struck by four lofty edifices, in the form of half-domes, the fronts of the Medresses (colleges). As we advance, we perceive first a small, neat dome, and further to the south a larger and more imposing one; the former is the tomb, the latter the mosque, of Timour. Quite facing us, on the south-westerly limit of the city, on a hill, rises the citadel, round which other mosques and tombs are grouped. If we suppose the whole intermixed with closely-planted gardens, we shall have a faint idea of Samarcand."

Like all eastern cities, this "focus of the whole globe," as a Persian poet calls it, shows best at a distance; but many of its antiquities are interesting even to Europeans. The summer palace of Timour retains much of its ancient splendor, being approached by an ascent of forty broad marble steps, and containing apartments with mosaic floors, the colors of which are as brilliant as if they had been executed by the present generation of workmen. Three flags, a breastplate, and an old sword, doubtful relics of the great Emir, were shown to our traveler by the custodian. The mosque of Timour has a melon-shaped dome, and is rich in decorations of colored bricks and inscriptions from the Koran in gold letters. The mosque of Shah Zindel exhibits similar mural decorations, but they are defaced in many places, and the arched gateway shows the ravages of time in its broken brickwork. The citadel contains the reception-hall of Timour, with the celebrated green stone upon which the conquering Emir had his throne placed. The tomb of Timour consists of a neat chapel, surmounted by a

splendid central dome and two smaller ones, and surrounded by a wall, in which is a high arched gate. The tomb is under the central dome, and is covered with a flat, dark-green stone. The walls of the chapel are covered internally with alabaster, decorated with arabesque designs in blue and gold.

Vambery was preparing for his departure from Samarcand, where he stayed only eight days, when the Emir, returning from his victorious campaign in Khokand, made his triumphal entry into the city. There was a great crowd, but no particular pomp was displayed. Two hundred horsemen rode first, and were followed by infantry, with flags and drums. "The Emir and all his escort," says our traveler, "looked with, their snow-white turbans and wide silk garments of all the colors of the rainbow, more like the chorus of women in the opera of 'Nebuchadnezzar' than a troop of Tartar warriors. So also it may be said with respect to other officers of the court, of whom some bore white staves and others halberds, that there was in the whole procession nothing to remind one of Turkestan, except in the followers, of whom many were Kiptchaks, and attracted attention by their Mongol features and the arms which they bore, consisting of bows, arrows, and shields."

The Emir held a public audience on the following day, and Vambery presented himself, sustaining his well-assumed character of a Mohammedan pilgrim with his usual address, and again with success. He was advised by his friends, however, to quit Samarcand with all speed, and gain as quickly as possible the farther bank of the Oxus. He left the city by night, but traveled slowly, on account of the heat, pass-

ing through a well-cultivated country, in a south-westerly direction; Herat, of which so much has been heard of late in connection with events in Afghanistan, being his next goal. Karshi, a town of considerable size and commercial importance, was reached on the third day, and our traveler was surprised to find there a public garden,

Having to await here the arrival of the caravan for Herat, he availed himself of the delay to visit the ruins of ancient Balkh, styled by Oriental writers "the mother of cities." Only a few heaps of earth are pointed out as remains of the ancient Bactra, and of the more modern ruins there is nothing more remarkable than a half-de-



INTERIOR OF A TURCOMAN TENT.

with flower-beds and tea-stalls, on a scale which he had not found in Bokhara or Samarcand, or even in Persia. He remained there three days, and at sunrise on the second day of the resumed journey reached the Oxus, on the nearer bank of which stands a small fort, and on the opposite side, on a steep hill, the citadel, around which is spread the frontier town of Kerki.

molished mosque, built by the Seldjoukian Sultan Sandjar in the days when Balkh was the centre of Moslem civilization.

The caravan in which our traveler turned his back upon the Khanate of Bokhara consisted of four hundred camels, nearly as many donkeys, and a few horses. Some of the men were pilgrims, others emancipated slaves re-

turning to 'heir native countries. The country traversed was for some distance a barren plain, then, as the north-western frontier of Afghanistan was approached, it became hilly. A broad valley was threaded, and then a steep mountain pass was traversed, so narrow that the caravan had to wind through it in single file. Thence they descended into a long valley, through which the river Murgab ran swiftly, in crossing which Vambéry's donkey fell, and precipitated him into the water, amidst the laughter of his companions. The river was not deep, however, and he escaped with no greater mishap than a wetting.

From this ford to Herat is reckoned four days' journey for horses, but camels require double that time, the country being mountainous. It became wilder and more picturesque as the travelers advanced, the ruins of old castles crowning the precipices between which the Murgab pours its foaming stream. Beyond the second pass they left the river, and proceeded in a westerly direction, reaching the next day the ruins of the town and fortress of Kale No, the site of which was occupied by a few tents of the Hezare, a tribe of mixed Tartar and Persian descent. Thence to Herat is twenty miles, but the way lies over lofty mountains, and requires four days for its accomplishment. The highest summit was passed on the second day, and was covered with snow, so that the travelers suffered severely from cold, in spite of the great fires which they made when they halted. Thence they descended a path only a foot wide, along a ledge from which a precipice rose above a deep ravine.

Rounding the shoulder of a mountain, they looked down upon the broad and fertile plains in which Herat

stands, dotted with villages, and intersected by numerous canals. Trees only are wanted to complete the charm of the landscape.

Our traveler's resources were by this time exhausted, and he was compelled to sell his donkey. He waited upon an envoy sent by the Governor of Khorassan to the young Sirdar of Herat, Yakoub Kahn, in the hope of obtaining employment, but without success. His fellow-travelers had dispersed, only one remaining with him — a young man who had become attached to him, and eventually accompanied him to Pesth. To leave no stone unturned, he waited upon Yakoub Kahn — then a lad of fifteen — who seemed to penetrate his secret immediately; for, regarding him for a moment with a look of surprise and perplexity, he raised a finger, and smilingly exclaimed, "I swear you are an Englishman!" Before Vambéry could reply, he sprang from his chair, and, clapping his hands, exclaimed, "Pardon me; but you are an Englishman, are you not?" The traveler assumed a grave look, and reminded the young prince of the proverb attributed by tradition to the prophet of Mecca, "He who takes the believer for an unbeliever is himself an unbeliever." This rejoinder disconcerted Yakoub, who resumed his seat, observing in an apologetic tone that he had never before seen a *hadji* from Bokhara with such a physiognomy. Vambéry replied that he was not a Bokhariot, but a Stambouli; and, producing his Turkish passport, mentioned Yakoub's cousin, the son of Akbar Kahn. The prince then spoke very graciously to him, and invited him to repeat his visit as often as he could.

Two days before he left Herat our

traveler made an excursion to the village of Gazerghiah, situated on an eminence a league from the city, and containing many memorials of antiquity, dating from the time of Shah Rookh Mirza, a son of Timour. Near the village are the ruins of Mosalla, which were also visited. The remains of the mosque and sepulchre of Sultan Hoosein Mirza, erected in 891, display a large amount of elaborate carving, many of the stones being

be able to pay when the caravan reached Meshed; but by this statement he raised doubts of the genuineness of the character which he had assumed, so far with success. "The dubious light in which I stood, afforded," he says, "a fund of interesting surmises to those by whom I was surrounded; for whilst some of them took me for a genuine Turk, others were disposed to think me an Englishman; the different parties even



TURCOMAN WOMEN.

covered with inscriptions from the Koran.

On the 15th of November, Vambéry quitted Herat with the great caravan bound for Meshed, and consisting of 2,000 persons, about half of whom were Hesare pilgrims from Cabul, and a large proportion of the remainder Afghan merchants from that city and from Candahar. He obtained permission to ride upon a lightly-loaded camel by representing that he should

quarrelled on the subject, and it was very droll to observe how the latter began to triumph over the former when it was observed that in proportion as we drew near to Meshed, the bent posture of humility of the dervish began more and more to give way to the upright and independent deportment of the European."

Meshed was reached on the twelfth day after the departure of the caravan from Herat, and there our traveler was

hospitably received by Colonel Dolmage, who filled several important offices under Murad Mirza, uncle of the reigning Shah, and governor of the city. The disguise was now thrown off, and, reflecting that the truth concerning him would become known at Herat on the return of the Afghans who had traveled with him from that city, he wrote to Yakoub Kahn, avowing that, though not an Englishman,

he was a European, and complimenting the young prince on the acuteness which had penetrated his disguise.

For a month he was the honored guest of Colonel Dolmage, and then he set out for Teheran. That city was reached on the 20th of January, 1864, and he proceeded immediately to the Turkish embassy, whence he had started ten months before on his adventurous journey.

THOMAS FROST.

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

ALONG with her musical retinue moving,
The warbling of birds and the humming of bees,
A queen from the south-land of sunshine and verdure,
Comes Spring with her magical touch on the trees.

A shimmer of green on the aspens and willows
Unfolds by her power in the copses to-day;
A bloom of brown tassels on alder and birches,
Above all the brooks in the soft breezes sway.

The spring-beauty blooms for her 'mid the wild sage-brush,
On foot-hills her harbinger blooms near the snows,
And daily her art work is growing around her,
In bud, leaf and blossom wherever she goes.

She fills all the valley with warmth of her sunshine,
Till billows of vapory atmosphere rise;
And kisses the orchards, till ev'ry tree blushes
A bloom of sweet blossoms to gladden her eyes.

She skips o'er the brush at the base of the mountains,
While lilies and phloxes her loveliness greet;
She tarries in cañons by murmuring waters,
And pea-vines and violets bloom at her feet.

She breathes on and gently caresses the meadows
And gives to them mantles of velvety green;
While far, far above them, in skies of deep azure,
Her banners of peace, the white vapors are seen.

She wafts a soft zephyr that kisses a maiden
 'On lips that have never a lover's kiss known;
 And quickly desire for a lover's fond kisses
 Is roused in her breast, ere the zephyr has flown.

She fans the brown cheek of the farmer so lightly,
 His thoughts are made gentle beneath the caress;
 The spirit of love softly wakes in his bosom,
 His manhood to rouse and his future to bless.

The man and the maiden awake to the beauty
 That Spring has so bount'ously given a birth;
 They meet but to love, and together to linger,
 And earth is as heaven, with heaven on earth.

O! Art Queen! O! Song Queen! O! Queen of the Blossoms!
 Thy path is all beauty from tropic to pole.
 O! Love Queen! thy presence awakens the passion
 To bind heart to heart, and unite soul to soul!

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

From The Current.

SOMETHING BEHIND IT.

"OH, YES, mother! you're always saying, 'There's something behind it.' I'm glad I'm not so suspicious of everybody and everything. I believe there is such a thing as disinterested friendship, though it is not as common as it used to be. I give everybody credit for meaning well till I find out they don't; I'd hate to think people were so selfish as you do; you can't take any comfort in your friends so long as you think there's something behind everything that's said and done," and Mr. Thomas Martin leisurely changed the position of his feet—rest, before the fire, where, encased in heavy, gray woolen socks, he was "toasting 'em," and settled himself a little deeper in the old rocker that had held his massive form for twenty years, and bade fair to do so for

another twenty, judging from the iron bolts which had been used to brace up its departing strength.

Mrs. Martin, a pleasant-faced little woman, considerably younger than her husband, sat by the window darn-
 ing socks similar to those mentioned and made no reply to his remarks. But he needed no response by way of encouragement.

"Nobody does you a favor, but that you wonder what's behind it; no one does anything a little out of the ordinary run without you say there's something behind it; I don't tell you any one came to see me without you ask, 'What did he want?' just as though any one wouldn't come to see me unless he had an ax to grind. You've said it so much, you're getting me all riled up 'gainst everybody and

everything, and I don't want to loose faith in humanity as you seem to have done."

"Well, then I'll say no more about it, but I don't like to see you so often deceived as to the real motives of people, who pretend to be actuated by friendship only. I have not lost faith in humanity, for the poor souls can't help being selfish, and the half of them don't know themselves that 'tis selfishness alone that prompts their acts. You say I always ask, 'What did he want?' Well, in nine cases out of ten, didn't they want some favor of you, some help, or some advice?"

Mr. Martin made no answer.

"I am going into the kitchen now to show Kate about the baking; if you want me you must call; if you don't care to read, take a nap before dinner time."

Left to himself he leaned his head back and closed his eyes for a nap, but his thoughts were too busy with his wife's words. He picked up a paper but could not get interested in it and laid it down again with the vain wish that he might be down at the office, or moving about the factory. A severely sprained ankle kept him prisoner at home.

To his great relief he heard steps upon the walk and, turning his head, he saw through the window the venerable Deacon Whiting approach the door and heard his slow, important knock. The Deacon was an old acquaintance, who moved from the neighborhood, a few years before, to a farm some three miles out on the prairie, since when Mr. Martin had seldom seen him.

A feeling of gratified pride in his visit showed in manner and voice as he called out, "Come in," and rose, with the aid of a clumsy, home-made

crutch, to wheel up a chair for the Deacon.

"Don't git up, don't git up, I kin help myself," and the Deacon, shaking hands very cordially, seated himself near the fire.

"Tolerable cool weather agin now; middlin' hard frost last night; leetle more snow on top this freeze, an' we'll have good sleighin' an' that'll make things lively; folks kin git 'round then to town and meetin'. We had a right smart number out to meetin' last Sunday an' I sez then, arter meetin', I wuz cummin' to see you, an' then I heerd you wuz laid up an' sez I, all the better, I'll ketch him to hum, sure."

During these sentences drawled out deliberately, Mr. Martin had been thinking rapidly. So the Deacon had decided Sunday to call on him, before he heard of his accident; evidently then he had come not for the sole purpose of following the injunction "visit the sick," and the horrible suspicion flitted across his mind that the Deacon had "an ax to grind." He could take no interest in the rambling talk that followed for he expected every moment that the "ax" would be brought forward. But no; a half hour passed and the Deacon rose to go. Mr. Martin's spirits rose; here was direct refutation of "Mother's" theory; here was a case of a friendly call, for friendship's sake, not for self-interest.

The Deacon stood with his hand on the door-knob.

"Ah! I kim near forgetting my ar-rant." He came back and drew his chair a little nearer his friend.

"You see we're a-tryan, to build a meetin' house out in our nayburhood. an' we can't fix on the spot fur it. Thar's a sandy null in Jake Stone's eighty acre piece, that he sez he'll

give 'em. Now 'taint as good a spot as the cross-roads corner in my field, but I can't see my way to give 'em the land, and the trustees sez seein' mine's the han'sumest spot, they'll give me a hun' red dollars for it, if I'll raise fifty on it amongst my friends. An' I tho't bein's we'd allers been good friends, you'd give me a lift."

The revulsion of feeling was so sudden and so complete that he could only say, "Yes, yes I'll think about it."

"Sartainly, sartainly, you may want to think it over," but his face showed a disappointment his words belied. "They won't settle the matter for sometime yit. Wa'al, good-day, take good keer of yourself."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Martin, slowly rubbing his injured ankle and changing the position of his feet; "I'm glad the doors were all shut; I wouldn't had mother hear the Deacon for a farm."

Again he picked up a paper, but the silence of the room and drowsy warmth of the fire were so inviting to slumber that his head dropped back, his mouth dropped open and soon discordant sounds attested to the regularity of his breathing.

Mrs. Martin coming in later found him thus, and was just in time to admit a tall, cadaverous looking individual with pants tucked in boots, a raw hide under his arm and a powerful odor of tobacco permeating all his garments. He was the owner of a saw mill down on Turkey creek, and had frequently sold lumber to the Martin Harrow Co., and thus formed the acquaintance of Mr. Martin in a business way. This he evidently thought sufficient to allow his appearance at the house of the president of the company.

Mr. Martin woke with a start as in

stentorian tones the man shouted rather than spoke, "Howdy, howdy. Is the old man to hum? I heerd he wuz sick."

Being very deaf, he had, in common with all similarly afflicted people, the firm belief that all other people were likewise deaf, and he pitched his voice accordingly.

Mrs. Martin gave him a chair and he sat down, placed his hat on the floor by his chair and began to unwind slowly a red woollen "comforter," which enveloped his neck and head. He put this beside the hat and leaned forward with his elbows on his knees and his hands outspread to the fire.

"I brung a load of lumber up this forenoon, an' heerd yes'day as how you'd hurt your leg an' I 'lowed then I'd cum to see you to-day. How du times sarve you? Pooty ruff, hey?"

Mr. Martin kept up his part of the conversation, which was limited to nods and smiles, as best he could and was secretly wondering if this honest, simple backwoodsman had "an ax to grind" when the dinner bell rang. He could do no less than ask his visitor to dine with him.

"Wa'al, yes, don't keer if I do. I 'lowed when I started up 'tware most eating-time, for I sez to my woman afore I sot out this mornin' when she sez 'you'd better take a bite' that I'd reckon on strikin' you 'bout dinner-time."

Alas! for the honesty of this simple millman! Another doubt as to the existence of 'disinterested friendship' was lodged in his host's bosom, and he was not sorry to have his guest depart soon after dinner.

"I here, mother, was an illustration of your side of the question; mine will come later; I've not lost faith yet."

He felt a little twinge as he thought of the Deacon's call of which she knew nothing. The short December day was rapidly darkening when another caller presented himself. He bowed gracefully to Mrs. Martin, shook hands with Mr. Martin, begging him not to move, and expressed great concern for his well-being. He was an agent for a large iron firm with whom the Martin Harrow Co. had dealt for several years.

"Well, Mr. Martin, how's trade? Booming, booming, if half I hear is true, and I don't see any reason to doubt it. You folks have got the best harrow ever made, without exception, no doubt of it, sir. It's the leading harrow all through the West and Northwest, everywhere it's introduced, in fact. I just came from your office where they told me of your accident. Good thing it wasn't more serious. Hard fate for an active, robust man like you. Why, you don't look as if anything could affect you."

The most interesting topics to Mr. Martin were his harrow, and his physical appearance; six feet in his stockings, broad shouldered and muscular, he was a fine specimen of manhood. He was never known to express admiration of any man unless in the words, "He's a fine-looking fellow, about my size."

Could this caller have known the gates to his interest and good-will that he so readily entered them? It may be; he had known him in a business way some years, and many men are easily read by an acute observer.

The agent was not slow in following up the advantage he had gained, and by easy transition led the conversation to the iron trade.

"Yes my trade is good, too; can't help but be good when manufacturers

have good trade. I have any number of orders on my book for this trip. I have two new customers right here in your town," and he drew his book leisurely from his pocket and idly ran his eye down its pages.

"It's curious now, the difference in firms in ordering; some order six months in advance and others run as close as they dare. I was talking with the other members of the company down at the office, and they say you have about a month's supply. They didn't order this trip, said they wanted to consult you first, for you always ordered the iron, and I'll be round again before many days." He closed his book and sat slapping his knees in an absent-minded way, Mrs. Martin glanced up with an amused expression, but failing to catch her husband's eye, bent over her sewing again.

He was all business in a moment.

"Only a month's supply? That's close enough to run, I don't like to run too low. I might as well order of you now; we shall want the same brand as before."

"Ah-a-hadn't you better wait till you have seen the other members?"

"When do you leave the city?"

"In an hour; my business is all done, and so I just ran up to see you a moment, it didn't seem natural at the factory without you."

"But," persisted Mr. Martin, "I won't see McLamn until six o'clock when he brings up the mail, and by that time you'll be gone. I guess I'll order now. Something might happen, and it wouldn't do to get entirely out."

"Well, just as you think best; I'm always glad to fill an order for you"

He put the book in his pocket with an order for several car loads of iron to be delivered within the month, and

soon left to catch his train. Mrs. Martin smiled softly to herself after his departure.

"What's up now, mother?"

"The cleverness of that man in 'grinding his ax'."

Mr. Martin stared.

"Why he ground no ax; he asked no favors."

"Didn't you order iron of him?"

"Y-e-s, but he didn't ask me to, and didn't seem to care anything about it. Pshaw! I don't believe he thought of it before he came."

"Nevertheless, I am convinced he came for that very purpose. Just wait and see if there's not 'something behind it.'"

Promptly at six, Mr. McLamn appeared. He recounted the events of the day at the factory and said, as he handed him the mail, "Raynor, the iron man, was round to-day and wanted another order, but we thought we had better wait till you had seen

Morse and Son's letter; they offer better terms than Raynor. I told him about it, and he said he couldn't do any better by us than the old figures until he had heard from his firm. He said he'd be round again in a few days, and wanted us to wait as long as we had a month's supply. What do you think we'd better do?"

Mr. Martin's face was a study. He positively could not meet his wife's eyes.

"I—he—came up this afternoon—I gave him an order, not knowing, of course, of this. Well, guess we're in for it this time. It's too bad; I'll look into things more sharply after this."

That night Mr. Martin had a curious dream. He stood in the midst of an open plain, and all the nations of the earth came with shining axes which they ground upon a stone which he, unceasingly, with labored breath and aching back, turned round and round.

NORMAN GEORGE STEDMAN.

THE OLD WOE.

So it has fallen on us, the old woe

That fell on Eden's banished, never more
Shall we in unshadowed brightness go,
Nor know life lovely as it was before.

The old, old woe, that so doth change the
earth,

That strikes the light out of dear, kindly
eyes,
Stranger by far than mysteries of birth, —

And didst thou, friend, find it no surprise?

Didst thou not feel the warm caress and kiss
That once thou held'st so dear to thee — so
dear?

Didst thy freed spirit in far realms of bliss
Look back in wonder on thy flower-strewn
bier?

As we, thy lovers, one by one did bend
And drop the tears of thwarted passion
there,

Didst thou no woe of spirit comprehend?

Didst thou no thought of longing backward
send?

Was there no thrill of earthly need or care?

We wist not, for the bars are strong that bind
The earthly from the heavenly; and alas!
Although we reach and peer we cannot find
There comes no answer on the rushing wind,
Before our eyes no waving visions pass.

So we must wait, and we will wait, dear heart,
Knowing full well that thou art waiting too;
Our ways a little season pass apart,
And each seems lost unto the other's view.

But we shall meet with olden fervor still;
Greet and embrace and know love's joy
again;
And rich content shall all our beings fill
Unto the brim. Giver of good and ill,
Grant us great patience until then — till
then.

ADA IDDINGS GALE.

RICHARD OGDEN'S DUTY.

MR. WAGNER was superintendent of the great Bessemer Steel Works in Pennsylvania. One morning, about ten years ago, a young man came into his office whom he recognized as Richard Ogden, assistant book-keeper in a Philadelphia importing firm. Mr. Wagner shook hands with him heartily.

He had known Ogden since he was a boy, and liked him thoroughly. He was a keen-eyed, doggedly honest fellow, and unlike most young men, always hard at work. He had married lately, too. Mr. Wagner had been at his little house and seen the wife and baby.

"Hello, Ogden! How came you here? In the busy season, too?"

"It is not busy for me, sir," said Ogden, gravely; "I am discharged. The firm, like all other Philadelphia firms, found it necessary to lessen expenses, and discharged one-fourth of their men. I was the youngest book-keeper, and had to go of course."

"That is bad—bad." (It was in the days when the hard times were hardest.) "What are you going to do, Richard?"

"I can find nothing to do in Philadelphia. There are twenty thousand men there looking for work. I came to ask you for it."

"Me? My dear boy, our book-keepers have been with us for years!"

Richard laughed. "I did not come to oust them from their desks, Mr. Wagner. I did not hope to get any work for my head. I must put my hands to it now. Is there no place in the mill for me?"

"Among the hands? You do not mean that, Ogden?"

"Yes I do," coloring slightly. "A

man is a man, no matter how he earns his bread. I cannot afford to be idle a week. With the wages which you pay your puddlers or fireman, I can support Mary and the boy in this village, where living is so cheap, at least until times mend."

"Very well, my lad," said Mr. Wagner, after a moment's hesitation, "you are right. I'll find a place for you to-morrow. By the way, you used to have a good deal of knowledge of chemistry, eh?"

"Yes, I thought of teaching it after I left college."

"Very good; I'll put you near Mr. Ferris. He can probably give you a few hints which may be useful—son of Judge Ferris, you know. Educated as a mining engineer; but he has gone into the works, like any poor lad, to work his way to a practical knowledge of the business. He has charge of the converter," he added, with a tone of respect, to which Ogden, never having heard of the converter, listened with indifference.

The next morning Ogden, in workman's clothes, presented himself at the office, and Mr. Wagner himself took him into the mill and gave him his work, introducing him to Mr. Ferris in the tone which he would use in speaking of an equal. The familiarity was kindly meant, but injudicious.

"Who's that young cub old Wagner's making much of?" said Jake Crawford to the man at the coal heap beside him.

"Dunno; one of his pets, I reckon."

Jake was one of the most drunken and vicious men in the works. He scanned Ogden's gentlemanly bearing

and white hands with a scowl of contempt. which changed to a positive glare when Mr. Wagner shook hands with him saying, "Good-by, my lad, and good luck!"

From that time Jake set down the young fellow as his enemy, whom he was bound to overturn. Ogden presently noticed that this man shoved him unnecessarily when he passed him in the throng, and swore at him under his breath, but, supposing him to be a drunken fellow, thought no more about it. His indifference but enraged Crawford the more. Poor Richard, whom he met on Sundays dressed like a gentleman, going with his wife to church, became in his eyes the embodiment of the "bloated aristocrats" whom he hated so heartily.

"I'll fix his lordship for life!" he said every day, and watched his chance to do it. Ferris, on the contrary, as Mr. Wagner had foreseen, was attracted to the young man, and gave him work near to him, frequently explaining the processes to him. Ogden's previous knowledge of chemistry made him an intelligent hearer.

The "converter," of which Mr. Ferris had charge, is an enormous pot in which the molten metal and carbon is subjected to the force of a terrific blast by which the carbon is dissipated. At the instant when the right amount is left, the huge vessel is overturned into a pit, where it flows into tubes prepared for it.

Ferris' duty was to watch the lurid flames of the metal, and when, by the change in their tint, he saw the moment had come, to press on a lever which, by hydraulic machinery, overturned the vast converter.

Every time this was done, steel to the amount of six thousand dollars was made. If he missed the time,

was a second too early or too late, the firm were losers to that amount.

The men were not allowed to speak to him as the moment approached. Ogden always stood near, deafened by the thunderous roar of the blast, but watching Ferris' pale, intent face.

After a few weeks, Ogden learned to distinguish the subtle change in the flame which marked the critical moment.

He told Ferris so one day, jokingly adding, "I can take your place now, on an emergency."

"I hope I may not have to call on you," said Ferris, laughing.

Jake Crawford was behind the two men. His cunning eyes sparkled. He followed Ogden home in the dark, loitering about until he saw Richard's wife run down the path to meet him.

"How is Ben?" said Ogden, eagerly.

"Better. I think it is not croup, only an ordinary cold."

"Ben's the baby? Aha!" muttered Jake. "I've got it, I'll settle his lordship now!" thumping his fist on his leg, and chuckling drunkenly.

Ogden's watch began at two o'clock the next morning. Little Ben was coughing and choking all night; his father sat beside his crib until it was time to go, and then set off with a heavy heart.

"What is the matter, Dick?" said Ferris, passing him.

"The boy is threatened with croup. I think I could not live, Ferris, if I should lose that child," said Ogden. Crawford overheard, nodded, and laughed.

At nine o'clock that morning, there was a blow to be made. About eight Ferris stepped aside to eat his breakfast, which was placed in a tin pail on a barrel. He had some cold coffee

which he set in a tin cup to warm beside a furnace.

"Look to that, Crawford, will you?" he said, and Jake assiduously bent over the cup. Out of his dirty pocket he took a white paper containing, not poison, but a nauseating medicine, slow and sure in action. This he hastily shook into the coffee.

Ferris made a wry face, but gulped it down. He was hungry and cold. A little before nine Mr. Berringer, the principal owner of the works, came in and stood near Ferris. He never wearied of listening to the roar of the blast, or of watching the great machinery in motion, and the rush of white liquid metal from the caldron.

"Are you ill, Ferris?" he said coming up to the young man, as he sat with his hand upon the lever and his eye upon the fiery fluid. "Your lips are blue."

"Yes," said Ferris curtly. "But I'll see this through."

Mr. Berringer watched him closely. "You can't do it! You are near fainting now. How long will it be until it is ready?"

"About ten minutes," gasped Ferris, with a shudder of pain.

"Is there nobody who can take your place?"

"I—I don't know," he said dully. Then he dropped the lever, and staggered forward. "I—I cannot see!" he cried.

"Great heaven! What is to be done?" cried Mr. Berringer.

A quiet voice was heard from among the startled men, "I think I can take Mr. Ferris' place, if you will trust me."

"Ogden? Yes; try Ogden," said Ferris, as he sank down. Some of the men carried him out. Richard

Ogden stepped up to his platform and put his hand on the lever which the mill owner held.

"I'll try you, young man. It's all I can do. Remember if you fail by an instant, it is a loss of several thousand dollars to us."

"I know, sir, I'll do my duty as well as I can," said Ogden calmly; but he breathed a hurried prayer to God for help.

The frightful roar of the blast drowned all sounds, the curious workmen gathered around, watching Richard's eyes fixed on the flickering flame. It seemed to him as if the beating of the blood in his heart veins kept time with the fire. Suddenly, distinct and sharp, he heard, outside of the window near which he stood, his boy's name.

"Benny Ogden, he's dying of croup. Where's his father?"

"Great God!" He started forward; then grasped the lever again with strained eyes and clutched teeth. *His duty.* He had promised he would do his duty. The next instant, the flame as if in pity for man changed its hue, and the lever sank. Out from the converter rolled the fiery flood. Richard sprang down from the platform, white and trembling.

"Is it Benny you're goin' to?" said Dan McCarthy. "I'm just after seein' the bye go past the mill wid his mother, an' its well and hearty he is. It wur Jake Crawford as played that durty thrick on yees, sur," turning to Mr. Berringer; "an' it wur him as dosed the coffee for Misther Ferris."

Mr. Berringer was a man of few words, "Send for a policeman for Crawford. Young man, the firm owes you something, and we will pay it as best we can."

They did pay it. This was four years ago. Mr. Ferris has been promoted in the works and Richard Ogden holds his place at a high salary.

In one of the prettiest cottages in the village you may find Mary, and Ben, who is the big brother of two youngsters as fat and chubby as himself.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

THE OTHER END OF THE HEMISPHERE.

I.

FOR a people so boastful of our enterprise and intelligence, we are shamefully ignorant of what is going on at the other end of the hemisphere, although transactions there are of much greater concern to us than the struggle for home rule in Ireland or the invasion of Afghanistan. We shall be roused from our indifference presently, however, when we meet the *estancieros* of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic in the markets for bread-stuffs and provisions, which our farmers and ranchmen have been accustomed to consider a permanent possession of their own. It is said to cost fifty dollars to place a carcass of Chicago dressed beef in the markets of London.

The *estancieros* of the Argentine Republic are now shipping from seven to ten thousand carcasses a month, and those of Uruguay almost as many, at one-half that sum. Five years ago these countries imported their bread-stuffs from Chili and the United States. In 1884 they commenced to export cereals, and in 1886 wheat, corn, and rye to the value of nearly seven millions and a half of dollars were shipped to Brazil and Great Britain. It is estimated, from the increased acreage under cultivation, that the surplus product for export in the Argentine Republic in 1887 will amount

to the value of ten million dollars, and that of Uruguay about one-third more. We are sending from four to seven million dollars' worth of flour annually to Brazil. Mills are now being erected there to reduce the wheat of the Argentine Republic, and it will not be many years before the latter country will deprive us of our markets for bread-stuffs on the east coast of the Americas and the West Indies, as Chili has upon the west coast.

The valley of the Rio de la Plata—and by that term is indicated all the temperate zone of South America except Chili—will never compete with us in manufactured goods, because there is no fuel or water-power there, and the natives have no taste for mechanical industries; but at the present cost of production and transportation in the United States they must ultimately drive us out of the markets for provisions and bread-stuffs. If ocean ships could load at Denver and Minneapolis, if we could deliver beef cattle at tide water at ten or twelve dollars a head and wheat at sixty cents a bushel, then we might compete with them; but with an area one-third the size of the United States, a very small portion of which is incapable of production, and an extensive system of internal navigation, the value of which is enhanced by the depth of its rivers,

supplemented by a net-work of railways, the nations of the La Plata have advantages surpassing those of any other nation on earth. In climate, in topography, and in resources they resemble the United States. The pampas are similar to the prairies of our own West; the "bleak and uninhabitable wastes" of Patagonia have developed into the richest of pastures, like the "Great American Desert" which used to lie between the Missouri River and the mountains. The pampas are of rich, deep loam in the lowlands, and rise in mighty terraces to the west, where upon the uplands millions of cattle can be fed and sheltered. The foot-hills of the Andes are similar to the mountains of Colorado, and are practically unexplored. In the north are thousands of square miles of timber, and beyond it a soil that will produce sugar, tobacco, coffee, cotton, and rice. Within 1200 miles of Buenos Ayres can be grown every kind of plant known to the botanist, and nature has provided the facilities for getting the results of that growth to market with a most generous hand.

During the last twenty-five years the population of the Argentine Republic has increased 154 per cent., while that of the United States has increased but 79 per cent., and the city of Buenos Ayres is growing faster than Minneapolis or Denver. Last year it received 124,000 immigrants from Europe, and the natural increase is very large. The new-comers are mostly Italians and Basques, with a sprinkling of Germans, Swiss, and Swedes. To tempt the immigrants into the agricultural districts the government has enacted land laws even more liberal than ours. Each head of a family is entitled to 250 acres free, and as much more as he desires to purchase, to a limit of

1500 acres, at about seventy-five cents an acre in our money. Or the settler may acquire 1500 acres free after five years by planting 200 acres to grain and twenty-four acres to timber. Free transportation from Buenos Ayres to the place of location is granted to all settlers and their families, exemption from taxation for ten years, and colonization societies are organized which issue bonds guaranteed by the government, the proceeds of which are loaned to the settlers in sums not greater than \$1000, for five years, with interest at six per cent., upon the cultivation of a certain amount of land and the erection of a certain amount of improvements. The results of these beneficent laws are conspicuous. In 1886 nearly nine hundred thousand acres of wild land were plowed and planted. One firm in Buenos Ayres sold 1200 reapers manufactured in the United States, and other firms a lesser number; elevators are being erected upon the banks of the rivers, from which wheat is loaded into vessels for Brazil and Europe, and the average crop was twenty-two bushels of wheat to the acre.

Until within a few years the chief source of wealth was cattle and sheep. In 1885 there were forty-one million sheep in the United States, seventy-two millions in Australia, and one hundred millions in the Argentine Republic. We have two-thirds of a sheep to every inhabitant; in the Argentine Republic there are twenty-five sheep, and in Uruguay forty sheep, to every man, woman, and child. We have forty millions of horned cattle to a population of sixty millions; the Argentine Republic and Uruguay have thirty-eight millions of cattle to a population of four and a half millions. In Uruguay, with a population of five

hundred thousand souls, there are eight millions of cattle, twenty millions of sheep, two million horses, or sixty head of stock for each man, woman, and child. Fifteen million dollars has been invested in wire fences in Uruguay alone, and more than twice as much in the Argentine Republic. In either of the countries a cow can be bought for five dollars, a steer fattened for the market for ten or twelve dollars, a pair of oxen for twenty-five dollars, a sheep for fifty or sixty cents, an ordinary working horse for eight or ten dollars, and a roadster for twenty-five, a mule for fifteen dollars, and a mare for whatever her hide will bring. Mares are never broken to saddle or harness, but are allowed to run wild in the pastures from the time they are foaled till they cease to be of value for breeding, when they are driven to the *salederos*, or slaughter-houses, and killed for their hides. A man who would use a mare under the saddle or before a wagon would be considered of unsound mind. There is a superstition against it.

Though we of the United States have little to do with the Argentine Republic nowadays, the pioneers of the prosperity of that country were citizens of this. In 1826 William Wheelwright of Pennsylvania, was wrecked on the Argentine coast, and made his way to a small town called Quilmer, hatless, coatless, bootless, and starving. He remained in the place because he had no means to pay his passage elsewhere, and forty years later constructed the first railway in South America, from Quilmer to Buenos Ayres. He built the first railway in Chili also, and is the founder of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, whose vessels run twice a week from Liverpool to Panama, through the

Straight of Magellan. Both Chili and the Argentine Republic have erected monuments to the memory of Mr. Wheelwright in their public squares. Another citizen of the United States may be given the credit of establishing the first ranch in the Argentine Republic, and laying the foundation of the wealth of the nation. This was Thomas Lloyd Halsey, of New Jersey, who in 1826 introduced improved stock from the United States, and commenced the business of raising them. Both Mr. Wheelwright and Mr. Halsey are dead, but Mr. Samuel B. Hale, who went down from Boston in 1828, and established the first commission-house in the republic, still lives to enjoy the esteem of the people, and the great wealth he has accumulated, being recognized as the pioneer of the foreign commerce of the country.

From the herds Mr. Halsey imported have sprung the millions of sheep that now graze upon the pampas, and single ranches exist there which for the area inclosed by wire fences and for the number of cattle branded are larger than four of the largest in the United States combined. As in this country, the cattle business is becoming monopolized by vast corporations. Rich Englishmen and Scotchmen and Irishmen are combining their interests, leasing or buying empires of territory, and stocking it with the best breeds. Companies with five million dollars capital are common, and those with ten millions are not rare. The governments of Argentine and Uruguay subsidize the business of exporting frozen meat, and the Germans as well as the English and Scotch are taking advantage of the liberal concessions. The governments will guarantee dividends of five per cent. per annum

upon an investment of five hundred thousand dollars or more, provided the annual exports amount to twenty thousand carcasses of beef for every one hundred thousand dollars invested. The Liebig Extract of Beef Company has fifteen millions of dollars invested at Fray Bentos, a little town on the Uruguay River, where it consumes half a million head of cattle a year, and pays dividends of twenty-four per cent. The London and River Plata Frozen Meat Company is becoming as great a commercial octopus as the Standard Oil Company, and is now shipping seven thousand carcasses a week to England on refrigerator ships constructed for the purpose.

There used to be a place called Patagonia. It appears on our geographies now as "a drear and uninhabitable waste upon which herds of wild horses and cattle graze, that are hunted for their flesh by a few bands of savage Indians of immense stature." I am quoting from a school-book published in 1886, and in common use in this country. The same geography gives similar information about "the Argentine Confederation." It makes the Argentines roar with rage to call their country "the Argentine Confederation." It would be just as polite and proper to call this the "Confederate States of America." A bitter, bloody war was fought to wipe that name off the map, but our publishers still insist upon keeping it there. It is not a confederation; it is a Nation, with a big "N," like ours, one and inseparable, "united we stand, divided we fall," and all that sort of thing—the Argentine Republic. To call it anything else is an insult to the patriots who fought to make it so, and a reflection upon our own intelligence.

Several years ago Patagonia was

divided between Chili and the Argentine Republic, the ministers from the United States to those two countries doing the carving. The summits of the Cordilleras were fixed as the boundary lines. Chili took the Strait of Magellan and the strip along the Pacific coast between the mountains and the sea, and the Argentine Republic the pampas, the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego being divided between them. Since the partition ranchmen have been pushing southward with great rapidity, and now the vast territory is practically occupied. There are no more wild cattle or horses there than in Kansas, and the dreary, uninhabited wastes of Patagonia have gone into oblivion with the "Great American Desert." The remnant of a vast tribe of aborigines still occupies the interior, but the Indian problem of the Argentine Republic was solved in a summary way. There was considerable annoyance on the frontier from bands of roving savages, who used to come north in the winter-time, steal cattle, rob, and ravish, and the outposts of civilization were not safe. General Roca, the Sheridan of the River Plata, was sent with a brigade of cavalry to the frontier to prevent this sort of thing. East and west across the territory runs the Rio Negro, a swift, turbid stream like the Missouri, with high banks. Fifty miles or so from the mountains the river makes a turn in its course, and leaves a narrow pathway through which everything that enters or leaves Patagonia by land must go. Across this pass of fifty miles General Roca dug a ditch twelve feet deep and fifteen feet wide. The Indians, to the number of several thousand, were north when the work was done, raiding the settlements. As spring came they

turned to go southward as usual, in a long caravan, with their stolen horses and cattle. Roca galloped around their rear, and drove them night and day before him. When they reached the ditch they became bewildered, for they could not cross it, and after a few days of slaughter the remnant that survived surrendered, and were distributed through the army as soldiers, while the women were sent into a semi-slavery among the ranchmen they had robbed. The dead animals and men were buried together in the ditch, and there has been no further annoyance from Indians on the frontier.

The few that remain seldom come northward, but remain around Punta Arenas, the only settlement in the Strait, hunting the ostrich and other wild game, trading the skins for whisky, and making themselves as wretched as possible. The robes they wear are made of the skins of the guanaco, a species of the llama, and the breasts of young ostriches. There is nothing prettier than an ostrich robe, but each one represents the slaughter of from sixteen to twenty young birds, and they are getting rare and expensive as the birds are being exterminated, as our buffaloes have been.

The Gaucho (gowcho) of the pampas is the most interesting character on the continent. He is the descendant of the aristocratic Spanish don and the women of the Guarani race, a species unknown to any other part of the world, whose nearest likeness is the Bedouin of Arabia. He is at once the most indolent and the most active of human beings, for when he is not in the saddle, devouring space on the back of a tireless broncho, he is sleeping in apathetic indolence among his mistresses or gambling with his chums. Half savage and half courtier, the

Gaucha is as courteous as he is cruel, and will thrum an air on the native mandolin with the same ease and *nonchalance* as he will murder a fellow-being or slaughter a steer. He recognizes no law but his own will and the unwritten code of the cattle range, and all violations of this code are punished by banishment or death. Whoever offends him must fight or fly, and his vengeance is as enduring as it is vigilant. He never shoots, or strikes with his fist, and his only weapons are the short knife which is never absent from his hand or his belt, the lasso, and the "bolas," implements of his trade, offensive and defensive. A fight between Gauchos is always to the death, and it is the duty of him who kills to see that his victim is decently buried, and the widow and orphans cared for. The widow, if she pleases him, becomes his mistress, and the orphans grow up to be Gauchos, under his tutelage. As superstitious as a Hindoo, peaceable when sober, but regardless of God and man when drunk, as brave as a lion, as active as a panther, with an endurance equal to any test, faithful to his friends, as implacable as fate to any one who offends him, he has exercised a powerful influence upon the destiny of the Argentine Republic, and retarded civilization until overcome by an increased immigration of foreigners.

The Argentines once had a Gaucho Dictator, Don Manuel Rosas, "The Eternal," as he called himself, who ruled with a despotism of iron and blood for twenty-two years—from 1830 to 1852. He was the son of a wealthy Gaucho of the same name, and commanded a regiment of his kind in the war for independence. So powerful did he become that it was an easy step from the chieftainship of the

Gauchos to the presidency of the republic, and finally to the head of an absolute despotism, which existed for nearly a quarter of a century, in defiance of the constitution and the laws.

But the day of the Gaucho is passing. Immigration and civilization have driven him to the extreme frontier. Like the North American Indian, he decays when domesticated, and a tame Gaucho is always a drunkard, a loafer, and a thief.

Silver ornaments for bridle and saddle are legal tender in exchange for anything saleable wherever the Gaucho goes, and what is his seat by day and his pillow by night he uses as a sort of savings-bank. I have seen saddles worth a thousand dollars, with solid silver stirrups, pommels, and ornaments, weighing as much as a man. A pair of silver spurs are worth anywhere from \$50 to \$100, according to size and workmanship, and stirrups of solid silver in the form of a heelless slipper the belles of Argentine consider essential to a riding costume. The same are often made of brass, and when highly polished add a unique feature to the accoutrements of an Argentine caballero.

The Argentine poncho is a great institution, and if some fashionable swell in New York would set the style by wearing one, it would add greatly to the comfort of our people as well as to their convenience. There never was a garment better adapted for out-of-door use, and particularly for plainsmen or those who are much in the saddle. It is a blanket of ordinary size, with a split in the centre through which the head goes, and the folds hang down as far as the knees, giving free use to the arms, but always furnishing them and the rest of the body shelter. In summer it shields the

wearer from the heat of the sun, in winter it is as warm as an ulster, and in rainy days takes the place of an umbrella. The native is never without it, summer or winter, afoot or horseback, at home or abroad. It stays by him like his shadow, and gives him an overcoat by day and a blanket by night. Ponchos were formerly made of the hair of the vicuña, a sort of cross between the llama and the antelope, found in the Bolivia Andes. Before the conquest vicuña was the royal ermine of the Incas, and none but persons of princely blood were allowed to wear it. A vicuña poncho is as soft as velvet and as durable as steel. You can find plenty of them in Argentine and Chili that have been in the old families for two centuries or more, and have been handed down with the family jewels as heirlooms. They never wear out, and, like lace, improve with age. But genuine vicuña ponchos are hard to get, and very expensive, costing often as much as a camel's hair shawl. The color is a delicate fawn, and will not change when wet, which is a sure test of its genuineness. Most of the fine ponchos worn nowadays are made of lamb's wool in Manchester, England, and cannot be distinguished from vicuña except by experts; but tons after tons of the common sort, made of cotton and wool of gaudy colors, are now exported annually, which answer the purpose of the Gaucho just as well, while the bright tints please his taste better.

But the Gaucho, the poncho, the solid silver stirrups, and the other costumes as well as customs of a romantic past, are being dissipated under the new *regime*. Modern ideas and modern inventions are seized by the Argentines with an eager grasp, and are

enjoyed with great gratification. The *estanciero* now goes to his camp on a Pullman car instead of a silver-laden saddle, he talks over a telephone with the superintendent of his ranch, and slaughters his cattle by electric light. The people are now a hundred years ahead of any other Spanish-American city. Buenos Ayres seems more like Chicago than any place south of Mason and Dickson's line. Five railroads radiate from it in different directions; 122 miles of street-car tracks furnish conveyance within its limits; there are more telephones in use in proportion to the population than in any other city on the globe; the electric light is in more general use for streets, dwelling, and business houses than in New York or Boston; nine theatres are constantly open; Italian opera is given twice a week for six months in the year, with tickets at six dollars; and there are twenty-one daily newspapers, two of which are published in the English language, the editor of the most enterprising being Winslow, the fugitive Boston forger. There are banks in Buenos Ayres larger in capital and volume of business than almost any in the world, and occupying palaces of iron, glass, and marble. The Bank of the Province has a paid-up capital of \$37,000,000, a circulation of \$22,000,000, deposits amounting to \$56,000,000, and \$67,000,000 of loans and discounts. The National Bank has a capital of \$20,000,000, one-half of the stock belonging to the government, and it pays dividends of twenty-two per cent. There are nine banks with more than a million capital, and the average amount of deposits per capita of population is sixty-four dollars, while it is only forty-nine dollars in the United States.

Where the rivers do not run, the government is building railroads, and on the 1st of January, 1887, there were 4200 miles under operation, with contracts for an extension of the system amounting to nearly fifty millions of dollars. All of the roads are either owned by the government or subsidized by it. The common method is for Congress to give a tract of land as a gratuity, and guarantee interest to the amount of four or five per cent. upon the actual amount of money invested in construction. It is a singular fact that the government has never been called upon to make good any of the several railroad guarantees. It is claimed that the capital invested in railroads in the Argentine Republic gives a larger return than in any other country, the dividends for the entire system averaging over six per cent. Nearly all the capital is English, while most of the employees are Irish or Scotchmen. Baldwin locomotives and Pullman cars are generally used, and constitute, with agricultural machinery, the bulk of the imports from this country. There are very few people in the United States who are aware that Pullman sleeping cars are running across the pampas from the Atlantic Ocean to the foot-hills of the Andes, and it will be a surprise when I say that within a year or two those who desire to cross the southern continent from ocean to ocean may have a choice of railway routes. One line, now completed with the exception of a hundred miles or so, runs almost directly from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, Chili. The other is to connect the port of Bahia Blanca, two hundred miles south of Buenos Ayres, with the coal-fields at Concepcion and Talcahuano, on the Pacific coast. These roads will save commerce five thousand

miles of ocean navigation around by the Strait, and revolutionize the trade of the continent.

But an enterprise of still greater magnitude and importance to the world at large is the railway that is being pushed into the heart of the continent northward from Buenos Ayres. Let whoever is interested in the subject take a map and trace a line northward through Santa Fe and Santiago to Tucuman, where the railroad now extends; then to Jujuy, to which point it is under construction; thence northward to Potosi and the lake of Titicaca, on whose islands the empire of the Incas was born. There is a railway now from the Pacific coast to Lake Titicaca, operated by a Mr Thorndyck, of Boston, and all the produce of Bolivia reaches market by that route; but having once reached the Pacific, it must be transported through the Strait or round the Horn, or by the Isthmus, which route shippers avoid.

Bolivia is doubtless the richest in minerals of any land on the globe, and millions upon millions of precious metal have been taken out of her mines by the primitive process which still exists, and must still exist till railroads are constructed to carry machinery there. Every ounce of ore that finds its way out of the Andes is carried on the back of a man or a llama, and the quartz is crushed by rolling heavy logs upon it. By this method Bolivia exports from twelve to fifteen millions of gold and silver annually, and the output would be fabulous if modern machinery could be taken into the mines. The distance from Jujuy to the farthest mining district of Bolivia is seven hundred miles, and it is no farther to the diamond fields of Brazil. Bolivia offers a grant of twelve square leagues of land and forty thousand dollars a

mile for the extension of the Argentine Northern to Sucre, and English capitalists are ready to continue the work as soon as the Argentine government drops it at the boundary line. When it is built the owners of this road will hold the key to a country which has excited the cupidity of adventurers since the New World was discovered. It has furnished food for four centuries of fable, and armies of men have died in search of its treasures. A territory as large as that which lies between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains remains entirely unexplored. On its borders are the richest of agricultural lands, immense tracts of timber, diamond-strewn streams, and the silver and gold deposits of Cerro de Pasco and Potosi. What lies within is the subject of speculation. The tales of explorers who have attempted to penetrate its mysteries read like the old romances of Golconda and the El Dorado of the Amazons, where the women warriors wore armors of solid gold; but the swamps and the mountains, the rivers that cannot be forded and the jungles which forbid search, the absence of food, and the difficulty of carrying sufficient supplies on foot, with the other obstacles that have prevented exploration, will be overcome eventually, and the secret that has tantalized the world for four centuries will be told by ambitious scientists.

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

ONE day Ernest had been seriously lectured by his mother, and was sent to the yard to find a switch with which he was to be punished. He returned soon and said: "I couldn't find any switch, mamma but here's a stone you can throw at me."

MOHAMMEDAN DOCTRINE.

DURING the thirty years that I have lived in Constantinople I have never seen an official statement of Mohammedan doctrine until within a few days. The following letter, written by the Sheik-ul-Islam to a German convert, is such a statement coming from the highest authority in the world. It was published by request in the Constantinople papers, probably in view of the fact that there have been quite a number of converts to Islam within the past year, and it is supposed that more may be expected. There may also be political reasons. It is well worth reading, and ought to be of general interest. It is evidently intended to make as favorable an impression on Christians as possible.

GEORGE WASHBURN, D. D.,
President of Robert College, Constantinople.

TRANSLATION.

Dear Sir:—The letter by which you ask to be received into the heart of the Mussulman religion, has been received and has caused us a lively satisfaction. The reflections which you make on this occasion appear to us worthy of the highest praise.

At the same time we ought to call your attention to the fact that your conversion to Islamism is not subordinated to our consent, for Islamism does not admit of any intermediary, like the clergy, between God and His servants. Our duty consists only in teaching the people religious truths. Consequently, conversion to Islamism demands no religious formalities and depends upon the authorization of no one. It is sufficient to believe and to proclaim one's belief.

In fact, Islamism has for its base

faith in the unity of God and in the mission of His dearest servant Mohammed (May God cover him with blessings and grant him salvation); *i. e.*, to accept conscientiously this faith and to avow it in words, as expressed by the phrase: "There is only one God and Mohammed is His prophet." He who makes this profession of faith becomes a Mussulman, without having need of the consent or approbation of any one. If, as you promise in your letter, you make this profession of faith, that is to say, you declare that there is only one God and that Mohammed is His prophet, you become a Mussulman without having need of our acceptance; and we, for our part, felicitate you with pride and joy for having been touched by divine grace, and we shall testify in this world and in the other that you are our brother. Believers are all brothers.

Such is a summary definition of faith. Let us enter now upon some developments of it. Man, who is superior to the other animals by his intelligence, was created out of nothing to adore his Creator. This adoration may be summed up in two words—to honor the commands of God and to sympathize with His creatures. This double adoration exists in all religions. As to its practice—religions differ as to their rules, forms, times, places, the greater or less number of their rites, etc. But the human intelligence does not suffice to assure us of the manner of praying which is most worthy of the divine glory; so God in His mercy, in according to certain human beings the gift of prophecy, in sending to them, by angels, inspiration, writings and books, and in so revealing the true religion, has over-

whelmed His servants with blessings.

The book of God which descended last from heaven is the sacred Koran, the unchangeable teachings of which, carefully preserved from the first day in written volumes and in the memory of thousands of reciters, will last even to the day of the last judgment.

The first of the prophets was Adam and the last Mohammed (may God give him salvation). Between these two many others have lived; their number is known only to God. The greatest of all is Mohammed. After him come Jesus, Moses, Abraham, Noah and Adam (may God grant them salvation).

All the prophets have threatened their followers with the day of the last judgment. So it is necessary to believe that the dead will rise again, that they will appear before the tribunal of God to render their accounts, and that the elect will be sent to paradise, and those condemned, to hell. All the actions of every one in this world will be examined on that day one by one; and although all the acts of soldiers in holy war, even their sleep, are considered as a prayer, they also will be obliged at the judgment day to render an account. The only exception is for those who die as martyrs, who will go to paradise without examination.

Also it is necessary, as an article of faith, to attribute all good and evil to the providence of God. To say that the creator of good is the angel, and the creator of evil the demon, is one of those errors which it is necessary to avoid.

Consequently the believer ought to have faith in God, in His angels, in His books, in His prophets, in the last judgment, and in His will as the source of all good and evil. He who accepts

these truths is a true believer. But to be a *perfect* believer it is necessary to perform certain duties, to pray to God and to avoid falling into such sins as murder, robbery, adultery, etc.

Besides the profession of faith of which we have spoken above, a good Mussulman ought to pray five times a day, distribute to the poor a fortieth part of his goods every year, fast during the month of Ramazan, and make once in his life a pilgrimage to Mecca.

If a believer does not conform to the laws of God and does not avoid what He forbids he does not become an infidel, but he is considered as a sinner; that is, as a wandering believer, and he will merit a temporary punishment in the other world. He is in the hands of God. God pardons him or condemns him to pass a certain time in hell, proportioned to his guilt.

Faith annuls all sin. He who is converted to Islamism becomes as innocent as if just born, and he is responsible only for the sins committed after his conversion.

A sinner who repents and in person asks God's forgiveness obtains pardon. Only the rights of his neighbor are an exception to this rule; for the servant of God who cannot obtain justice in this world, reclaims his rights at the day of judgment, and God, who is just, will then compel the oppressor to make restitution to the oppressed. Even the martyrs are no exception to this rule. To avoid this responsibility the only means is to get a quittance from your neighbor whom you have wronged. In all cases, however, there is no need of the intercession of a spiritual director.

All this no doubt seems strange to people accustomed to a sacerdotal regime. When a Christian child is

born, to make part of society he must be bapitized by a priest; when he grows up he needs a priest to marry him; if he would pray he must go to a church and find a priest; to obtain forgiveness of his sins he must confess them to a priest; and he must have a priest to bury him.

In the Mussulman religion, where there is no clergy, such obligations have no place. The infant is born a Mussulman, and his father, or the chief of the family, gives him a name. When they wish to contract a marriage, the man and the woman or their agents make the contract in the presence of two witnesses; the contracting parties are the only ones interested and others cannot intervene or take part.

A Mussulman prays all alone in any place which suits his convenience, and to merit the remission of his sins he goes directly to God. He does not confess them to others, nor ought he to do so. At his death the Mussulman inhabitants of the town are obliged to put him in a coffin and bury him. Any Mussulman can do this; the presence of a religious chief is not necessary.

In a word, in all religious acts there

is no intermediary between God and His servants. It is necessary to learn the will of God, revealed by the prophet, and to act in conformity with it.

Only the accomplishment of certain religious ceremonies, such as the prayers on Friday and at Beiram is subordinated to the will of the caliph, of the prophet and the sultan of Mussulmans, since the arrangement of ceremonies for Islamism is one of his sacred attributes. Obedience to his orders is one of the most important religious duties. As to our mission, it consists in administering, in his name, the religious affairs which he deigns to confide to us.

One of the things to which every Mussulman ought to be very attentive is righteousness in character; vices, such as pride, presumption, egotism and obstinacy do not become a Mussulman. To revere the great and to compassionate the insignificant are precepts of Islamism.

May God give success and salvation to him who is touched by divine grace.

The Sheik-ul-Islam,

AHMED ESAAD.

CONSTANTINOPLE,
REBI-UL-AKHIR, 1305.

ROMANCE OF GARIBALDI.

IN GARIBALDI'S forthcoming Autobiography will be found this account of his first meeting with his wife: "I had need of some human being who would love me. Without such a one near me, existence was becoming insupportable. Although not old, I knew men well enough to know how difficult it is to find a real friend. But a woman! Yes, a woman; for I had always considered them the most

perfect of beings, and, whatever men may say, it is infinitely easier to find a really loving heart among them. I was walking on the quarter-deck of the Itaparica, wrapped in my sad thoughts, and, having reasoned the matter in all ways, finally concluded to seek a wife for myself, who would draw me out of this depressing and insupportable state of things. My glance fell by chance upon the houses

of the Barra, a little hill thus called at the entrance of the Laguana (of St. Catharine, in Brazil), on which are some simple but picturesque dwellings. With the aid of my glass, which I habitually held in my hand when on the quarter-deck, I saw a young girl. I ordered the men to row me ashore in that direction, and disembarked and made for the house which contained the object of my voyage; but could not find it; when I encountered a person of the place whom I had known on my first arrival. He invited me to take coffee at his house. We entered, and the first person on whom my gaze fell was the one who had caused my coming on shore. It was

Anita. The mother of my children. The companion of my life in good and evil fortune. The woman whose courage I had so often desired. We both remained in an ecstatic silence, gazing at each other, like two persons who do not meet for the first time, and who seek in each other's lineaments something which shall revive remembrance. At last I saluted her, and I said, 'You must be mine.' I spoke but little Portuguese, and I spoke these audacious words in Italian. However, I seemed to have some magnetic power in my insolence. I had tied a knot which death alone could break."

MOSQUES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

ALMOST all the great mosques have enormous naves; plain, simple, but grand, diffused with an equal and soft light streaming through innumerable windows. There is nothing to distract the mind in the mosques; they are covered with thick carpets so that no footfall is heard; there are no pictures, no statues, no representations of living things: mosaics of stained glass form the decoration of the windows: inscriptions from the Koran, a single reading-chair, pulpit, lecterns, and praying-mats are almost all that adorn the interior. except in the time of festivals, when from the vaults of the domes depend innumerable thick silken cords, to which are attached ostrich-eggs, bronze lamps, and globes of crystal. Each worshipper when he enters a mosque leaves his shoes with the door-keeper, performs his ablutions at a tank, if not already purified, and then, turning towards Mecca,

goes through his various orisons and prostrations. If he be sincere there is nothing to intercept him from the object of his adoration, the one God of whom Mohammed is the prophet. "There is no argument for either melancholy or terror; there are neither illusions nor mysteries nor obscure corners. There is nothing but the clear, perfect, and formible idea of one solitary God, who loves the severe nudity of the desert, inundated with light, and admits no other image of Himself than the heavens!" In every mosque the *Imams*, or ministers, are constantly engaged in attending to the services of the mosques, and instructing scholars in the Koran. On Friday (the Mohammedan Sabbath) the *Kateeb* publicly prays and preaches, and at stated times daily the *Ratib* recites certain prayers, the call to which is chanted from the galleries of the minarets by an official called *Mu-*

ezzin. This latter custom is one of the most beautiful connected with Islamism. At the five canonical muslim hours, at the exact moment in every part of the world where the name of the prophet is honored, the Muezzin comes forth on the terrace of his minaret, and lifting up his voice cries four times—north, south, east, and west—the sacred formula, "God is great! There is but one God! Mohammed is the prophet of God! Come to prayer! Come and be saved! God is great! God is one alone! Come to prayer!" You stand upon some vantage-ground and hear this cry, and see the people flocking into the mosque, or kneel prostrate on the ground in the midst of their work, with their faces turned towards the

holy mosque; and as you listen another cry, fainter, reaches your ear, and perchance another fainter still, and you know that from every minaret in Europe, Asia, and Africa, the same cry is going forth, and the sacred time of prayer for weary souls has come. It is recorded that Mohammed hesitated long whether the call to prayer should not be by silver trumpets, as in the case of the Israelites. It was well that he determined the call to prayer should be from human voices; no one who has heard the cry of the Muezzin can have failed to have had his heart touched, and to have wished that all over the world human voices could be stirring human hearts to prayer.—

THE MAGIC OF FIGURES.

IT USED to be said that a man cannot make himself rich by merely doubling the figures in his books. But this is one of the ridiculous old delusions of the primitive and innocent age of business, which the present wide-awake era is blowing into fragments. A specific amount of wealth can be doubled or even trebled, by the simplest sort of ciphering—simple addition. It is done every day—and it is as beautiful a process as one of Hermann's tricks. Here are several sugar refineries whose aggregate property is estimated at \$7,000,000. They put it together and mark it up to \$15,000,000—and the thing is done. Three or four gas companies in a city join together in a "trust," and their capital, before estimated at \$10,000,000, instantly expands into \$25,000,-

000. The oil-seed crushers make out statements of their property, amounting in the aggregate to \$12,000,000, throw them into a hat—and the next moment draw out \$30,000,000. A railroad company owning a line worth \$10,000,000, buys, or leases, two or three little branch lines worth \$1,000,000 each, makes an arithmetical jugglery, and suddenly appears before the world as a "system" worth \$35,000,000. A mine out in the Rocky Mountains for whose uncertain value \$1,500 would be an exaggerated estimate, by an easy manipulation is made to effloresce into a magnificent "property" of \$5,000,000. This ciphering process of making wealth is the fashion of the day. It is far more exhilarating than the painful and tedious old process of working for it.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J. H. PARRY & Co., *Publishers.*

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL, 1888.

LIBRARIES.

MUCH is being said, now-a-days, about the utility of public and school libraries, and in some instances much ill-directed, if not entirely misdirected, labor is being expended in their formation. Public libraries are not necessarily public benefits. As most of the libraries being established in our Territory are gotten up with a view primarily to entertain and benefit the young, and cater to their literary tastes, it is well to bear in mind that unless they are carefully selected and judiciously managed, they will not prove to be unmixed blessings. The greatest problem presented to the consideration of library committees, is how to properly regulate and direct the reading of young people. There are several questions which those engaged in forming public libraries should earnestly consider before setting themselves the task of selecting a library; and no one, who is not himself a knower of books, and a reader, should presume to regulate and direct the reading of others.

The first object of our public library is to aid in cultivating a taste for good reading, and, second, to supply material for the gratification of such a taste, and for study and research. None of these objects can be attained unless the library is composed of books selected especially with reference to the capabilities and needs of the public. Dealing with readers of various de-

grees of intellectual strength, warped by every variety of moral influence and home training, the cultivation of a taste for good reading among them is no small matter. To do this, the library must contain none but truly good books. To suppose that every collection of books is a library is a great mistake, yet many very inferior collections are called by that name. Many so-called libraries are composed altogether of the odds and ends of literature—of donations, entirely worthless to their donors, of second-hand school and college text books; of Patent Office reports and other worthless documents, and of the dilapidated remains of some older and equally worthless collection of books; and with these, committees talk of cultivating a taste for good reading! Better do away with all this dross. One really good book is worth more than all this trash. The value of a library—no matter for what purpose it has been founded—depends not upon the number of its books, but upon their character.

The books that should be selected for the library should be not only good, but of such a character as will attract the public to the perusal of them, and books of any other class will be more of a detriment than a benefit, however cheaply obtained, or whatever of merit they may possess to certain readers.

In choosing what is best to read, or in selecting a library, it is not necessary that there should be a large col-

lection of books. A few books, well chosen and well read, will be of infinitely more value than a large collection of miscellaneous books that are fit only for desultory reading.

Too great a variety of books or papers, placed at the disposal of inexperienced readers, is an incentive to aimless desultory reading, and encourages the habit of devouring every species of literary food that comes to hand. "The benefit of a right good book," says a critical writer, "all depends upon this, that its virtues just *soak* into the mind, and become a living, generative force. To be running and rambling over a great many books, tasting a little here and a little there, and tying up with none, is good for nothing. Such a process of unceasing change is also a discipline of perpetual emptiness. The right method in the culture of the mind is to take a few choice books, and weave about them

'The fixed delights of house and home,
Friendship that will not break, and love that
cannot roam.'

Books relating to history, to biography, and to travel, should form a

good portion of every library, and should be chosen with reference to the mental capacity of those who are to read them. No book should be bought merely because it is a good book, but because it can be made useful in the attainment of certain desired ends.

If by means of the public library or otherwise, we succeed in enlisting the interest of young people in profitable, methodical reading, much will be accomplished in the formation of their characters. The possessor of a library of only fifty volumes, may have in it the very best of all that the world's master minds have ever written—food for study, and meditation, and mind growth enough for a lifetime. Such a library is worth more than a thousand volumes of the ordinary "popular" kind of books. So, also, the reading of a very few books, carefully and methodically—the constant presence of the very best books in our language, and the exclusion of the trashy and vile—will give more real enjoyment and infinitely greater profit than the desultory or hasty reading of many volumes. A small library is to be despised only when it contains inferior books.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF EMPEROR WILLIAM.

THE life of the late Emperor William I, of Germany, spanned a period of surprising events. His infancy saw Prussia a great power. In boyhood his native land was humiliated by the first Napoleon, and lost one-half its territory. His family was reduced to extremities. As a youth he marched and fought with armies that overthrew the great Napoleon. He aided in the overthrow of the first French empire, and paraded the streets of Paris with Blucher's forces. When an old man he became a king, conquered Austria, overthrew the second French empire, again marched the streets of Paris, united

Germany, and was made an emperor on French soil. He was in turn hated and loved by his subjects as no other sovereign of history.

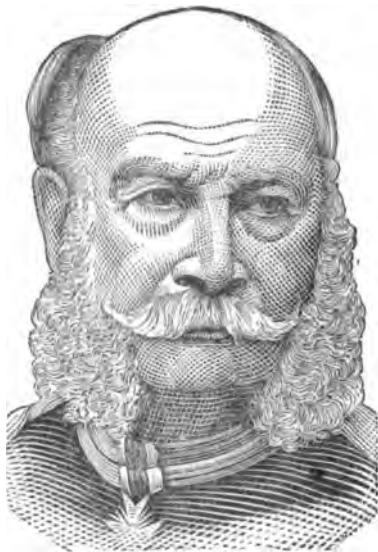
Frederick William Louis was born in Berlin March 22, 1797. His father was Frederick William III, king of Prussia—a good man. His mother was one of the most beautiful women of the world, and was possessed of a rare character of strength and hopefulness. She was Queen Louise—almost as well known as her son. William chanced to be the second son, and hence not heir to the crown. However, it seemed well at the time,

for he was a delicate, feeble little fellow, and therefore not allowed to join in the most vigorous exercises of his fellows; and he was 16 years old before they believed he would be able to enter the army. Every influence conduced to make him a soldier. While he yet wore jackets and short trousers a noble relative was appointed to train his brothers and himself in military exercises. The king was wont to peep through a crack of the door to watch his boys manœuvre around the room. Prince William developed simultaneously in strength and military discipline. His ardor was aroused by reading the exploits of his ancestor, Frederick the Great, by the sad fate of his own country during his own childhood, and by the tears of his mother. Scarcely was he 10 years old when Napoleon invaded Prussia and marched through the streets of Berlin in triumph. The young prince was hastily taken from place to place, out of the way of the victor. After the battle of Jena, in which Napoleon was signally victorious, Queen Louise was obliged to flee in order to escape capture. With bitter anguish she said to her two eldest sons: "You see me weep, I weep for the downfall of my house and country. Recall these happy hours when I am no more, and weep such tears for me as I do now for my country. But do not be satisfied with tears. Act, develop your strength. Perhaps you may be destined to deliver your country. Do not let yourselves be carried away by the degeneracy of the age. Be men!"

He first went to war in 1813, receiving the commission of a captain. The allies were, at this time, closing in upon Napoleon. In the battle of Bar-sur-Aube his father ordered him to get news from a certain regiment. Regardless of the whistling bullets, he dashed into the thick of the fight and obtained the desired information. For his bravery he was decorated with the Iron Cross. In March, 1814, the armies of the allied monarchs of England, Russia, Prussia and Sweden entered Paris. Prince William was with them and saw Paris for the first time.

In 1815 Napoleon escaped from Elba and burst as a bombshell upon Europe. Once more war waged. Prince William marched with the Prussians against the escaped exile. Napoleon was beaten at Waterloo, Paris was taken and the young Prussian prince a second time paraded the boulevards of the gay capital. His life from this time onward was zealously devoted to the science of war. Not expecting to become a king, he purposed being a benefit to the army. He was rapidly promoted from rank to rank, serving in various

parts of the kingdom. At the age of 32 he married Princess Augusta, of Saxe Weimar. His life was now one of quietness. He was a perfect soldier, an agreeable gentleman, not noted for a brilliant intellect, thoroughly upright, obstinate in his opinions, and tenacious of purpose. He was for a time governor of Baden. When Prince William was 43 years old, and the father of two children, the king died, and the son succeeded to the throne of Prussia as Frederick William IV. The new king, being childless, decreed that Prince William should henceforth be called prince of Prussia, being heir to the crown. European countries continued spluttering and threatening for several years. The prince of Prussia was advanced to commander in chief of the



WILLIAM I, LATE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

army. The revolutions of 1848 crazed the people of Europe. Louis Philippe was driven from the throne of France, and Germany was seized with the infection. William Prince of Prussia stamped out the revolution in Baden and Berlin with resoluteness and relentlessness. While his brother, the king, was weak and vacillating in his policy, the prince of Prussia was in favor of strong measures. He had a horror of revolutions and repudiated the idea of popular sovereignty. At one of his brother's councils he flung his sword upon the table and vowed he would rather appeal to that weapon than consent to rule over a people who dared claim the right "to vote their own taxes." He was thoroughly hated

by the people. So intense was the feeling against him that it was deemed best for him to quit the kingdom for a time. He repaired to London. There he was an associate of Prince Albert, Peel, Palmerston and Russell.

Upon his return to Germany he again lived in seclusion. During all these years the prince of Prussia had full opportunity to see the weakness of his brother's course and to study the tendency of events. He was ripening definite ideas and a strong will to execute them. He also served in the Prussian parliament. Gradually he regained much of his lost popularity. The excitement and contests of government had shattered the health of the king. His sensitive mind received a fatal shock. The prince of Prussia became regent



FREDERICK III, EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

in 1858. He declared that "Prussia is ready everywhere to protect the right." He formed a new ministry which pleased the people. In less than two years the king died, and the prince of Prussia became the monarch. He was 64 years of age, and was described as a "fine, dignified, handsome, somewhat bluff old man." He was tall and strong. His manners were plain, hearty, frank and agreeable. In his military life his simplicity has been compared to that of Grant. However, he was not liked. He was considered too arbitrary. Only one good thing was said about him: "He was honest and would keep his word." The Prussians had perfect confi-

dence in his integrity. He was crowned at Koenigsberg with great pomp. On that occasion he proclaimed to the world that he considered himself a king by divine right and not by any power from the people.

His policy at once became obnoxious to the people. He desired to reorganize and increase the army. This policy was opposed by the parliament, which refused him the necessary money. The new king was obstinate. He believed what he wanted to do was for the best, and he proposed to do it. He prosecuted newspapers and snubbed politicians.

The claim of Emperor William I to be a great man is constantly disputed. That he possessed one of the finest elements of wonderful success must be acknowledged, from his insight to men. The next year after his coronation he selected as president of his ministry Otto Von Bismarck, perhaps the greatest statesman of modern times. It has been said that Bismarck absorbed the king and thereafter directed everything. This is a mistake. King William I had the good sense to discover Bismarck's power, and sustained him amidst all the conflicts of the state. The king, with rare discretion, ferreted out two other marvelous minds to aid him in reorganizing the army. These were Helmuth von Moltke and Albert von Roon. With such counselors King William was ready to grapple with the approaching conflicts. From this time onward the story of the king's life is indissolubly linked with the history of Prussia. His kingship began in activity. He quarreled with his parliament and was hated by his people. They failed to understand him and could not fathom the future, to see the glory their king was preparing for them. No public man in Europe was so unpopular as King William, unless it was his minister Bismarck. Even in England it was an "article of faith, that William was a blood-thirsty old tyrant, and his subjects all block-heads." Such was the unpropitious beginning of William I as king of Prussia.

Now to understand how the king came to found an empire, it must be remembered that at this time Germany was a loose confederation of a great many small countries, each jealous of the power of the other—almost as antagonistic as if they had been distinguished by language and race. Austria was the most powerful state in this confederation, with Prussia next. Austria was proud of her position as head of the German influence. Prussia rankled under the predominance of Austria. Austria was jealous of Prussia's power. Prussia envied Austria her place. Each state

sought every means to weaken the other. With King William began the memorable contest. Some pretext for war must be found. A glance at the map will show three provinces just south of Denmark, Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenberg. For years they had been a bone of contention. They were German provinces, but by the juggling of monarchical marriages had come under the power of a Danish king. This was Frederick VII. He was the last monarch of his line. His successor made a decree annexing Schleswig and Holstein. The people of the duchies revolted, claiming that they were German and not Danish subjects. At this juncture Austria and Prussia intervened in behalf of the duchies. Austria was afraid to let Prussia do the work alone. Prussia desired to annex the duchies to her territory, but saw no way open. This was in the year 1864. The two nations took joint possession of the duchies, having but little trouble in overcoming Denmark. Harmony lasted but a short time. Frequently they were on the verge of war. Finally King William and the emperor of Austria met and formed what is known as the compact of Gastein. By this agreement Austria was to have separate control of Schleswig and Prussia of Holstein, while for a money consideration Lauenberg was ceded to Prussia. This was a short lived expedient. The conflicting policies of the two powers in the neighboring duchies constantly clashed. Bismarck managed to throw the blame on Austria. Naturally the various German states took opposite sides in the dispute. Austria and the smaller German states at once recognized the intention of King William and his crafty ministers to centralize Germany under Prussian control. Austria vigorously prepared for war. Even Prussia bitterly opposed the policy of her king. The king was determined. He walked rough shod over constitutional rights. In the month of June, 1866, the troops began to move, and the king at once issued a proclamation declaring that the cause for which Prussia took up arms was that of the union of Germany and the establishment of a parliament representing the German nation. King William demanded of Saxony, Hanover and Hesse that they disarm their troops and remain neutral. They refused and declared for Austria. This was on June 15. By June 29 King William had invaded and overcome all three. He deposed the king of Hanover and annexed his kingdom to Prussia. Von Moltke and Von Roon had evidently done thorough work in organizing the army. The world looked on with bated breath. Two mighty

powers fought for supremacy. It was a life and death struggle.

The Prussians were divided into two armies, one commanded by the crown prince, the king's son, and the other by his nephew, Prince Frederick Charles. Prussia took the offensive and invaded Austria. In Bohemia, almost midway between Berlin and Vienna, is a little village called Sadowa. It is situated on the river Elbe. Near by tower far above the water's edge the battlements of the fortress Koeniggratz. Here the two largest armies that have ever met stood facing each other. They numbered a quarter of a million of men each, and were to decide the fate of central Europe. On the 29th of June the king arrived and took command in person. Gen.



PRINCE BISMARCK.

Benedek was at the head of the Austrian army. The Crown Prince of Prussia had not yet brought his division of the army up. But, fearing an attack from the Austrians, the king decided to anticipate them.

The hot midsummer sun of July 3, 1866, burst forth with gorgeous splendor to look down upon slaughter and carnage, and the fate of an empire. At 8 o'clock the king mounted his horse. He was accompanied by Bismarck, Von Moltke and Von Roon on his way to the battlefield.

A messenger had been sent the night before, ordering the crown prince forward with utmost haste. The battle became more terrible as the minutes sped away. King William

grew anxious and forgot himself. He spurred his horse and rushed into the midst of the battle, where bullets and bursting shell endangered his life. Bismarck hurried after him, and upon reaching him urged his majesty to retire from harm. Said the old monarch: "How can I ride away while my army is under fire?" And only with reluctance did he go back to the group of officers. The Battle became terrible, and yet no crown prince was in sight. 10, 11 o'clock passed by—noon came. Ammunition began to fail. The Austrians stood firm. The Prussians were growing weary. Yet the battle raged. Anxious eyes were cast to the left. It was 2 o'clock. The thunder of cannon was heard away in the distance. The rumbling noise was a merry



COUNT VON MOLTKE.

sound to the soldiers of Prince Frederick Charles. The crown prince was at hand, and threw a fresh army into the conflict, and Prussia gained the battle. King William was a hero. His soldiers thronged around him and, it is said, they wept for joy. He had shared their hardships and toils during the day, encouraging them and speaking comforting words to the wounded. As twilight came on the whole army joined in the old song, "Now All Thank God." The refrain was passed from hill to hill, while the sweet strains lulled many a dying hero on his way to other realms. Thus ended the battle of Sadowa, or Koeniggratz. The campaign had lasted but seven days. The struggle was virtually over. Schleswig and Holstein were ceded to Prussia,

besides which Austria was compelled to pay a large war indemnity. In two months King William had added five provinces to his kingdom, covering an area of 25,000 square miles, and numbering 5,000,000 inhabitants. He had shown the power of his army and placed Prussia at the head of German power. Prussia went wild with delight, and King William was the most popular ruler in Europe. His people began to grasp his intention, and his manifest honesty of purpose in reaching the end. The great result of the war was the formation of the North German confederation, under a new plan proposed and directed by Prussia. The king now administered affairs so wisely and honestly, and with such advantage to the common good, that instead of jealousies in the new confederation, a spirit of patriotism permeated the whole people. The closest of friendly treaties were concluded with the South German states. Many men wished that all Germany could be consolidated and formed into one grand empire. The benefits of the new condition of things immediately manifested themselves. Foreign nations paid more deference to the North German confederation, business and commerce thrived. King William's life was like a drama, with here and there a startling act. The plot develops and the loved king of 73 years appears again prominently before the world in the most thrilling act. Prussia's success aroused the explosive French envy. Since King William had assisted in the defeat of Napoleon I, France had effervesced and solidified and re-effervesced and re-solidified with curious frequency. Napoleon III, the French emperor, was losing popularity at home. France was at the effervescing point again, Napoleon sought a foreign war to divert his people and strengthen himself. The pretext was found and the quarrel was sought with the king of Prussia. European complications formed the ostensible reason. Spain had dethroned Queen Isabella and was in search of a new sovereign. Marshal Prim, of Spain, at the request of the Cortes tendered the throne to Prince Leopold. Now it happened that this same Leopold was a member of the family of German Hohenzollerns, of which King William was the head. France jumped to the conclusion that Prussian influence was at work, and that if Prince Leopold became king of Spain the balance of power in Europe would be destroyed. It may be said here that Prince Leopold was almost as nearly related to Napoleon as to King William, by reason of his wife's connection with the Napoleon family. King William immediately answered that he

had no interest in the affair, and had used no influence in the matter. Napoleon demanded that King William command Leopold to decline the proffered honor. The king replied that he had neither inclination nor power to accede to such a demand, and hence refused, which resulted in a declaration of war by Napoleon.

King William and his army were ready. Not only did the German army possess maps of France, but it is said that the German officers knew all the cross roads and lanes. France declared war on July 15, 1870. On Aug. 2 Germany had three armies, numbering 450,000 men, on the frontier of France, ready for action. Their leaders were the crown prince, Prince Frederick Charles and Gen. Steinmetz. The south German states had espoused the cause of Prussia. King William made a proclamation to the French, in which he said he was not fighting the French, but only their emperor. He promised them protection and good treatment. To his praise be it said that he kept his word, and as a rule the Germans acted as friends rather than enemies in the places they captured. Numerous engagements took place, with victory generally in favor of the Germans. The three armies pressed into France. King William journeyed with his troops. Aug. 18 the king commanded at the battle of Gravelotte. With him were the crown prince, Von Moltke, Von Roon and the American general, Sheridan. For ten hours he was exposed to fire, remaining on the field until the last gun was fired, and then made his supper of black bread and cold fat pork.

At the battle of Sedan, Sept. 1st, Napoleon surrendered and was taken captive to a little castle near by, which King William had designated as the place of meeting. The war continued with almost unvarying success of the troops of the German king. Paris was invested and the memorable siege began. The famous palace of Versailles, near Paris, became the headquarters of King William and his immediate advisers.

For some time there had been a movement, commenced by the south German states, to form a union of all Germany, and proclaim King William of Prussia emperor of united Germany. It was a wintry January day in 1871 when the idea became an accomplished fact. In the palace is a large room, whose walls are completely lined with mirrors. In this room Richelieu, Louis XIV and Napoleon I had planned their invasions of Germany. In this same room, with much ceremony and military pomp, King William was proclaimed emperor of Germany.

The siege of the city was the most stupendous undertaking of modern warfare. Victory came at last and once more Emperor William entered Paris a victor.

In six months of warfare King William's army had fought 156 engagements, besieged and taken the three strongest fortresses of the world, Metz, Strasburg and Paris; captured 600,000 French prisoners, gained two provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, which were German in blood, but had become French in sentiment, and imposed a fine upon France of 5,000,000,000 francs. The emperor received such an ovation when he returned to Berlin as is seldom accorded a man.

And now one would have thought a long peace was before Germany and an old age of quiet glory was before the emperor. But one can never be sure of peace in Europe. The French longed for revenge, and the everlasting "eastern question" came up again in a worse shape than ever. And what is the "eastern question?" Well, as to Russia, Austria and Germany, it is this: When the Turkish empire dies, which of us will get the largest slice of its territory. To France it is a question how much more power her eastern neighbors will gain, and to England it is, will Russia gain another foothold in the direction of India? The Turks rule large Christian populations in Europe; but unfortunately, those populations distrust each other almost as much as they hate the Turks. Those who are Slavic in blood adhere to the Pan-Slavic movement—they dream of a great Slavic empire. But those who maintain this idea and live in Russia want that power to be at the head of the Slavs; in Servia a different idea prevails, while Poland as it was is divided, and Germany has certain Slavic provinces.

On the 22d March, 1887, Emperor William reached his ninetieth birthday, which was celebrated with great festivities. In May the spring manœuvres of the troops began and the Emperor reviewed 16,000 of his best soldiers in Berlin. The events immediately preceding the Emperor's death are too well known to need recapitulation. The kingship and emperorship of William will always be known as the golden age of Germany.

BOOK AGENT (*to little boy*): "Sonny, is your ma in?" LITTLE BOY: "Yes, she's in; but I guess you don't want to talk literature to her now." BOOK AGENT: "Why not?" LITTLE BOY: "'Cause dinner's been ready half an hour, an' pa 'ain't got home yit." Hasty departure of agent.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed March 15, 1888.

THE month has been marked by the ending, Feb. 17, of the labor strike in the Reading mines of Pennsylvania, and by the beginning, Feb. 26, of an engineers' strike on the Burlington railroad system west of Chicago, delaying the trains and stopping the entire traffic on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road and its branches and extensions in Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and westward to Denver. The strike threatened for awhile to involve all western roads, which, if done, would practically suspend business west of Kansas City.

The Reading strike proved a failure. It was begun last December, partly to enforce an increase of wages, but principally to bolster up the strike of the employees of the Reading Railroad Company. The employers lost comparatively nothing, but the strikers lost at least \$1,500,000 in wages, and about \$250,000 in carrying on hostilities, and returned to work at the old rates.

THE treaty between America and Great Britain, signed by the Fisheries Commission at Washington, Feb. 15, was sent by the President to the Senate for ratification on Feb. 20. The treaty is a just and equitable solution of the difficulties which have so long existed between the United States and Canada.

MARCH 9, William I., Emperor of Germany died at Berlin, after a brief illness. A sketch of his remarkable career is given elsewhere in this Magazine. The Crown Prince, who has been suffering so long with cancer, was proclaimed Emperor, and returned to Berlin, and immediately took charge of the affairs of state.

THE 28th Legislature of Utah Territory

closed its session on Saturday, midnight, March 10. The most important measures which became law, were the bills providing for the bonding of the Territory to the amount of \$150,000; for the establishment of a Reform School, to be located in Weber Co.; for the establishment and maintenance of an Agricultural college, in Cache Co.; the bills establishing uniformity in County and Municipal governments, and the bill appropriating means for the completion of the Deseret University, including a department for the deaf mutes. The municipal authorities of Salt Lake City, during the session, gave to the Territory a beautiful site for capital grounds, situated on an eminence just north and east of the city, on Arsenal Hill. The gift was accepted and an appropriation made for its immediate improvement. Salt Lake City also gave to the Territory, the "Tenth Ward Square," a ten acre plot of ground, for the purpose of locating permanent fair buildings, and an appropriation of \$20,000 was made by the Legislature for that purpose.

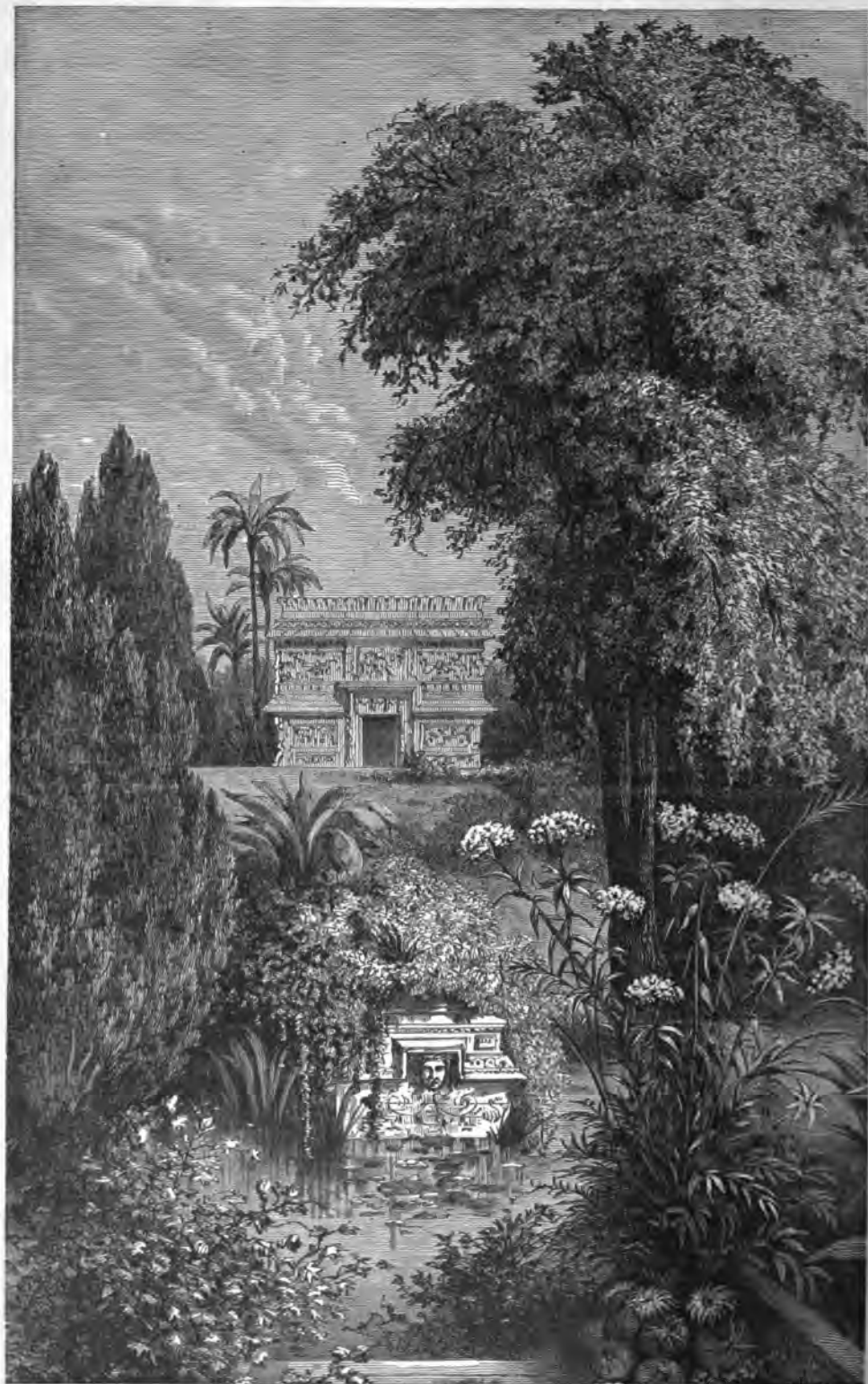
THE struggle for Statehood, made in Congress, by the friends of Utah, still goes on, amid much opposition. Cartloads of petitions are sent to Congress, coming from the Presbyterians, and other religious bodies, urging Congress not to admit Utah till the Mormons cease to control its political affairs.

A BLIZZARD commencing March 10, and lasting four days, swept over the states of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, doing much damage to all kinds of property. blockading all the railroads for days, and caused much suffering and distress. Traffic and business of all kinds was suspended in many of the larger cities, the streets being blockaded with several feet of snow.

SALMAGUNDI.

JIM FARGO is one of the best fellows in the world, with the exception that he will take an occasional drop. His wife, good woman, keeps her eye on him, however, and he finds it difficult to get anything without going some distance for it. Some friends called on Jim the other day and had hard work to find him.

At last he was discovered crawling out from under the barn, covered with dirt and cobwebs, but evidently very sober. Eyeing himself for a moment, he turned an abstracted, dissatisfied look upon his friends and remarked briefly: "It's singular what's become of that jug."



A MEXICAN PATIO.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

THE CITY OF MEXICO AND ITS ENVIRONS.

IX.

FLOWER GARDENS.



WHEN the conquerors first penetrated the mysterious empire of the Aztecs, they were often received by the awe-stricken inhabitants as beings from a higher sphere, and treated with the greatest consideration and reverence. Prominent among the marks of respect they received on entering a friendly city, was to have the streets, along which they passed, thickly strewn, almost literally carpeted, with the rich tropical flowers of that land.

The old Spanish chroniclers use extravagant language in describing this custom, as well as the feasts at which flowers formed an important feature; and as rich as the Castilian is in adjectives, they often seem to want words to describe the flower gardens and floral decoration that they found at that time.

Particularly is this true in the description left us of the wonderful floating gardens of the king of Texcoco, the surpassing beauty of which was a

marvel in the eyes of the sturdy conquerors, who were amazed at its magnificence and ingenious arrangement.

The love for flowers, the skill in their cultivation, and the exquisite taste in arranging them into bouquets and decorations of all kinds, are legacies that the iron hand of the conquerors has not wrested entirely from the poor Indian. He still enjoys the heritage, though, perhaps, not in the same degree, and certainly not with the same means of gratifying it, that his forefathers enjoyed. Instead of their broad flower gardens, he often has but a few earthen pots filled with soil, but he *will* have his flowers. Many who are so fortunate as to own a piece of land, will often devote it to the cultivation of flowers which are made into beautiful bouquets, and sold in the market. Six cents will buy a large, handsome bouquet.

The wealthy indulge their taste and love for flowers in a way that calls forth the admiration of all visitors. Within the grim, uninviting walls that surround the blocks of the City of Mexico, giving it the appearance of a city of prisons with their grated windows and carefully guarded entrances, are to be found some exceedingly beautiful and tasty gardens. To be ushered from the dry,

hot, treeless street, into the ample courtyard, or *patio*, of a wealthy Mexican, is indeed a transition.

The heat, dust and hum of the street are replaced by the cool, quiet shade of tropical trees whose ample foliage is an efficient screen from the vertical rays of the king of day. Flowers of every kind, rare shrubs and plants, statues and monuments, are tastefully arranged, and fill every nook, corner and curve of the interior. Fountains, miniature rivers, bridges, grottoes, and even volcanoes, are found among the beautiful flower-beds, velvety lawns and winding paths; while rustic seats are placed at convenient distances, where the beauty of the whole can be enjoyed to advantage.

Nor are the poor entirely deprived of the enjoyment of such gardens. Almost every municipality provides one or more public gardens made on the same plan, where all may go and enjoy a pleasant hour. In the City of Mexico there are many, but the largest and finest is the *Alameda*, a literal forest of about thirty acres, traversed by numerous paths and dotted by many sparkling fountains, in whose waters myriads of gold fishes gambol.

The accompanying engraving, though a good one, represents but imperfectly a small portion of this great garden, and no picture or photograph can do it full justice.

As a description of the *Alameda* has been given in a former article, it will be unnecessary to say any further concerning it in this one; but in order to give the reader a just conception of the cultivated flora of Mexico, I will give an account of a visit I made in company with a number of friends from Utah, to one of the most celebrated private gardens of the Republic—the gardens of Texcoco.

Texcoco, at present, does not differ materially from other large cities of Mexico, though for ages, and before the Spanish sword wrought such changes in America, it took the lead in art, literature, and civilization, and has justly been styled the "Athens of the Western Continent."

It was founded even before the City of Mexico, by the Tezcucans, a branch of the same great tribe as the Aztecs, whom they rivalled in power and greatly surpassed in intellectual culture. It was the capital of a flourishing nation whose laws and general scheme of government were much in advance of those of its contemporaries; but during the Conquest it shared the same fate as its neighbors, and lost its individuality in the amalgamation of nations which followed.

It is situated about forty miles in an easterly direction from the City of Mexico, and we reached it about 9 a. m. after an hour and a half's ride on the train. The historic gardens, however, are about three miles from Texcoco, and a conveyance was procured to take the company over.

On arriving at our destination, we were admitted by the gate-keeper into the celebrated gardens which were situated around the sides of a conical hill, and surrounded, as far as we could see, by a solid stone wall about ten feet high.

The history of this spot dates back to time almost immemorial, as it was the favorite rural retreat of the kings and lords of Texcoco, for ages before the conquest. Since that time it has been the country residence of various noblemen and wealthy citizens, and surely a more pleasant and picturesque spot could not have been found for the construction of a tropical Eden! Its rare natural advantages for such a pur-

pose were fully appreciated by its ancient possessors, who expended much treasure in rendering it one of the most magnificent and delightful retreats imaginable; and their modern successors have not been backward in

construction, run by water—quite a rarity on the plateau where water-power is scarce, and most of the corn is still ground in the most primitive manner between two stones—and on making our exit, we emerged at once into



THE ALAMEDA.

following their example, as evidences of care, labor and skill are still manifest on every hand.

Turning to the right, after entering the great wooden gates, we were conducted through a grist mill of modern

the beautiful and renowned gardens.

Passing along the path which leads from the mill, the eye is delighted with the profusion of beautiful objects it meets on every hand. On the left, and partly surrounded by a cleanly

swept walk of cement, stands a very pretty though somewhat quaint residence, which extends backward into the hill. As we stood a few moments admiring its curious style of architecture, with its balconies, porticoes, small, old-fashioned doors and windows, and high stone walls surrounded by battlements, visions of the ancient royal palace which, perhaps, occupied the same spot, flitted through our minds. We thought of the many warlike lords who had successively occupied the palace, their rude though luxuriant mode of life, the feats of chivalry they had performed, and the magnificent feasts and banquets they had held there in olden times. From the large trees whose dense foliage overshadows this dwelling we could easily imagine that the forests that once surrounded this spot for many miles, and formed the favorite hunting-grounds of Montezuma, were still waving in the breeze and affording protection to the numerous wild animals that claimed them for their homes. But, alas! the ruthless hand of the Spaniard, as soon as this fair land came under his control, wantonly destroyed these grand old forests wherever they were found, simply to render the landscape—if we may believe the historian—similar to that of his own Castile, whose most striking feature is barrenness. Little did he dream of the inconvenience which this thoughtless whim is now causing his descendants. Wood is an exceedingly scarce and expensive article in Mexico.

As we ceased our reveries and continued our ramble over the smooth and well-kept walks, which were sometimes straight, sometimes crooked, now passing between level, closely-cut lawns, then over small hills and through grassy ravines, our fancies were de-

lighted with the variety and harmonious arrangement of the countless flowers, shrubs, and trees with which art had embellished nature already grand.

Geraniums, a small house plant at home, here reach ten feet in height, while fuschias, callallies, hyacinths and other flowers grow with equal luxuriance. The tall cypress, cedar and other trees, with their immense trunks dressed in thick robes of ivy, seemed to tower almost to the skies on either side of the path, while a variety of feathered songsters flitted among the branches and did their utmost to add to our enjoyment.

We followed the windings of this path until we reached the summit of the hill, where we rested a short time in a neat rustic arbor, and commented upon the unsurpassed loveliness of our surroundings, and expressed many a wish that our friends in Utah could share our day's pleasure with us.

A cool spring of considerable size bubbled up near where we sat; and in reply to my expression of astonishment at seeing a spring on the top of a hill, one of the company dryly remarked: "In Mexico people climb for water, and dig for wood."

I had seen many things in this country that are quite contrary to what I had been accustomed, but I was hardly prepared for such an assertion. The proof of part of it, however, was before my eyes, and I afterwards learned that in many parts of Mexico the root of the mesquit tree is used for fuel. The water from this spring is conveyed in pipes to various parts of the gardens below, the pressure being sufficient to supply a number of beautiful fountains.

Having climbed the hill on the north side we concluded to descend on the

south, the path winding somewhat to the west. As had been the case in our ascent, new surprises met us at every turn in the path, and many were the expressions of admiration elicited by novel and ever varying scenes presented.

Our descent was much more abrupt and rugged than had been the path we climbed; in fact, the hill on this side is very irregular and steep, and terminates in an almost perpendicular cliff of rocks, at the foot of which runs a small mountain stream.

The deep gorge occupied by this miniature river, however, gave evidence that it had not always been a quiet murmuring brook, and might at any time be converted into a mighty, rushing torrent by the heavy rains which sometimes fall in this climate during the wet season.

Notwithstanding the rough surface of this side, broken as it is by numberless huge, angular stones that lie half imbedded in the hill, it had not been abandoned to despair; but, on the contrary, had been rendered even more picturesque, if possible, than the other side. Great pains had been taken to render every little nook and corner the receptacle of some handsome tropical tree, shrub, or flower, which was nursed with skill and care; and even the crevices, and small angular recesses in the solid rocks were made to contribute to the attractiveness of the place, by sustaining small plants which drew their nourishment from a handful of dirt deposited there by the gardener when nature had not already done so. In short, advantages had been studiously taken of every opportunity to render the gardens beautiful. Labor, skill and money had been lavished upon the place, and not in vain, for the effect produced was truly wonderful and magnificent.

A rocky, rugged, and comparatively barren, though picturesque hill, is here converted into an ideal Eden. The natural romantic appearance of the place, the historical associations connected with it, the climate of perpetual spring, and the tropical vegetation, together with the efforts of the most skilled gardeners for ages, all conspire to make the visitor believe that he is sojourning in some beautiful fairy land.

We had descended about half way down the hill when an abrupt turn in the path brought us to an opening in the dense foliage, and the crowning picture of the whole place suddenly burst into view. On a flat, horizontal ledge, or terrace-like shelf, which projected from the cliff on the opposite side of the stream before mentioned, stood one of the most picturesque and beautiful chapels imaginable. An iron foot-bridge spanned the chasm and hung some twenty feet above the stream, connecting the ledge with the gardens just below where we stood.

Crossing the bridge we entered the open door of the chapel and found that the irregular, though almost perpendicular precipice, had been utilized as the south wall of the building, while a huge, natural projection from the cliff formed most of the east end. The other walls were constructed of a beautiful light grey stone, skilfully chiseled. A substantial roof, surmounted by a belfry containing three bells, covered the whole. The irregular walls erected by nature retained their original shape and color inside, as neither chisel nor whitewash brush had changed their appearance in the least, and the dusky hue of the dark porphyry made a most striking contrast with the white marble floor and elegantly painted walls on the opposite side.

The interior of this half cave, half palace, was decorated with images, pictures, flowers and other ornaments usually found in Catholic churches, and the strange and peculiar effect produced almost baffles description. The pillars, arches, altar, pulpit, etc., were all made of stone, as were also most of the images. Embedded in the wall at the north-west corner of the chapel, was a large ancient Aztec stone of dark porphyry covered with curious hieroglyphics, while in the opposite corner was one of marble bearing the Spanish coat of arms and some inscriptions. They are doubtless valuable curiosities, but having no guide we were unable to learn anything of their history.

Leaving the chapel we recrossed the bridge and visited the celebrated "baths of Montezuma," as the natives call them, though history tells us they were excavated by one of the kings of Texcoco, and there is no evidence that Montezuma ever used them. They consist of a large cavity which has been excavated in the solid porphyry, and filled with water. This is surrounded on one side by a dense foliage,

and on the other by a cliff some twelve or fifteen feet high, from the top of which a copious stream of water flows into the basin below. This arrangement enables the bather to avail himself of a plunge or a shower bath at pleasure. An angular cavern-like dressing room extends back into the cliff, from the entrance of which a flight of stone steps; also cut out of the solid rock, extends down into the water. It is a delightful bathing place and worthy the king who made it.

Having spent several hours in the gardens and visited all the most interesting features, we retraced our steps to the gate of entrance, where we found a conveyance waiting to take us back to Texcoco. It was a large two-wheeled Mexican burro cart, and as the two most honored (as well as most corpulent) members of the company stepped into the hind end, they almost raised the little donkeys in front, off their feet. At last we all got in, and after a careful adjustment of the avoirdupois, started back to the city, where we arrived after a "bouncing" ride, which we will all remember.

H. C.

From the English Family Herald.

REVOLUTIONS.

AS WE read history it becomes apparent that great social convulsions recur with the force and regularity of vast tidal waves, and the disturbance comes simultaneously in countries which are remote from each other in position and unlike in every conceivable way. In 1848 not a throne in Europe was unshaken save that of Queen Victoria, and even in our

settled country the vast Chartist gathering made many people nervous. During one memorable week soldiers were hidden away in all sorts of odd nooks in London and the Duke of Wellington had an army ready to move at an hour's notice. England escaped but there was revolution at Paris, at Munich, at Vienna and Berlin. The wheel has moved round, and we

are now on the eve of a crisis more rugged and awful than any in the history of the world since the Huns swept westward and desolated Europe with fire, famine, and slaughter. We have many means of gaining accurate information, and all the facts in our possession point to Russia as the quarter whence the storm will burst forth in the first instance. The extraordinary pains taken to suppress information, prevent outside people from knowing anything that is going on in the interior of the vast Muscovite empire. One curious fact may be mentioned to illustrate this point. A number of officers in the Indian Civil Service were directed to learn the Russian language some time ago, and their duty is to study all the newspapers that appear. So strict is the censorship that not a journal is permitted to print one word regarding the convulsion which is even now heaving the mighty bulk of that great nation, and our information is derived from private letters which are smuggled over the frontier and conveyed to Switzerland.

Words cannot describe the condition of the Russian peasants of the present day; and matters are rendered worse by the facts that the middle classes are, if possible, more miserable and ill-conditioned than the peasants. The poor moujik has long been treated worse than the beasts of the field; his squalid existence was relieved only by occasional outbreaks of drunkenness, and he was more ignorant than any negro in the heart of Africa; but now his eyes are opened, for desperate men have taught him, and he is ready for violence of the worst kind. He finds that he is a slave at the hands of the usurers and the tax-gatherers, and he is sullenly rebellious. In the old days the serf might be

banished to Siberia or flogged to death at the will of his lord; but it was his master's interest to keep him alive and in working order. Now it is no one's interest to care for him, and he starves. The teachers who spread sedition among the moujiks are entirely reckless, and go to the jail or gallows with savage fortitude; there are at this moment thirty thousand of them in prison, and there are thirty thousand more ready to go. The nation seems to be turning like some giant in his sleep, and, when the awakening comes, the mighty limbs will be used to some purpose. Every part of the social fabric is already revolutionized.

The advanced party is mainly influenced by girls, and it is positively true that the character of the women seems to be transformed. One of the revolutionary chiefs coolly explained that women were chosen as leaders because they were utterly unselfish and patient, and very acute and courageous. They have justified his words and we have the spectacle of pure, modest, devoted young girls figuring as desperate intriguers, carrying their lives in their hands, and meeting death with all the calmness of religious martyrs. What a mad, wild business! What an overturn! How is it all to end? Every possible condition of an ordered society is reversed, and we see gentle girls whom no Englishman would mind owning as daughters converted into desperadoes. The strange thing is that these terrible women are most practical and sensible in all the ordinary affairs of life; and that is the fact which makes us the more amazed and puzzled as to the future. They are ready to kill, burn, and destroy, and yet in their private life they are peculiar in their feminine charm.

Let us tell a true story which is worth columns of dissertation. A young lady heard that her lover had been flogged in prison for not raising his hat to an officer. She was a medical student living in lodgings; she left the university rooms, went quietly home, put on a long waterproof cloak, under which she concealed a pistol; she then walked coolly up to the general who had flogged her sweetheart, and in an instant she shot that general dead. A murderess! Yes—and yet this murderess is revered and beloved by many shrewd men. Now for the sequel. The murderess was walking not very long ago in the streets of Milan, when a passing cart knocked down a poor old woman and literally smashed the unhappy creature. The Italians stood gabbling and wailing in their fashion, but the practical Russian soon cleared the crowd. She found that there were two serious compound fractures. She carried the victim into a shop, skilfully set and strapped both bones with rude improvised apparatus, and then transported the patient to the distant hospital without subjecting her to the agony of the grinding bones. What are we to say of the band of women of whom this is a type? Courageous to the death, learned, fascinating, tender, and staunch—what can resist them? Charlotte Corday changed the course of the French Revolution; there are thousands of Charlotte Cordays in Russia.

Consider the following facts. A Russian peasant or workman is taxed, taking an average for the whole population, to the extent of about twenty-nine per cent. above his total income. Of course he cannot pay more than he receives, and the only resort of the tax-gatherers is to "take it out of the men's skins." In

some cases batches of a thousand men at a time are sentenced to flogging; and we heard a little while ago of six hundred being beaten in one day. The moujik knows that, with all its taxation, his country is bankrupt; he knows that no foreigner would now buy Russian stock as an investment; he knows also that his rulers are thoroughly corrupt. What is his humor likely to be when his slow mind is penetrated by the doctrines of such women as those whom we have described? He will simply develop the temper of a wild beast; and we can assure our readers that every revolution in history will appear as mere child's-play when the Russian outburst comes.

The storm-cloud hangs lurid and horrible over Russia; but things are not much better in a land which is generally supposed to be most orderly and peaceful. The fabric of the German Empire is simply riddled with sedition, and there is no escaping the fact. Moreover, the German rebel workman is a thoroughly educated thinker, and by so much the more dangerous than the poor moujik. Our readers in hundreds ask questions about emigration, but they cannot conceive the nature of the pressure under which Germans flock abroad. In our country only fighting-men, or men who think they are fighting-men, ever join the army; but in Germany every family pays the awful blood-tax, and the drain on the manhood and industry of the state is cruel. A vast army of Teutons is encamped abroad, and in New York alone one newspaper printed in German has a circulation of forty thousand. But the groaning masses who cannot escape are full of disaffection, and only the mighty will of one great man prevents immense and destructive changes from taking place. When

the check is removed, the result must be momentous; we need not expect atrocities, but it is certain that the trouble of 1848 will be exceeded in virulence.

Even in America the crusade against the rich has long been carried on with violence, and the great republic has a strong population of genuine socialists. In India affairs stand in such a position that one of the ablest officials said "We are standing on a volcano, and the crust is very thin: seditious literature is freely read and discussed, and when the trouble comes we shall have a hard struggle. I would not take my family out even now for anything; and I certainly think that refuges should be prepared for the women and children. These are ominous words, uttered by a man who is not a coward. In truth, the world is in the throes of a colossal transformation; and every nation on earth feels the agony more or less.

We have expressed no sympathy for either rebels or governors, because our custom is to treat historical problems as we should treat a subject in a dissecting room. We are content with expressing our solemn opinion that the suffering through which the nations are passing is the result of past misdeeds. We find it invariably the rule that an individual man and a nation are assuredly punished in this life for misdeeds. There is no chance of cancelling past misdeeds, and not even repentance seems to avail in this world.

The moving finger writes, and, having writ,
Moves on, nor all your piety nor wit
Can call it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wipe out a word of it.

In England we have striven desperately to do good to Ireland; but it seems as though the sin and cruelty of past years must be expiated, and all beneficence of recent years does not

prevent our having a deadly enemy within striking distance of the empire's heart. Russia's ruling class are paying dear for the wrong and shame inflicted on wretched peasants long ago, and France is even now in the agony of a revolution which has lasted by fits and starts for one hundred years. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children—even so; and that awful reflection should strike us with fear of wrong-doing. No act that one of us commits ever ceases to have consequences—good or bad—throughout the years. Du Barry sends five hundred thousand men to death because a foreign king made an epigram about her; that deadly crime, with all its concomitants, brought on a French Revolution in the fulness of time. England reduced Ireland to the depths of misery by unjust laws; we see the result around us daily. To put the matter in epigrammatic form, a revolution is the expiation of the sins of rulers. Gladly would we believe that the hideous pall of gloom now settling over Europe might be lifted; but we have scant hope, for unhappily the Revolution fever requires blood-letting as a remedy, and we fear that blood must flow. No grave man acquainted with affairs feels easy in mind, and our latest advices from Russia make it plain that things cannot be made worse there save by the uprising of armed rebels; practically society does not exist, and anarchy, with bloodshed, is the next step.

In the face of these facts it is well for us to remember that righteousness and only righteousness, exalteth a nation.

WHY should you never tell a man to take a back seat? Because, if you do, he'll be sure to take a-front.

UNCLE JAKE'S OPINION.

"MA," said Uncle Jake Bledsoe addressing his wife, Aunt Jane, "don't you believe those butterflies have got souls just the same as we have?"

"Pshaw!" said aunt, "what put that foolish idea into your head?"

The old folks were seated on one of the side porches of their comfortable farm-house. In front of them was the well; and where the waste water had soaked away into the gravelly sand, deposited there for that purpose, a small bevy of butterflies had congregated, and seemed to be enjoying a draught of the pure liquid with as much delight as the band of school children, when passing around the tin dipper well filled from a fresh drawn bucket.

Uncle Jake's question was one of more than ordinary interest to me. It is true that I was a small boy then, but it touched a sympathetic cord in my little soul. I had always loved, nay, fairly adored butterflies. There was nothing that afforded me so much unmixed delight as to go romping after one. Not with the idea of catching it, but to be frolicking along with it; watching its beautiful velvety wings as they opened and shut on its zigzag course.

Immediately I left my playmates and took a seat on the porch floor as near my uncle as I could get, anxious to hear all he had to say about my little winged friends.

"Well, I do," he continued, "it looks to me, that if we have souls that are going to live always that they will need a heap of things in the great, long spirit life that will be before us to kind of keep us company and amuse us. Break the monotony, as it were. Why, Jane," he continued, "I can al-

most imagine them angels now, they look so very much more like it than we do."

I enthusiastically agreed with my uncle, but dared not say a word for fear that he would break off his discourse on the angel butterflies. I just thought what a great, big, good heart Uncle Jake had, and how well he knew what we would need on the other side of the mysterious river.

"Well now, pa," said Aunt Jane, "don't the good book teach us that God made man last and breathed into his nostril the breath of life, and he became a *living soul*?"

"Very well," said uncle, "the same book teaches us that God made all these other things, and they all breathe, so He must have breathed into their nostrils, and why not they become living souls from God's breath as well as we? And, if they were made for our pleasure and comfort here, why not be of far more comfort and pleasure to us in that higher life that we hope for? Why annihilate a portion of His creation and immortalize another portion? I know that they tell us it is on account of our superior intelligence; but that is only a question of degree; and there is not so much certainty in that. Who knows but those very butterflies wonder that God created such awkward and ungainly creatures as we are when He made them so beautiful, delicate and perfect. See how He places within their easy reach the necessities of a sweet and delightful existence, while we must toil and sweat to gain a livelihood.

"And here is our good old dog, Clip, he has been a faithful servant and friend to us for the past ten years. I

don't know how we could get along without him. If he should die I should feel just as though we had lost one of the family. I could not help shedding honest tears. And if I die first you'll cry, won't you, Clip?"

Here the dog came forward and laid his head upon his master's knee and looked up into his manly face with that assuring look which plainly said, "You know I will."

"Well," said Aunt Jane, "I admit it would be delightful to be forever surrounded with these beings of our earthly affection and for your sake, at least, pa, I hope it may be so."

At this interesting pause in the conversation I heard the school bell in the distance and had to make a hard run in order to avoid a tardy mark.

I am now an old man myself. Uncle Jake, Aunt Jane, the butterflies and Clip, have all passed over to the silent majority, and know how it is. I could never get that talk out of my head. I believe it made a better man of me than I otherwise would have been. It made me a strong advocate of the doctrine of "no cruelty to those beings we term animals." I have avoided it myself thinking always that good old "Uncle Jake" might be right.

B. F. SLITTER.

From the Nineteenth Century.

NOT MOHAMMEDANISM BUT ISLAM.

To call a follower of the prophet a "Mohammedan" is to offer him the same kind of insult that it is to call a devout Catholic a Papist. "Is it Mohammed," cried Abu Bakr, the most faithful of the prophet's followers, to the fierce Omar, who, in the agony of his grief, swore that he would strike off the head of the first man who dared to say that the prophet was dead — the prophet could not be dead — "is it Mohammed or the God of Mohammed that he taught you to worship?" The creed is not "Mohammedanism," but "Islam" — a verbal noun, derived from a root which means submission to and faith in God — and the believer who so submits himself calls himself not a Mohammedan but a "Muslim" — a word derived from the same root, and also connected with "Salim," peace and "Salym," healthy. "Al-lahu Akbar," "God is most great, and there is nothing else great," this

is the Mussulman creed; "Islam," that is, man must submit to God, and find his greatest happiness in so doing, this is the Mussulman life. Mohammed claimed to be a divinely-inspired prophet, who came to deliver these two messages to those who believed in neither the one nor the other; nothing less, but nothing more. These are the two doctrines which are propagated everywhere by the missionaries of the faith, and these are they which in African tribe, sunk in polytheism or fetishism of the most degraded kind, with all its attendant superstitions and abominations, accepts, or professes to accept, when it embraces Mohammedanism. Of the other leading doctrines of the Muslim faith, the written revelation of the Koran, the existence of angels, the succession of prophets, the responsibility of man, the future life, the resurrection and the final judgment, or of its four chief practical duties,

almsgiving, fasting, prayer, and pilgrimage. I have no space to give any account here, nor is it necessary for my purpose. But two passages from a single chapter of the Koran, one of the last delivered by the prophet, and therefore, probably, containing his deepest and his final convictions. I must quote, one of them as giving the noblest summary of its theology, the other of its morality, "God, there is no God but He, the Living, the Eternal. Slumber doth not overtake Him, neither sleep, to Him belongeth all that is in heaven and earth. Who is he that can intercede with Him but by His own permission? He knoweth that which is past and that which is to come unto men, and they shall not comprehend anything of His knowledge but so far as He pleaseth. His throne

is extended over heaven and earth and the upholding of both is no burden unto Him. He is the Lofty and the Great." Such is the theology of the Koran; and here is its morality. "There is no piety in turning your faces to the east and the west, but he is pious who believeth in God, and the last day, and the angels and the Scriptures, and the prophets, who, for the love of God, disburseth his wealth to his kindred and to the orphans, and to the needy, and to the wayfarer, and to those who ask aid for ransoming, who observeth prayer and payeth the legal alms, and who is of those who are faithful to their engagements, when they have engaged in them, and is patient under ills and hardships and in time of trouble; these are they who are just and who fear the Lord.

From the London Standard.

CRUSHED PEOPLES.

IT is generally accepted as a truth beyond dispute, a mere axiom of history, that a nation may be oppressed to the degree that all manly spirit shall be crushed out of it. The only conditions necessary are sufficient ruthlessness on the part of the oppressor, and sufficient time for his system to produce its effect. Like so many notions of the sort, this principle is accepted without argument, and illustrations are adduced without further inquiry. In one of Bulwer Lytton's novels—we forget which—a character is introduced which embodies reckless courage and determination. This personage displays his maleficent qualities through the book, and at the finish is condemned to work in a chain-gang, where his comrade is a brutal giant. We

catch another glimpse of him in the last page, trembling, nervous, an abject slave of the ruffian to whom he has been linked for years. Every one recognizes this as true—a development which must needs follow from the circumstances. And if tyranny could enchain a whole people, watching it night and day, always at hand to kick or torture its victim, doubtless the result would be the same. But that is impossible.

When we speak of a nation oppressed, the term is figurative. Those members of it who by position or by chance come under the notice of power are ill-treated, and may be demoralized; but the bulk have no personal experience of the terror. This was Dr. Johnson's point of view when he

declared that he would not give half a guinea to dwell under one government rather than another, though, of course, he exaggerated. Is there a case of any people which had the spirit crushed out of it by oppression? We believe not. The instance of Greece will occur to everybody. But if one read that grandest and saddest of all tales with attention it will not be found to support the theory. The Greeks, as a race, wore themselves out two thousand years ago. Among the innumerable puzzles of that story, not least, by any means, is the question, How on earth such a prodigious drain of life was replenished during ages of war? Learned men estimate the population of Attica, in its best day, at 50,000 to 60,000 souls of native blood, about as many resident foreigners, and 400,000 slaves. For the number of the Spartans in the time of Lycurgus we have precise statistics. There were 9,000 thoroughbred, and 30,000 countrymen not quite pure, but recognized as kin. These populations respectively were certainly not greater at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. Granting that 99 in 100 of those killed were mercenaries, the whole fighting force of either people must have been exterminated over and over again during the twenty-eight years' struggle. There is a grave error in arithmetic somewhere, but mighty difficult to trace. However, when the great war ended, did these nations sit down to recuperate? Not in the least. Every year almost brought its campaign, until the Macedonian, having compelled internal peace, invited Hellas to furnish troops for an invasion of Asia. And it did, saving Sparta; it contributed 18,000 men out of the 30,000 whom Alexander led to his great enterprise. We might pursue the sub-

ject, but it is enough. Greece disappeared from the roll of great powers, not because oppression crushed her, but because her life-blood had been drained away.

Then came the Turk, the Venetian, and the Genoese—frantic, incredible tyrants all. But men do not persecute lambs. It was because the Greek had such a dangerous spirit that his masters tried to break him down. And at length came the resurrection. A mere glance at the story of that awful time assures us that courage more desperate, resolve and devotion more concentrated, were never shown by mortals. Truly the Greeks are no instance of a people whose manly spirit was destroyed by oppression. It may be well to remark that we do not regard the modern race, in general, as descended from their "forefathers," but this point has no reference to the argument.

Take the Bulgarians. All the world is lost in admiration of their spirit. The essence of those qualities which stir us to a wondering enthusiasm is manly courage. They have it in the highest combination, moral and physical equally developed, fearless hardihood in battle, patience, determination, clearness of view, and undaunted tenacity. But ten years ago this superbly vigorous race was supposed to be the slave of slaves. Who does not remember the shocking pictures of their degradation? We recall a magnificent outburst—by Edmond About, if memory serves us well—upon the text of a certain Bulgar custom in marriage. It was asserted that their weddings took place not in church, nor even by daylight, but in a subterranean apartment, after dark; and the reason was that they feared some passing Moslem would carry off the bride.

Anybody can imagine the state of things in general which a brilliant journalist would deduce from this fact, if fact it be. Grotesque the picture seems with our present knowledge of the Bulgars, but we are not qualified to deny its truth. Assuming that the people were so utterly overawed as to endure the abduction of their maidens at the altar, it may be said with confidence that they had reached the lowest stage of abasement. If ever a race was crushed it was this. But no sooner is the material strength of tyranny overthrown than they rise erect, the Bulgars show themselves conspicuous among the bravest for those nobler attributes of manhood which freedom is supposed to beget.

Regard the Poles. Russia has been tightening her yoke for a century; the

maddest excesses of irresponsible despotism have been employed deliberately to break the spirit of the hated foe; but Russia knows well how complete is her failure.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of all may be found across the Atlantic. Europe has seen but once or twice, when the Huns and the Magyars swooped down, such insensate cruelty as the Indians of Southern America endured for ages. It passed at length, and instantly the miserable thralls displayed in some degree those same manly virtues which we remark in the Bulgar—dauntless courage, cool resolve, and patient obstinacy. All round the globe such instances may be noted at one epoch or another. A race of men is never "crushed."

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

THE OTHER END OF THE HEMISPHERE.

II.

HINTON R. HELPER, who wrote a book that hastened the American civil war, is considered a lunatic because he goes about advocating the construction of a railway from the City of Mexico southward to the capital of the Argentine Republic, but his arguments and the answers to them are the same that were used when Thomas H. Benton advocated a transcontinental line in the United States. Mr. Helper anticipates events, that is all. He may not live to see through trains running from New York to the Rio de la Plata, but they are as certain as the movement of the stars, and to doubt it is simply to assert that the coming generation will not be as enterprising as this.

It is expected that the railway to the northern boundary of the republic will be completed by the end of the present year, and the shippers on the Pacific Coast, will not have to wait much longer till two lines of track are open to the Atlantic. Then Buenos Ayres will be the London, the New York, of South America, the entrepot of the south half of the continent. All merchandise sent to and from the Pacific must pass through its ports, and the enterprising government is preparing to handle it. When Pedro Mendoza, in 1533, came to establish a colony on the Rio de la Plata, he selected about the worst spot he could have found for his city, although he had half of South America to choose from. But, as was the

rule with the Pickwick Club, Spanish explorers went out at their own expense, and Don Pedro stuck his stakes where he landed. The site of the city has been repeatedly changed on the map, but no influence has been sufficient to induce the people to move, until now they have accumulated to the number of four hundred thousand, and such an act cannot be expected of them. The river is about sixty miles wide, and the water correspondingly shallow. The erosion of forty thousand miles of swift-flowing current is dumped in front of the place where docks ought to be, and vessels have to anchor from seven to ten miles out to find water enough to float. There they are loaded and unloaded by means of lighters, and in the winter season, when that dreadful pest, the "pampero" (a prairie wind) blows, they often have to lie for a week at a time waiting for the water to go down so that they can land their load and passengers. Nor can the lighters reach the shore, but the freight has to be unloaded into water wagons, with wheels about seven feet in diameter, drawn by mules that are driven into the stream till only the tips of their noses are above water. Passengers who arrive are given their choice between a cart and the back of a stormy Italian, who never fails to swear by all the saints and the Virgin that the man on his back is the heaviest he ever carried, and demands more than the usual fee for extra baggage. Lacking confidence in the sincerity of the *cargador*, the passenger will promise him heaven and earth if he won't drop him into the water, and fights for fair treatment when he gets safely on shore. All freight has to be handled at least three times between the steamer and the warehouse, and the cost of loading and unloading is double the price of

transportation to Hamburg or Liverpool.

To remedy this the government has tried various means, and expended a large sum of money. Finally a contract has been entered into with an English firm for the construction of a harbor—a pocket of piers with the mouth down-stream, which it is believed is practicable, and will allow vessels to be docked. The cost is to be ten million dollars, and the time of construction limited to five years.

The magnitude and the increase of the foreign commerce of the valley of the River Plata are remarkable. In 1876 the Argentine Republic imported thirty-six millions' worth of manufactured merchandise; in 1885 the imports reached eighty-four millions. In 1875 the foreign commerce of Uruguay amounted to twenty-five millions; in 1885, the last figures obtainable, it had jumped to over fifty-two millions. One-third of the imports are furnished by England, and about one-fifth each by France and Germany, while the United States comes in at the tail of the list along with Sweden and Hungary. We buy a lot of carpet wool and many hides, for we must have them. They buy of us such goods as they cannot get elsewhere—agricultural implements, railroad cars and engines, a little lumber and petroleum, amounting to less than half what we buy of them. During the last ten years our exports to the River Plata Valley have increased about three million dollars. Those of England during the same period have increased over twenty-two millions.

Fifty-seven steamers arrived at Montevideo and Buenos Ayres each month last year. There is not a city of any importance on the Atlantic or Mediterranean coast of Europe that has

not direct communication at least twice a month, and most of them have steamers going back and forth weekly. In 1886 there arrived at these ports 309 steam-vessels from England alone, and not one from the United States. This great progressive nation was represented by two per cent. of the vessels that arrived under canvas, and yet there are those who wonder why we have no trade with the River Plate.

Nearly all the steamships which enter the mouth of that river receive subsidies from the nation under whose flag they sail. England, France, German, Belgium, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, Austria, all encourage their ship-owners to furnish transportation facilities for their tradesmen. The English government spends five hundred thousand dollars a year for mail transportation to the River Plata, and the commerce she enjoys is the result. For several years there has been a standing offer on the part of the Argentine government of a subsidy of one hundred thousand dollars a year to any company that will establish direct steam communication with the United States, notwithstanding the fact that she has the benefit of twenty-one direct lines to Europe to which she pays no subsidies. There is, however, one serious condition attached to the offer which has prevented its acceptance. The government of the United States must pay as much.

The people of the River Plata countries are amazed and humiliated by the attitude of the United States towards them. They look at this as the Mother of Republics, they dispute with Chili the honor of being estimated "the Yankees of South America." They study and imitate our methods, and in many instances have improved upon them. They want intimate po-

litical and commercial relations; they want a reciprocity treaty, under which they agree to admit free of duty our peculiar products, provided we will admit free their carpet wool. No protection will be removed from our industries, for we do not produce the wool they sell us—the heavier, coarser varieties, used in making carpets alone. They offer to give us ten to one, and we now discriminate against this friendly neighbor by the classifications in our custom-houses. To be the United States of South America is the ambition of the Argentine Republic. While Brazil has the greater population, and Chili is exulting boastfully over her devastation of Peru, the Argentine Republic is enjoying the greatest prosperity, and laying the most solid foundation for national greatness. Its credit is good among nations, its bonds are above par. Its people enjoy civil and religious liberty to a greater degree than any other of the Spanish American nations. Its next generation will wipe out all the old traditions of Spanish domination, for the young men and women of the republic are being educated as ours are, to be useful citizens.

The foremost citizen of the Argentine Republic, till his recent death at a ripe old age, was Francisco Domingo Sarmiento. He was once Minister to the United States, and while here became imbued with the spirit of our institutions. Being elected President, his first executive act was to organize a school system similar to that of the State of Michigan, which he most admired, and the university of that State recognized the compliment by honoring him with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Through the co-operation of the widow of Horace Mann, he imported twenty or more teachers from

the United States to organize a group of high-grade normal schools for the education of instructors, which are still in operation, and have proved a great success. Between thirty and forty ladies are now engaged in the work, most of them graduates of our higher institutions of learning. Their influence has been wide-spread. Their example has widened the spheres of the women of that country, and broken down the old social restrictions inherited from Spanish times. Not long ago one of these ladies, Miss Clara Armstrong, of Minnesota, was rebuked by the papal envoy for teaching heresy in her school. He complained of her to the Minister of Education, and the charges were investigated. Miss Armstrong was sustained by the government, and the papal envoy was expelled from the country by order of the President for interfering with civil affairs.

The annual appropriations for the support of the school system are four millions a year, which is \$10.20 annually per pupil—a larger sum than any other government devotes. The average in the United States is \$8.70, in Germany \$6, and in England \$9.10. Education is compulsory, and seventy-two per cent. of the children of school age in the republic are enrolled. Not only are the schools free, but books and apparatus are furnished by the government. Teachers are paid larger salaries than in the United States, and are sent once a year at the expense of the government to Teachers' Institutes, where they are instructed in the duties they are expected to perform. Those pupils who attend the normal schools are paid thirty dollars a month for a course of three years, provided they will sign a pledge to teach three years at salaries not less than \$840 a

year. The two national universities, at Cordova and Buenos Ayres, like the common schools, are free to all who enter them. The former has a faculty of twenty professors, and two hundred and ten students; the latter a faculty of forty-two, and over four hundred students. The instructors are mostly Germans, but the director of the National Observatory is an American, Mr. B. A. Gould.

There are a Church of England society, a Scotch Presbyterian, an American Presbyterian, a German Evangelical, three Methodist churches, and a Jewish synagogue—the only one in all Spanish America. In some of the countries Jews are not allowed to live, but in Argentine, where religious as well as civil liberty is protected, they are numerous, and worship every Saturday in their own way. In 1884 the Methodists celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first Protestant service held in the country, and it was emphasized by an incident which attracted a great deal of comment, and was significant as showing the religious toleration that exists. Formal invitations were sent as a mark of courtesy to the President and all the prominent officials, but there was no expectation that they would attend, as the great majority of the people are Catholics, and officials are sworn to support that faith. Just as the services were about to commence, however, the managers of the affair were astonished to see the President, followed by his cabinet, walk into the church. Conspicuous seats were given them, and they seemed to take great interest in the exercises. After the Rev. Dr. Wood, the Superintendent of Missions, had concluded his address, in which he reviewed the history of Protestantism in Argentine, he invited President Roca

to speak. The latter promptly responded, and the audience knowing he had been born and reared in the Catholic Church, were amazed at the eulogy he pronounced upon the Protestant missionaries, and the enthusiasm with which he complimented the work they had done. To their influence he attributed much of the progress of the republic, and he urged them to enlarge their fields and increase their zeal.

The term of office for which President Roca was elected expired in September, 1886, and he was succeeded in office by his brother-in-law, Juarez Celman, a gentleman of great learning and ability, who has served in various positions of distinction, and was a Senator in Congress at the time of his inauguration. Roca was a soldier born and bred, frank, firm, positive, with a high ambition for the future of his country, and the true spirit of progress. Celman is a man of greater culture and experience in statesmanship. Roca sprang from the saddle into the President's chair; Celman comes ripened by long experience in public affairs, and with quite as broad views as his predecessor. He may not have the energy of Roca, but has better judgment. The six years for which he is elected will see great progress in the Argentine Republic, and if the same degree of peace can be obtained in Uruguay, there will be a corresponding development there.

The twin cities of Buenos Ayres and Montevideo are distant one hundred and ten miles, the former being on the right and the latter on the left bank of the river, which is sixty miles wide. Two lines of magnificent steamers connect them—just a night's ride—and people go back and forth as they do between New York and Bos-

ton. The larger business firms and several of the bankers have houses in both cities, and the social as well as commercial conditions are similar. But the political history of Uruguay is a story of revolution and tyranny. The two political parties are "the Colorados" and "the Blancos," but I have never been able to find out what either represents, or wherein they differ. General Santos, who has been President most of the time since 1882, gave them an issue to fight over in the war of extermination he waged against the Catholics; but while the Church has always stood in the path of progress, and the priests have always been engaged in political conspiracy, Santos adopted extreme measures, and by his tyranny and exactions created a party of the opposition that was finally strong enough to overthrow him.

The inhabitants of Uruguay are known as "Orientals," with a strong accent on the last syllable. Although it is the smallest of the South American states, its agricultural and pastoral resources are believed to be the richest, with undiscovered possibilities in a mineral way. In the time of the Viceroy considerable gold and silver were obtained from placer washings, but during the long struggle for independence, and the sixty years of internal wars that followed, the operation of the mines ceased, and their localities were forgotten or obliterated by the people, who were mercilessly robbed of the wealth they gathered from this source. No country ever suffered more from war than Uruguay, as for the last hundred years a bloody struggle, under one excuse or another, has been going on within her borders, and until Santos came into power, there was a new government, or an attempt to form one, almost every month.

It is said that there is not an acre of unproductive land in Uruguay. The soil and climate are such that almost any grain or fruit in the list of food products can be raised with a minimum of labor. There is plenty of useful timber, and the grass is so luxuriant and nutritious that more cattle can be fed upon a given area than in any country in the world. All Uruguay needs is peace to become rich and powerful. Her population has doubled within the last ten years, not from immigration alone, but from natural causes, for her statistics show a larger birth rate and a smaller mortality than any civilized nation. It is quite remarkable, and the fact is deserving of attention from scientists, that of every 1000 births in Uruguay, the ratio for several years has been 561 males to 439 females. In the United States the ratio was 506 males to 494 females by the last census, in England 485 males to 515 females, and on the continent of Europe 492 males to 508 females. Another remarkable fact is that the ratio of insane is only 95 per 100,000 of population, while in the United States it is 329, in Great Britain 322, and on the continent of Europe 248 to the 100,000. But what is equally interesting to home-seekers is that food products are cheaper in Uruguay than anywhere else on earth. Beef, mutton, and fish cost from three to six cents per pound, eggs seven and ten cents per dozen, partridges and similar game birds ten cents each, domestic fowls from ten to fifteen cents each, with other articles in proportion. Labor is very scarce and wages are high, consequently the public wealth is increasing very rapidly. A few years ago peons were not paid more than five or six dollars a month, while thirty cents a day for odd jobs was considered exorbitant. Now no

native can be hired for less than a dollar, and the Italians, who compose the laboring class for the most part, will demand and often get more. The latter are thrifty, economical, and save their earnings. The wealth of the country in 1884 was \$580 per capita of the population, while the foreign commerce amounted that year to \$240 for each man, woman, and child. The increase since has been rapid. With a population of 500,000 in round numbers, Uruguay produces 5,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, an average of ten bushels per capita, and this with only 540,000 acres of ground under cultivation, including gardens and parks. I believe no other land can show such an average.

The aborigines of Uruguay, who were an intelligent, industrious race of Indians, and had some of the simpler arts, have been entirely exterminated. Their civilization was complete. Of the 500,000 population, nearly one-third are of foreign birth. Italy furnishes the most and the best of the immigrants, but the arrivals are not so large or so regular as in the Argentine Republic, because the government is not permanent, and the newcomers are afraid of the conscription sergeants.

Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay and its chief city, is as favorably located as any place in the world. On a narrow tongue of limestone rock like the back of a whale, it stretches out from the coast, with the Atlantic Ocean on one side and the Rio de la Plata on the other. The streets are like a series of terraces, not only giving the most perfect natural drainage, but furnishing nearly every residence with a vista of the river or the sea.

When it isn't June in Uruguay it is October—seldom too hot, and never too cold. There isn't such a thing as

a stove in the entire country, and the peons wear cotton garments the year round. But the thorn in the side of Uruguay is the pampero, a cold westerly wind that is born in the Andes, and sweeps across the pampas with the violence of a hurricane. Then the ships in the harbor pull up their anchors and run out for sea-room, and the inhabitant of the city wraps his poncho about him and says "Caramba!" What Montevideo most needs is a harbor, and it hopes soon to have one, a French company having been given a contract to construct a breakwater that will cost nine millions of dollars. Around the curve of the bay fronting the river are a large number of beautiful villas, or "quintas," as they are called, built in the ancient Italian style, with the most luxuriant display of gingerbread work and plaster of Paris mouldings. The gardens which surround these villas are full of fruit and flowers summer and winter alike, and give the place the appearance of perpetual spring. During the summer season the people of Buenos Ayres come over for the sea-bathing, and the city is very gay. A prevalent taste which inspires the owners of these villas to paint them in gay colors—red, pink, purple, green, and orange—is being somewhat modified by foreign travel, and of late years the quintas as well as the city houses are taking on more sombre hues. There are more beautiful and costly residences and business blocks in Montevideo than in any other South American city except Santiago, the capital of Chili. Considerable carved marble is used, but the standard building material is sun-dried brick, and the walls are usually from two to three feet in thickness, fire-proof, and impenetrable to heat and dampness.

The government buildings are cheap-

looking structures of two stories, without architectural adornment or impressive appearance, and much inferior to the best private dwellings. The Church of the Mother, the cathedral of Uruguay, is the largest and finest building in the country. There are three theatres; an Italian opera subsidized by the government; a bull-ring which is crowded every Sunday afternoon, under the patronage of the President and the aristocracy; a number of clubs; a public library with thirty thousand volumes, mostly Spanish historical and political works; a museum; a university which is the summit of a free-school system; and all the et ceteras of modern civilization. The ladies dress in the height of the Paris fashion, the shops contain everything that can tempt the taste of an extravagant people, there are dinner parties and balls, and time is improved or wasted as it is in Paris or Madrid. The gentlemen go to their counting-rooms at seven in the morning, when their wives and daughters go to mass. At eleven they return to their homes for a breakfast of seven or eight courses, then take a siesta, go back to their business about three, work till six, and dine with great formality at seven. The ladies of Uruguay are famous for their beauty and fine complexions—the blessing of the atmosphere; but after thirty they lose their symmetry of form, which is doubtless owing to their indolence.

Street-cars run everywhere, and pay big dividends, for no Spanish-American ever walks when he can ride. Even the beggars are literally on horse-back, and the stranger is often startled by a ragged and dirty creature galloping up to him and asking, in a piteous voice, "For the love of Jesus, gentleman, give me a farthing to buy

bread." The national drink, for which he will doubtless spend this, is called *cana*, and is made from the fermented juice of the sugar-cane. It contains ninety per cent. of alcohol, and is sold at two cents a goblet, so that a spree is within the reach of the poorest man. All goods are delivered from the shops by horsemen, for there is not a cart in town. When you hire a carriage, for which you are expected to pay one dollar an hour, a peon, called a "chancadero," runs along beside it the entire distance, no matter how great, so that he may get a fee for opening the door when you reach your destination. He is actually a lootman, and is never allowed to ride beside the driver, who is of better caste, and regards himself as a superior being. No hackman will ever get off his box, and if you refuse a *medio* (six cents) to the "chancadero," you are a miserable sponge.

The cemetery, which overlooks the sea, is one of the finest in all America, and fortunes have been expended in erecting tombs and monuments to the dead. There may be single sepulchers in Greenwood that surpass in costliness any that are to be found in the Campo Santo of Montevideo, but nowhere is so great an assemblage of costly and beautiful tombs.

One of the customs of the country, which I have not observed elsewhere, is for the dead to be carried to the tomb by the hands of their friends.

The city is lighted by electricity, and more than three hundred telephones were in use in 1885. Gambling is the national vice, and men, women and children selling lottery tickets are as thick as newsboys in the United States. The porter at the hotel informs you that he is supplied with tickets for all the drawings; the clerk at the store where you trade invites you to invest the change he hands you in his favorite lottery, and tells you that a lady who bought a ticket of him drew a prize of ten thousand dollars last month.

One of the curious customs is the manufacture of butter. The dairyman pours the milk warm from the cow into an inflated pig or goat skin, hitches it to his saddle by a long lasso, and gallops five or six miles into town with the milk sack pounding along on the road behind him. When he reaches the city his churning is over, the butter is made, and he peddles it from door to door, dipping out the quantity desired by each family with a long wooden spoon.

The city of Montevideo has a population of about 125,000 souls, and twenty-three daily newspapers.

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

PLACES OF INTEREST IN SALT LAKE CITY.

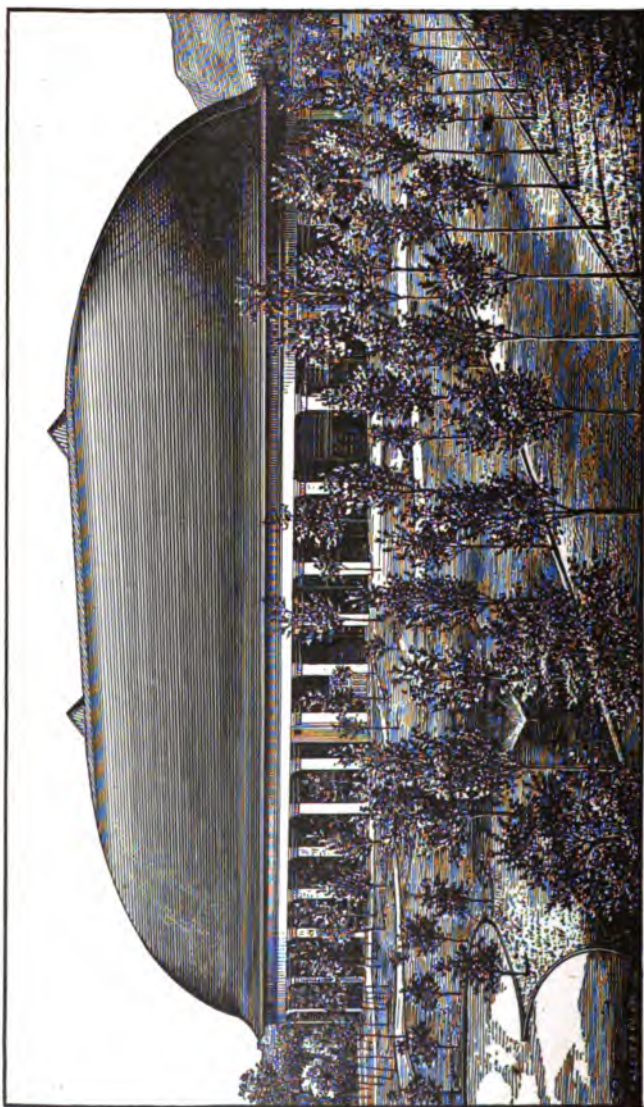
CHIEF among the attractions to the visitor to the "Mormon" capital are the church edifices and sacred buildings erected by the Latter-day Saints. The Temple, which is now nearing

completion, is the admiration of all visitors.

There has already been expended in its erection about \$4,000,000, all of which has been voluntarily donated in

tithing by the members of the "Mormon" Church. It is constructed of finely cut and finished granite rock, which is quarried from the mouth of Little Cottonwood Cañon, in the Wa-

possession of the entire Temple Block, and the Latter-day Saints are paying rent to the United States government for the privilege of occupying and using their own houses of worship.



THE TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

satch range of mountains, some twenty miles south-east of the city. The building of this temple will not be completed for several years.

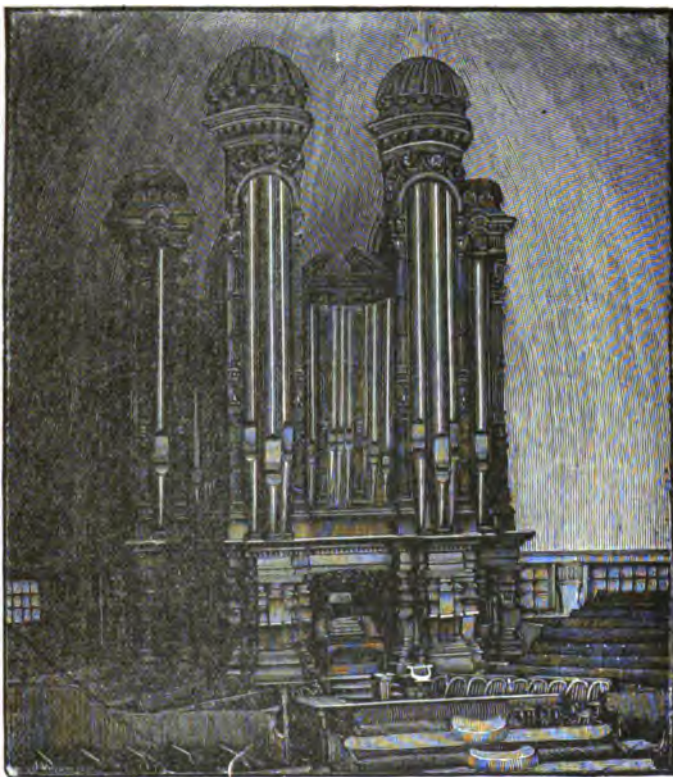
At present, the government is in

This is in consequence of the construction put by the local Federal courts upon the recent act of Congress disincorporating the "Mormon" Church and escheating its property.

Work is now being vigorously prosecuted in constructing partition walls in the basement, preparatory to putting in the floors and roof, and completing the interior of the structure.

Many changes and improvements are being made upon the surrounding grounds of the block, workmen are busy improving and adorning the

upon the grounds. The Tabernacle is elliptical in shape, 250 feet long by 150 feet wide, and 70 feet in height from the floor to the ceiling at its highest part, or 80 feet from the floor to the top of the roof. The interior of the building presents an oval arch, without any centre support, the largest self-supporting arch in America, with



THE TABERNACLE ORGAN.

grounds, planting trees and making lawns, adding much to the beauty of the whole enclosure of the Sacred Square.

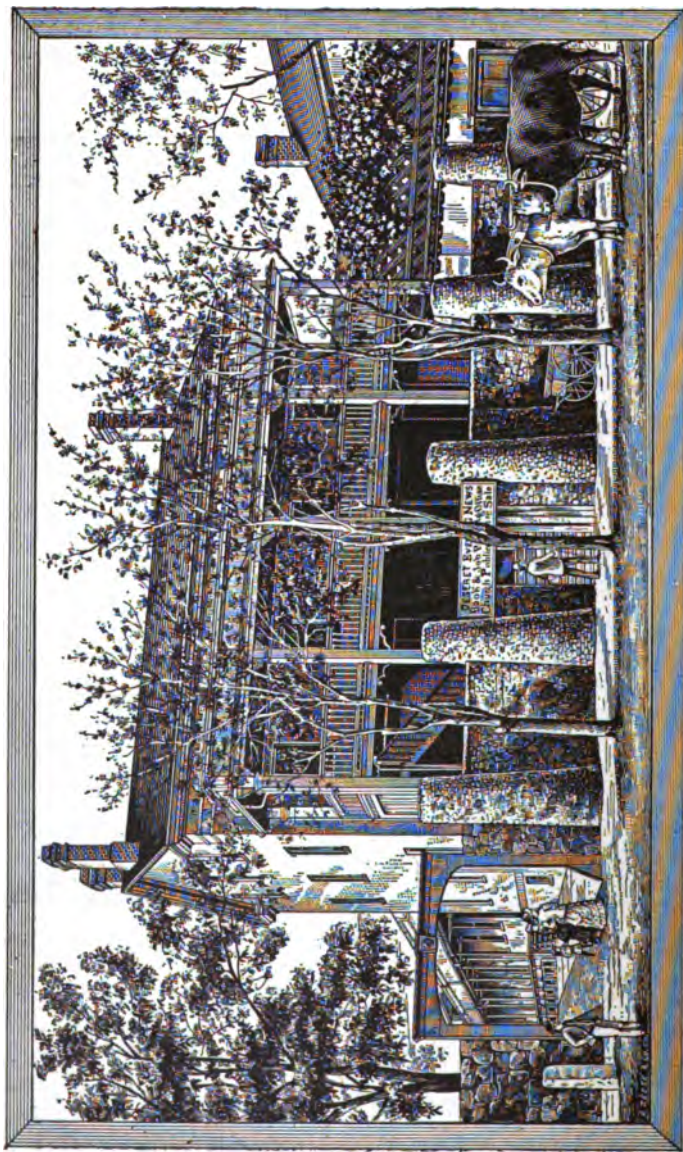
The illustration that we herewith present of the Tabernacle, situated immediately west of the Temple, is a reproduction from a photograph, by C. R. Savage, Esq., and shows in some degree the improvements recently made

the exception of that of the Central Depot, New York, and probably the largest in the world that is constructed wholly of wood. The bents of the roof are composed of a lattice truss, and rest upon 44 sand-stone pillars, each 3x9 feet in size, and from 14 to 20 feet in height.

The interior of the Tabernacle is decorated with festoons of evergreens,

which not only adorn its otherwise bare ceiling, but contribute much to the hearing qualities of the building. The building, including the galleries,

situated the grand organ, second to none in the United States in appearance and sweetness of tone, and is excelled in size by but one. It was con-



THE "DESERET NEWS" OFFICE.

which extend around it, except at the west end, will accommodate an audience of 10,000 persons.

In the west end of the Tabernacle is

constructed entirely by Utah artizans, under the direction of Joseph Ridges, Esq., and was recently reconstructed by the late Niels Johnson, Esq., as-

sisted by Mr. Henry Taylor and others.

The Assembly Hall, situated in the south-west corner of the Temple Block, is the neatest and most comfortable place of worship in the west, and will accommodate 3,000 people. The ceiling of this building is covered with historical paintings representing some of the early chronicles of the church.

Opposite the south-east corner of the Temple Square is situated the

buildings of the *Deseret Evening News*, the pioneer newspaper of the Rocky Mountains, and the church organ of the Latter-day Saints. Its first number appeared as a weekly, in June, 1850.

A little less than a block east of the *News* office are the Lion House and the Bee Hive House, residences of the late President Brigham Young, the founder of Utah. Between these two houses are the offices of the Presidency of the "Mormon" Church.

P. H. J.



Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

IN THE MEADOWS.

O BOBOLINK, sing me a song to-day,
For my heart is light, and my thoughts are
gay,

And the soft south wind is blowing.
And the meadows are fair, so fair to see,
For the grasses in waves are gliding;
While the buttercups, woven in threads of
gold,

All through the carpet of green unfold:
And the mosses beneath are hiding,
The mosses beneath are hiding.

O bobolink, bobolink, flying near,
Trill out thy song most sweet and clear,
While the soft south wind is blowing.

Thy mate is safe in her cosy nest,
While the grasses wave above her;
She knows thy liquid notes are strewn
Over the meadows for her alone;

Oh! who would not be a lover?
Who would not be a lover?

But, bobolink, sweeter than all thy song,
Or the meadow-lark's notes that float along

While the soft south wind is blowing,
Are the gentle tones still echoing near
Of the one I love most dearly,
Giving her life and love to me,
Come weal or woe or what may be,—
And my heart is light and cheery,
My heart is light and cheery.

Over the meadows my thoughts repeat
Her gentle words and accents sweet,
While the soft south wind is blowing.
O fragrant meadows! O balmy air!
She is everywhere! She is everywhere!
A vision sweet and fair, so fair!

While the soft south wind is blowing.
And this is love? Oh! love is sweet,
Oh! love is sweet and confiding;
While the bobolink flutters and sings above,
My heart is singing its song of love;
And the grasses in waves are gliding,
The grasses in waves are gliding.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

ONLY A POOR COUNTRY BOY.

JOHN LINDSAY was a poor farmer who lived on a small piece of unproductive land a mile and a half from the village. He had a large family to support, and it was with the greatest difficulty, that he succeeded in keeping them from the poorhouse until his oldest boys grew strong enough to work at odd jobs for the neighbors, and thus increase the family income. The weakest and most timid of Mr. Lindsay's boys was Arthur, the youngest. He was not an ordinary boy, for if he had been, it is scarcely probable that he would have been heard of outside of his immediate neighborhood. But the chief characteristics which made him different from other boys were his extreme sensitiveness and his indomitable will. Being physically incapable of holding his own with other boys, he was made to feel his insignificance at home, as well as at the little district schoolhouse where he acquired the rudiments of an education. "He is a good enough boy," a neighbor said to the teacher one day, "but he won't amount to anything. The Lindsay's ain't got no ambition. They're a harmless set; but no one ever heard of one of 'em gittin' moe'n one meal ahead, and no one ever will. Nobody pays any 'tention to the Lindsays. They're a sort of family that's no good to them selves or to anybody else."

Other boys in the vicinity did not care to associate with young Arthur, and his brothers made him the butt of their ridicule; so he found himself, everywhere he went, treated as a nobody. Every slighting word or act, every smile of contempt cut him to the quick, and caused him hours, and

sometimes days, of mental anguish. The only friend he had who could understand him was his mother; and she, being always nearly worn out with the cares of her large family, was unable to give much open sympathy. But he had a heart, an article which, it appeared to him, his brothers, and most of his acquaintances lacked; and he appreciated those trifling, but expressive acts of kindness, the time for which he knew she stole from other duties, and which made up about all the sweetness that came into his young life.

His natural desire to improve his condition was fanned into a constantly increasing flame by the undeserved "kicks and cuffs" which he received from those whom he felt were no more than his equals; and very often, without replying to or seeming to notice an insult, he would shut his teeth hard, and say to himself: "Never mind. Sometime I will be in a position to compel their respect, and they shall feel ashamed of the way they are treating me now."

At eighteen, he was tall, thin and stoop-shouldered, with his self-esteem so dwarfed that he very rarely had the courage to look a person in the eye for more than an instant. He had, the summer before, earned a few dollars with which to pay his tuition at the village school, where he was working hard to acquire the knowledge he so earnestly desired. He paid no attention, apparently, to the jests and sarcasms of his schoolmates who found much in dress and manners to ridicule, but plodded on so dilligently that he won the respect of his teachers and of his class-mates. This gave him

great encouragement, and he worked on with renewed energy.

Hard work, when well directed, is always fruitful; and, in the spring Arthur obtained a certificate to teach, and found a school a few miles from the village. By this means he was enabled to return to school in the fall with better clothes and more self-respect; and he took up his studies again with the same determination to conquer every obstacle that came in his way, that made his progress so rapid the winter before.

But a disturbing element soon came into his life against which his armor of aspiration was not proof. It was the pretty smiling face of Rettie Neremore, one of his class-mates.

Miss Neremore was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest men in the village; and Arthur felt sure that her father would never consent to her union with a Lindsay, even if she were willing. So he tried hard to put her out of his mind. But the more he tried to forget her, the deeper became his unfortunate attachment. Finding it useless to fight against it, he resolved to work early and late to attain the position he so longed to occupy, as well now that he might court Rettie Neremore from a station in life which she would not be ashamed to share, as to satisfy his old aspiration.

At first Miss Neremore treated the quiet young man whom nearly everybody shunned, with cold indifference; but he kept on with his studies in his earnest, plodding way, and gradually as they became acquainted with each other, her manner toward him grew quite friendly. There was something, however, in the expression of her pretty brown eyes which caused him to feel that she considered herself above him. Of course he made no attempt to win her

love; he would not, he told himself, till he was able to do so as her equal; but he did try to win her respect.

Three years passed in this way. Arthur had decided to go to college, and, feeling encouraged by Rettie's continued friendliness toward him, he thought he would tell her of his love before starting. He was not the thin, stoop-shouldered boy now, but a tall, well-built, handsome man; and he felt that, considering what he had accomplished, he had some claim to equality with even the Nereniores.

The evening before his departure, he called at the Neremore mansion to hear his fate from the lips of the girl whom he had learned to love with all the intensity of his earnest nature without a sign of encouragement from her, except such as any one would expect from a friend. She received him with her usual frankness; and when he spoke of going away, she added: "What has led you to that decision so suddenly?"

"It is not so very sudden," he replied: "I have been nearly three years thinking it over, and making preparations. I did not suppose anybody would care, so I have said nothing about it. But I did hope, Rettie, that you would care a little; and I have come to have a little talk with you, and to say good-by."

"Rettie," he continued, drawing nearer to her, "I am under the impression that you will not wish to hear what I have to say to-night, but I cannot go away for so long without knowing whether you care to have me return."

"Why, of course, we shall all want you to return," she replied, evasively.

"But you do not understand. I love you, Rettie. I have loved you ever since we first went to school together. I know you have not en-

congraged me, but I love you all the more; and if you will only let me hope for your love in return, I will wait till I can offer you a comfortable home, and as good a position in society as you now hold. I realize only too well that I cannot do so now, but I am able and willing to work; and it will give me the greatest pleasure to think that I am working for you."

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Lindsay, but I can never become your wife. I noticed your preference for me, and did not encourage you, because I knew that we could never be more to each other than friends. It will be a long time before you finish your studies, and you will undoubtedly find a lady more suited to your tastes than I am."

"I do not want to find another," he said impulsively. I will be satisfied to remain single if I cannot win you. But you do not say that my love is not reciprocated. You surely do not intend to let me go away in despair if you have the least spark of love for me? You are only jesting; you will some day be my wife, if I work hard for you, will you not?

"There are other things to think of besides love, Mr. Lindsay. I know it is hard, but you do not fully comprehend what you are asking of me, or you would not expect my answer to be different."

"I do comprehend it, too well perhaps, and I did not expect a different answer; but if you knew how much I love you, how all my time for the last three years has been devoted to making myself in some degree worthy of your love, and how unceasingly I am willing to work for you in the future, I am sure you would trust me."

"I cannot, I cannot, Mr. Lindsay, and your pleading only makes it

harder for me, as well as for yourself. Please do not mention it again."

"It is hard then," he said after a pause, "to be told that you are loved by one whom you tacitly admit you love in return. Your decision is," he went on slowly, "that social position is more to you than the love of a man who would lay down his life for you. You will cast me off, because I cannot now offer you that which you crave, and you cannot trust me to carve a place in the future for both of us. If love means no more to you than that, I cannot imagine how it is hard for you to reject mine."

"You do not understand, you do not understand!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears and covering her face with her handkerchief. "If you love me as you say you do, you would not ask me to leave a life of luxury and ease for one of drudgery."

"I do not ask you to do that. I will wait till I can offer you a comfortable home and as good a social position as that which you now occupy."

"But it is all the same. You might wait ten or twenty years and be as far then from wealth and station as you are now."

"Very well, Miss Neremore," he said, rising and taking his hat, "I think I understand you. I have offered you all I am, and all I hope to become. What man can do more? If I have offended you, I beg your pardon. Do not fear that I shall ever repeat the offense, for I hope I have too much self-respect to offer my love the second time, to one who considers it a misfortune to have met me."

She made no reply, and in a moment more he was gone without even saying good-by. She gave a sigh of relief as she heard the sound of his

receding footsteps, and while removing the evidences of tears from her face, she said to herself:

"I do love him, but he must be foolish to think I can marry him while he is in his present circumstances, or wait ten or fifteen years, and run the risk of his making a fortune. Work hard, indeed ! I venture to prophesy that he will not be any better prepared to support a wife ten years hence than now."

As Arthur Lindsay walked down the street that night, his mind was in a condition which to say the least, was not complimentary to Miss Neremore. His disappointment was not greater than his anger at himself for allowing his affections to be centered on one whom he now considered unworthy of a moment's thought.

"I could have seen her passion for social pleasures," he thought, "had I not been blinded by my foolish love. Her love for me if it can be called that, will not prevent her from marrying the first man that comes along with a sufficiently large bank account. She thinks I cannot attain the position she wishes her future husband to occupy. We shall see, my proud beauty. You will be sorry for this night's work, or my name is not Arthur Lindsay."

Half an hour after the door closed behind young Lindsay, it was opened to admit a very stylishly dressed young man whose bearing betrayed the fact that he had always been permitted to do just as he pleased, and expected now to have everything his own way as a matter of course. His name was Clinton Weeks, and he was the son of John Weeks, the great banker and merchant. Clinton was intelligent, and rather good-looking, and would probably with the proper training, have made

a useful man; but his father was rich and puffy, and had permitted his son to grow up a conceited coxcomb who never turned his hand to any useful employment. Nevertheless, he was considered a good "catch" by mothers with marriageable daughters, a fact of which he was well aware; and when he entered the Neremore mansion that night he had not the faintest idea of going away without the promise of Miss Neremore to become his wife. He had met her six months before, and, taking a sudden liking for her pretty face and her father's fortune, at once resolved to make her his wife. Holding to his purpose remarkably well for him, he had called upon her regularly ever since, and now intended, as he expressed himself to a friend, "to end her suspense."

She was not expecting him that night and was somewhat surprised to see him; but she was glad to have something to draw her mind out of the melancholy into which it had fallen. He soon noticed that she was unusually quiet and thoughtful, and made some remark about it: but she assured him that she felt as well as usual and had only been a "little lonesome."

This, he thought, was his opportunity, and he coolly explained his errand. What a contrast between his matter-of-fact proposal and Arthur's earnest pleading. She could not help comparing them; and she found the contrast unpleasant to her outraged heart. Mr. Weeks, however, went away with her consent, never suspecting that her hand and heart had that night been forever separated.

When Arthur came home on vacation, Rettie was married and gone. He did not take the trouble to inquire where she and her husband had settled, for his memories of his former sweet-

heart were not pleasant, and he would have banished them entirely from his mind had such a thing been possible. He was thankful that his poverty had revealed her to him in her true light, before it was too late; and he determined that, in the future, no girl should gain his affections until he was satisfied beyond a doubt that her character and disposition were all that he could desire.

He had studied hard, and needed the vacation; and as his acquaintances, in whose estimation he had risen perceptibly in the last few years, appeared to be glad to see him, he had a very pleasant time.

As the years rolled by, Arthur found that time, "the great healer of sorrows," was curing him of the wound he had received in his youthful struggle with cupid. While finishing his course at college, he fell in love with a daughter of one of the professors. Sarah Wentworth, be it said to her credit, had no such conceptions of the importance of wealth and position, as those which caused Lindsay to be rejected by Rettie Neremore; and fully reciprocating his love, she accepted him, and two years after Arthur graduated they were married.

Thirty years have slipped by since our poor, half-clothed, and ill-used country lad took his small stock of books under his arm, and wended his way to the village schoolhouse, conscious that he was to become the laughing stock of the school, but determined to acquire an education let the cost be what it might. They have been busy years for him, and he has not worked in vain. Those who ridiculed the awkward boy have shown their appreciation of the talented man in many unmistakable ways. During four of these years, he served as a

judge of the state supreme court. He resigned this office to resume the practice of law; but he did not remain long in private life, for his popularity made him the most available man for his party at a critical time; and we now find him occupying the gubernatorial chair.

One evening as he sat in his library contentedly glancing through a few of the leading dailies, his wife entered, leading a little girl eight or ten years of age. With her large expressive eyes filled with tears, and her bosom heaving with half suppressed sobs, the little thing looked as if she had lost her last friend. She was very poorly clad, and the biting north-west wind had so chilled her slight frame that she shivered between her sobs.

"What is the matter, child?" asked the governor, kindly.

"My mamma is dying," she replied, and handing him a crumpled note, she burst into a fit of weeping that threatened to end in hysteria. Mrs. Lindsay took the child in her arms, and, placing her in a cushioned chair near the fire, soothed her as best she could, while her husband read the almost illegible note.

"It is from Mrs. Weeks," he said, rising, "and she asks us, as a favor to a dying woman, to come to her at once. Shall we go, Sarah?"

"Yes, of course. If there is anything that can be done for her, we should be glad that the opportunity has come to us instead of to utter strangers."

Agreeably surprised by the eagerness of his wife to do good to the sweetheart of his youth, Mr. Lindsay hurriedly rang the bell, and when, a moment later a servant appeared, he said: "Tell Andy to get the bays ready instantly."

The horses were soon ready, and, with the little girl seated snugly between them, the governor and his wife were off on their journey of mercy. A distance of half a dozen blocks brought them to a large tenement house; and, following their still sobbing guide up a flight of rickety stairs, they found themselves in the presence of the dying woman. She lay on a scantily furnished bed in one corner of the room, the appointments of which plainly indicated that the occupant's life had been a struggle for the necessities of existence.

"Thank God," she said faintly, as they entered. She tried to extend her hand but could not, and motioning them to take seats beside the bed, she said in an almost inaudible voice:

"Oh, I am so glad you have come! I did not like to trouble you in your peace and happiness, but I have no friends with whom I can trust——"

"What is it, Mrs. Weeks?" asked Mr. Lindsay as she hesitated. "If there is anything we can do for you, we shall be glad to do it. I have sent for a physician and he will be here in a few minutes; but while we are waiting for him, we will make you as comfortable as possible."

"A physician can do me no good," she continued, brokenly. "I do not care for myself, but my little girl, I can not leave her. She will have no place to go, and what can she do alone in this unsympathetic world?"

"Do not fear for your child," said Mrs. Lindsay, who had, up to this time, been arranging the bed so that the invalid could rest more comfortably. "We have only one child, and I will promise your daughter a mother's care. Mr. Lindsay has told me about his early acquaintance with you; and I can honestly say that I shall love her

more because of his former love for her mother. Indeed, I love her already," and she drew the grief-stricken child to her side.

"Oh, Mrs. Lindsay! you cannot tell how I thank you. May God bless you and grant that she may never cause you pain. Kiss me, my little darling, and promise to be good to your new papa and mamma."

"I will," replied the girl, as she kissed her dying mother affectionately.

"I will always try to be good, and do everything they tell me."

"Good-by, dear little Nellie, I will meet the others in heaven, and we will look for you to join us some time."

"I will, mamma, I will." And mother and daughter again clasped each other in a loving embrace.

Mrs. Lindsey had surmised the wish of the sick woman from what she had learned from the daughter of their condition and surroundings; and she quickly made up her mind to adopt the child, if her surmise proved correct.

"We can do it as well as not," she thought. "She will be a companion for Willie, and it will be such a comfort to the poor mother to know that her child will have a home when she is gone."

The physician came and did all he could, but he was powerless to cope with the dread destroyer; and in a few hours Mrs. Weeks passed into her eternal home. Before losing consciousness, however, she told them that her husband had, after spending their fortune in gambling and drink, deserted her, and finally committed suicide. Her last words were:

"Do not let Nellie make her mother's mistake."

The little girl kept her promise, and the governor and his tender-hearted wife soon came to love her as their own daughter.

MERE BOOK KNOWLEDGE NOT WISDOM.

So much importance is attached, nowadays, to the acquisition of knowledge, largely an affair of memory, that it will not be out of place to recall observation by Phillip Gilbert Hamerton: The essence of an intellectual life does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts, and this preference may be the habit of a mind which has not any considerable amount of information." It is constantly noticed that men and women of sound judgment and blameless lives are not educated in the current sense of that term, and it is also noticed that men and women of omniverous reading and cramful of odds and ends of polite

learning are alike deficient in common sense and in an elevated and noble tone of thought and disposition. Such facts ought at least to diminish the exaggerated value ascribed to books as the main source of education and to give to the word itself a broader and richer meaning than a routine scholastic sense usually gives. Out of the multitude of books only a few can be truly called fruitful. The association of a single high-minded and pure-souled man or woman is often worth more than libraries, and, at all events, life must do the biggest share in determining the outcome of any nature. Mere knowledge is a long ways off from wisdom.

From the Journal of Education.

SELF-CONTROL.

AN expert and experienced official in an insane asylum said to us a little time since that these institutions are filled with people who have given up to their feelings, and that no one is quite safe from an insane asylum who allows himself to give up to his feelings. The importance of this fact is altogether too little appreciated, especially by teachers. We are always talking about the negative virtues of discipline, but we rarely speak of the positive virtues. We discipline the schools to keep the children from mischief, to maintain good order, to have things quiet, to enable the children to study. We say, and say rightly, that there cannot be a good school without good dis-

cipline. We do not, however, emphasize as we should the fact that the discipline of the school, when rightly done, is as vital to the future good of the child as the lessons he learns. Discipline of the right kind is as good mental training as arithmetic. It is not of the right kind unless it requires intellectual effort, mental conquests. The experienced expert, referred to above, was led to make the remark to us by seeing a girl give way to the "sulks." "That makes insane women," she remarked, and told the story of a woman in an asylum, who used to sulk, until she became desperate, and the expert said, "You must stop it; you must control your-

self." To which the insane woman replied, "The time to say that was when I was a girl. I never controlled myself when I was well, and now I cannot." The teacher has a wider re-

sponsibility, a weightier disciplinary duty than she suspects. The pupils are not only to be controlled, but they must be taught to control themselves absolutely, honestly, completely.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

Yes, stranger, I'm an engineer,
And many a year ago
I stopped at this station as white with fear
As the ground is white with snow,
For I'd had a warning the night before,
A warning that came to me
As a ghost comes in at the cabin door
Of a sailor out at sea.

'Twas a child that stood in the headlight's
glare,
Where it shone on the rails ahead,
With its tiny hands and its golden hair
All dabbled in blood and red;
One hand lay clasped on the dimpled breast
And one was pointing down
To the bridge that crossed the Vulture's Nest,
Just under the mountain's frown.

In my dream I whistled the brakes all set,
A whistle so loud and shrill,
That it seemed like a thousand fiends had met
For a revel on yonder hill;
And my engine growled like a thousand curs,
As it came to a sudden stand,
Where the shadows fell from the sombre firs,
Like a gray cloak on the land.

Then I walked along to the Vulture's Nest,
And looked at the rocks below,
But the child had gone, not a foot had pressed
On the fresh white drifts of snow,
And clambering back to the cab I swore
At the ghost that my eyes had seen.
And we danced away with a sullen roar
Toward the bridge that spanned the stream.

We were half way over, I looked ahead,
And there was the child I'd seen,
With her dainty fingers dripping red,
And pointing down the stream;
Then I heard the crash of the breaking beams,
And stranger, I knew no more,

Till they brought me back from the land of
dreams,
Where I'd gone from the depot floor.

But the next night I was wide awake,
As I thundered along the line,
With my hand pressed tight on the new air
brake,
I watched for a warning sign,
And it came, my dream of the night before,
And I stopped at the station here,
And I heard the noise of the torrent's roar,
With my face all blanched with fear.

I walked ahead to the Vulture's Nest,
But the slim bridge spanned it still;
I heard the waters that never rest
And the winds that swept the hill;
Then hurrying back to the cab I drew
The throttle open wide,
Like a mighty dragon my engine flew
With a rush for the other side.

We were half way over. Oh! God, the child;
The sound of the breaking beams,
The rush and roar of the waters wild,
All mingled with women's screams:
The whistling sound of escaping steam,
The crash of the falling cars;
And looking down, as I'd seen in my dream,
God's gleaming, twinkling stars.

* * * * *

I looked King Death in the face that night
From the depths of the Vulture's Nest,
And a hundred souls went up to the light
From the black rocks' jagged breast,
And now when the good God sends me
dreams
I heed their warning well,
For it brings me the sound of the breaking
beams
And the looks of that seething hell.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J. H. PARRY & Co., *Publishers.*

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY, 1888.

SANITATION.

I.

PUBLIC HEALTH is public wealth; nay more—it is public morality, and public honesty, on the principle that physical culture is the basis of moral worth.

Although it may be found that what I shall present on this subject has been more ably presented before, still the thoughts here reproduced or expressed may serve as a text for profitable discussion, not only in directing attention in the channel of sanitary work—its vital importance and incalculable benefits—but to the methods of doing that work, and especially in small cities and villages; for it will be found that text-books, treating upon hygiene, refer generally to large cities. The excuse is commonly made that the expense attached to the workings of "Boards of Health," in small places, is too great to justify even the attempt of such organizations. And thus the mass, taking for granted that such is the case, move along in the same old channel without realizing for a moment the exorbitant price such a notion annually costs them. Public health, and, therefore, sanitary work, is just as essential in small cities as in large ones. And experience has shown that where the importance of this sanitary work, either foundational or progressive, the feasibility of its execution, and the practicability of its

methods are properly appreciated, presented and acted upon, there the health history is self-written, like the record of nature's sanitarium, whether in small or large cities.

Sanitation means the *preservation of health, hygiene*. The words *sanitation* and *sanitary* being derived from the Latin *Sanitas*, signifying "soundness of body, health." Hygiene and hygienic have the same meaning as sanitary. Hygiene is defined as "that department of medical science which treats of the preservation of health."

When speaking of the sanitary conditions of a city, a description of the circumstances which relate to, or have an effect upon, the health of its inhabitants is included. When the term is applied to the inhabitants of a city in their social capacity, it relates to public health.

It has been observed that the condition of perfect public health requires such laws and regulations as will secure to man, associated in society, the same sanitary enjoyments that he would have as an isolated individual, and such as will protect him from injury, from any influences connected with his locality, his dwelling-house and premises, his occupation, or those of his associates or neighbors.

In his report to the privy council of England, Dr. John Simon is credited with saying: "It has been among the

oldest and most universal of medical experiences that populations living amid filth, and within direct reach of its polluting influences, succumb to various diseases, which, under opposite conditions, are comparatively or absolutely unknown; and the broad knowledge that filth makes disease is amply represented in the oldest records which exist of legislation meant for masses of mankind. The more exact studies of modern times have shown that, by various channels of indirect and clandestine influences, filth can operate far more subtly, and also far more widely and more destructively than our forefathers conjectured."

The old saying that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," is a truism to be borne in mind; for "the maintenance of cleanliness is the root of all sanitary action; clean air, clean water, clean diet, clean premises, clean habits, clean actions, clean thoughts being the beginning and the end of the matter."

It may be observed here that vice and disease are different expressions for the same thing, manifested in different degrees, viz., filth.

Prof. Lyon Playfair observes that for a period of a thousand years personal cleanliness was so universally disregarded that scarcely a man, woman or child throughout Europe made a practice of daily ablution. During this carnage of filth, again and again the black death ravaged European countries. Gibbon records that, "in the reign of Justinian, a large proportion of the human race was swept away by an epidemic, which, with slight intermissions, raged for fifty years." And, it is said, in Constantinople one thousand grave-diggers in constant employ could not hide away fast enough the victims of this dreadful disorder. The ghastly pic-

tures drawn by Boccaccio of the fearful plague that devastated Florence in the fourteenth century, and the sickening carnage depicted by DeFoe, of the ravages of the "great plague in London," are vivid in the minds of the students of history.

"The advantages of public health," says a late author, "were known in many of the cities of Greece at the height of her civilization. The Spartans paid great attention to the physical education of young men and young women, and trained them to temperance, sobriety, and athletic exercises."

Hippocrates, "the Father of Medicine," considered a knowledge of the causes of disease essential to the physician. When asked, "Who is the physician that is an honor to his profession?" replied: "He who has merited the esteem and confidence of the public, by profound knowledge, long experience, consummate integrity; who has been led through the whole circle of science; who has due regard for the seasons of the year and the diseases which they are observed to produce, to the states of the wind peculiar to each country, and the qualities of its waters; who marks carefully the localities of towns, and of the surrounding country, whether they are low or high, hot or cold, wet or dry; who, moreover, neglects not to mark the diet and regimen of the inhabitants, and, in a word, all the causes that may produce disorder in the animal economy."

"But the Romans were the most sagacious and extensive legislators in such matters. They were in many things masters of the practical; and have left vestiges still pregnant with the wisdom of experience. With them nothing seems to have been deemed too trivial that could protect

the public health. We find Pliny writing to Trajan about a fetid stream passing through Amastris, as it were an affair of state. The cloacæ of the Tarquins are still among the architectural wonders of the world. The censors, ediles, curators, who at different periods had charge of the buildings, and of the apparatus for the removal of impurities, were invested with great powers for the execution of their functions, and derived a corresponding dignity from them. The arrangements for supplying the houses of Rome with water were most minute. Those for ventilation and drainage, still traceable in the several remains of Roman amphitheatres, have struck our most advanced sanitarians with surprise at their remarkable adaptation to their purpose; while Mr. Chadwick tells the commissioners of sewers that he has lately received, from a friend in Zurich, a specimen of exactly such an earthen pipe as he is now recommending for the distribution of sewage. It had been lain down by the Romans, and 'has worked until recent times under 500 feet of pressure!' Indeed it is easy to see from Vitruvius, and from portions of the collection of Grævius, that the rules

and operations for the protection of health in Rome, were of a very radical and peremptory character, and allowed no minor interests to interfere with them. It seems to have been a rule with them that, from the time when the foundation of a city was laid, to that of the summit of its greatness, no structural operation, public or private, should be permitted to take a shape which might render it a harbor either for disease or crime; and it is to this vigilant forethought that, in the absence of other organizing agencies discovered only in our later times, we may attribute the success with which that remarkable people preserved social order throughout so dense and vast a mass of human beings as the inhabitants of the imperial city, in the days of its greatness."

The fundamental principle of our government is to secure to the citizen "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But as has been said, life cannot be enjoyed without health, and liberty is desirable in proportion as it permits one to employ life in the pursuit of happiness.

MILTON H. HARDY, M. D.
Provo, Utah.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

RIGHTS AND RIGHT-DOING.

THE truth that every new right secured involves new obligations and new duties needs much more emphasis than it at present receives. The desire to gain rights is strong enough and sufficiently manifested, but the desire to fulfill worthily the trusts they impose is comparatively weak. A man

chained hand and foot is certainly deprived of the right of free motion, and justly demands release. But directly he is set free a multitude of duties and obligations spring up. Where shall he direct his steps? How shall he use his hands? What good thing is he to bring out of his liberty that was im-

possible before? If he uses his newly-found power only to abuse and maltreat his fellow-men, it may well be doubted whether, after all, his former state of restraint were not preferable.

So with all other rights—free thought, free speech, free press, free labor—they are blessings in proportion as they are exercised for good; when they are used in the interest of selfishness and greed, or to destroy the rights of others, or to break down law and order, they cease to be benefactions, and if carried in such directions beyond certain limits society justly retracts the boon. Rights used in the cause of wrong certainly forfeit their claim to recognition, and render their very name an absurdity. It is time that more emphasis were laid upon moral obligation, both as between man and his fellow-man and between the man and the community. Too many people are developing a keen insight into what they suppose others owe them, while maintaining a dullness of perception truly alarming as to what they owe to others. Clamoring loudly for their own rights, they forget how many rightful claims of others they are constantly withholding. It is, of course, only the few extremely pronounced cases of this injustice with which the law can deal. By far the larger proportion are beyond the reach of law courts.

The father of a family, claiming the right to order his own household, robs his children of the most sacred rights, and through avarice, or selfishness, or ill-humor, wrecks their happiness and prospects. Or an avaricious manufacturer, who claims the right to manage his own business without interference, so manages it that his workmen must labor at starvation wages, and his customers must

pay full price for an adulterated article. Or the laborer eagerly claims his right to labor at pleasure, and to cease when he will, yet utterly disregards the same right of his fellow-laborer, and compels him, by threat and penalty, to abstain from working at his command. Thus, in the name of liberty, many an act of tyranny flourishes; in the name of freedom, many a feeble one becomes enslaved; in the name of human rights, many a man and woman is cruelly wronged; in the name of free speech, many a fair reputation is ruined, many falsehoods disseminated, many errors taught.

What is needed among us more than the insistence of rights is the enforcement of duty. It should be impressed upon the minds and hearts of all that a right is not something merely to secure, to rejoice in, and to use at pleasure, but that it is a solemn trust to hold, an obligation to fulfill, a power to wield, a responsibility for which each who possesses it is accountable. The question so often asked: "Am I receiving all the rights to which I am entitled?" should be coupled with the more important and searching ones: "Am I using all the rights with which I am invested for the best good of society? Am I giving to others all the rights which belong to them, as far as my power extends?" It is this attitude of mind which gives breadth and dignity to life, and raises justice and generosity to their rightful places in society. Only as men live for something higher and nobler than self can they attain their true value, and only as this is done habitually by individuals can we hope to see an elevated and prosperous community. A movement in this direction is being made by the formation of societies, whose object is said to be "the dissemination

of a knowledge of the principles of good citizenship and the promotion of the observance of the duties imposed thereby." We gladly welcome all such endeavors, hoping that their in-

fluence may be widely diffused and may help to place the whole doctrine of rights upon the firm and sure basis of righteousness.

THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.

THE crab, the bullace, and the sloe,
They burgeon in the Spring ;
And when the west wind melts the snow,
The redstarts build and sing.
But Death's at work in rind and root,
And loves the green buds best ;
And when the pairing music's mute,
He spares the empty nest.
Death ! Death !
Death is master of lord and clown ;
Close the coffin, and hammer it down.

When nuts are brown and sere without,
And white and plump within,
And juicy gourds are passed about,
And trickle down the chin ;
When comes the reaper with his scythe,
And reaps and nothing leaves,

O then it is that Death is blithe,
And sups among the sheaves.
Death ! Death !
Lower the coffin and slip the cord :
Death is master of clown and lord.

When logs about the house are stacked,
And next year's hose is knit,
And tales are told and jokes are cracked,
And faggots blaze and spit ;
Death sits down in the ingle-nook,
Sits down and doth not speak :
But he puts his arm round the maid that's
warm,
And she tingles in the cheek.
Death ! Death !
Death is master of lord and clown :
Shovel the clay in, tread it down.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed April 15, 1888.

MARCH 26, the Senate Committee on Territories, to whom was referred the Utah memorial and constitution, asked to be discharged from its further consideration, and it was so ordered, thus tabling for this session at least the petition for the admission of Utah as a State.

THE damage done by floods in Germany, which occurred April 3, is estimated at not less than \$50,000,000. Hundreds of square miles of farming land is entirely submerged, and 75,000 people rendered homeless. In East Prussia there was a fall of snow to the depth in some places of twenty feet.

GENERAL Boulanger, the most influential man in France, is gaining in popularity every

day. He was recently elected to the Chamber of Deputies by a large majority. His popularity in France, however, is interpreted as a menace to the peace of Europe, as his ascendancy portends another war with Germany. His popularity is due in a great measure to the fact that he favors such a war. He is now agitating the necessity for changing the French Constitution.

THE Emperor of Germany has been reported several times during the month to be dying, but the latest dispatches states that he is improving. Although suffering agonies of pain, scarcely able to eat or sleep, and standing at death's door, he is working hard in preparing a new and more liberal constitution for the government of his people. By the mere effort of his strong will he is seemingly

warding off death, which is inevitable in a few weeks at most, till he shall accomplish the work of making Germany more united, and blest with a liberal and progressive government.

SEVERE earthquakes have recently occurred in China, destroying much property and thousands of lives.

A GRAVE national crisis seemed about to arise in Germany, as the result of a proposed marriage between a daughter of the reigning

Emperor and Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the abducted Prince of Bulgaria. Bismarck strenuously objected to the marriage on the ground that it was likely to bring about unpleasant relations between Germany and Russia, as the Prince is so obnoxious to the Czar. The proposed marriage is deferred for the present, and it is thought to be abandoned.

THE great strike and boycott against the Burlington Railroad is practically at an end, with the victory as usual on the side of the railroad.

LITERARY NOTICES.

REMINISCENCES OF FRIEDRICK FROEBEL. By Baroness B. Von Marenholz-Bulow. Translated by Mrs. Horace Mann, with a sketch of the life of Froebel by Emily Sheriff. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 359 Pages. Price \$1.50

Froebel, like many other reformers, was unappreciated in his own day, but is held in much honor by subsequent generations, who built monuments to his memory. The present volume deals principally with the last four years of Froebel's life, and presents much of interest relating to the Kindergarten methods of educating children.

CAIRAL or Danton in the French Revolution. A Study. By Lawrence Gronland, A.M. Author of *The Co-operative Commonwealth*. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.00

As an insight to the inner workings of the French Revolution, this work will be a revelation to many. It presents in detail the plots and counter-plots enacted during the period of the revolution, and gives a key to the position assumed by the various parties who controlled France during that unhappy period.

BAKER'S HUMOROUS SPEAKER. A Series of popular recitations and readings in Yankee, Irish, Medley and Negro Dialects. Edited by Geo. M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth \$1.00.

The great variety of selections given in this volume is sure to suit any one seeking humorous recitations of the better class.

POEMS BY DAVID ATWOOD WASSON. With portrait in steel. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Mr. Wasson's poems have been known and greatly prized by many. From magazines and newspapers, some of them have found

their way to choice collections of poems. "All's Well," and others of his poems are classical, and are not excelled by any in the English language.

THE SONG OF ROLAND. Translated into English Verse by John O'Hagan, M.A., Justice of the Supreme Court of Ireland. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 198 Pages. Price 75 cents.

This little work is a well written legendary history of Charlemagne, King of the Franks and Emperor of Rome, relating in a very interesting manner the exploits of the great warrior and king.

TALKS TO YOUNG MEN. (With Asides to Young Women.) By Robert Collyer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 233 Pages. Price \$1.25.

Among the many good books written for the benefit of the young, few are so interesting or possess so much real merit as the volume before us. It abounds in good and useful homilies on "The Joys of Youth," "Godlike Temptations," "The Primitive Idea of a good Wife," "Debt," "Sleep," "The Companionship of Good Books," etc.

VOCAL AND ACTION LANGUAGE; Culture and Expression. By E. N. Kirby, instructor of Elocution in Harvard University. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.25.

To readers, speakers and teachers this work is a most concise and practical handbook on elocution, adapted especially to the needs of those who have had no adequate instruction or practice in the art. The large number of selections for courses of drill, which this edition contains, adapts the work for the use of school.

SALMAGUND.

TO REMOVE stains from character — Get rich.

GOOD musicians execute their music; the bad ones murder it.

A TRUE American is too proud to beg, and too honest to steal. He gets trusted.

IT HAS been averred that a lady with a diamond ring will scratch her nose, in a given period, four times as often as any other woman.

A MAGISTRATE, censuring some boys for loitering in the street, asked: "If everybody were to stand in the streets, how could anybody get along?"

PUFFING and blowing are often considered as synonymous terms. You will discover a difference, however, if, instead of puffing a man up, you should blow him up.

NOTHING more effectually convicts the conceited man of the vanity of his pretensions than to be ill for a month, and then observe how perfectly well the world gets on without him.

"WHEN I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" "Yes, my son; but if you want to be a man you must be industrious." "Why, mamma, do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

A WISCONSIN justice of the peace divorced a couple recently, as follows: He stood them in the middle of the floor, backs together, and as they walked away from each other he repeated the marriage ceremony backwards.

HUSBAND.—"Why don't you wear hair, and things, and dresses, and look stylish, like other women?" WIFE.—"What! and have everybody say, 'What a pity that handsome woman married that ugly little man!' Oh, no!"

AN INQUIRING man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

A FELLOW was one day boasting of his pedigree, when a wag who was present remarked, very sententially: "Ah, I have no doubt. That reminds me very much of a remark made by Lord Bacon — 'They who derive their worth from their ancestors resemble potatoes, the most valuable part of which are under ground.'"

MISERY loves company — so does a marriageable young lady.

"How I love thee, none can tell," as the toper said to the gin bottle.

"THOUGH lost to sight, to memory dear," as the man said when he paid his dinner bill.

"A ROLLING stone gathers no moss," neither does a rolling pin, but it sometimes gathers in a truant husband a little earlier from the lodge.

IF A young lady wishes a young gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention? No *Spectator*, no *Observer*, but as many *Times* as you please.

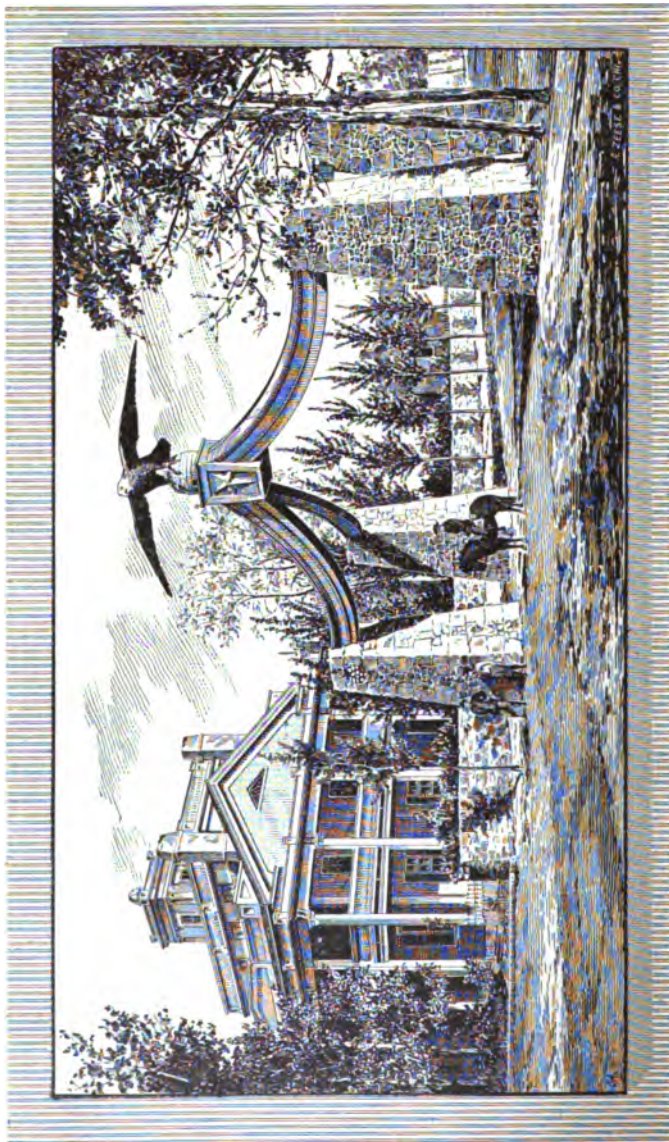
"Now, do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "Oh, I will take it, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other," answered the affectionate wife.

A YOUNG lady was caressing a pretty spaniel, and murmuring, "I do love a nice dog." "Ah!" sighed a dandy, standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," retorted the young lady, sharply, "you'll grow."

STANDS to reason: Post-office clerk — "Here! your letter is overweight." Pat: "Over what weight!" P. O. C.: "It's too heavy; put another stamp on it." Pat: "Och, git out wid yer foolin'! Sure, if I put another stamp on, won't it be heavier still?"

LAWYER: "So your father is dead." "Yes." "You seem to take it rather cheerily." "Yes; he left considerable property." "And do you think on that account he should not be mourned?" "Oh, yes, he should be mourned, but I am not the one to do it." "Then who on earth is? You are his only child." "Oh, you lawyers will have to do the mourning this time. You see, he didn't leave a will."

JOHNNY (who is spending the afternoon at the Smiths') "My mother says she'd like to look like you, Mrs. Smith." Mrs. S. (who is extremely plain, but not entirely aware of it) "Like me, my dear? I take that as a compliment, indeed, from so very pretty a lady as your mamma. You're quite sure it was I, Johnny, that she meant?" Johnny (accepting another cruller) "Oh, yes'm. She said that if she could have your health and strength she believed she'd as lief look as you do."



THE EAGLE GATE AND BEE-HIVE HOUSE.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1888.

NO. 9.

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

PLACES OF INTEREST IN SALT LAKE CITY.

II.

OPPOSITE the Bee Hive and Lion Houses is situated the Gardo House, a handsome structure, built by President Young, for the residence of the Presidency of the "Mormon" Church. This property is in the present possession of the United States Marshal, and for which the "Mormon" Church pays a heavy rental.

East of the Bee Hive House is the entrance to City Creek Cañon. All the land immediately north and east

was formerly enclosed with a high cobble wall, a part of which still remains. Here was situated the Eagle Gate. The rock supports still remain as an old land-mark, with an artistically carved eagle perched on the summit.

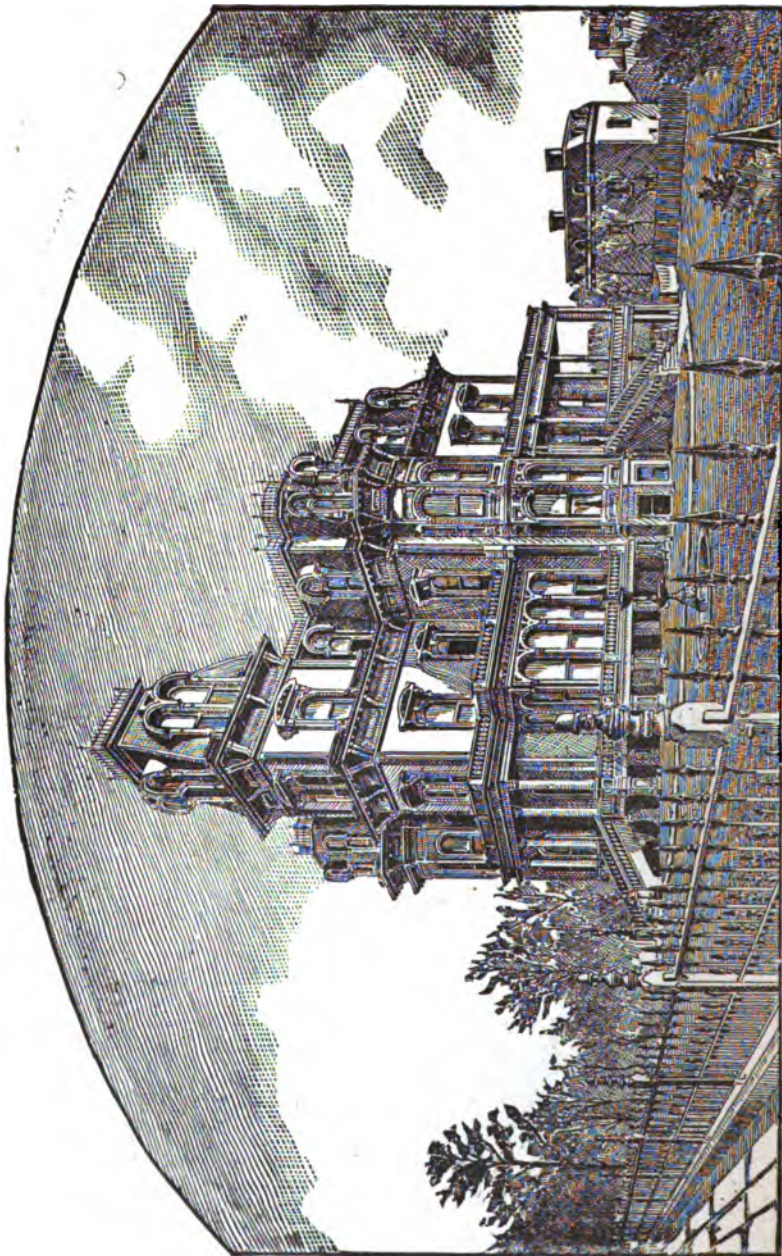
A fine view of the country can be had from the Eagle Gate, as it stands at the north end of the State Road, which runs almost due south for about twenty miles, and is the best roadway in the Territory. Shade trees border



PRESIDENT YOUNG'S GRAVE.

it on each side a great part of the distance, and in summer it presents a beautiful prospect.

Eagle Gate, in an enclosure surrounded by an iron fence. About a third of a mile further, in the same direction, is



THE GARDO HOUSE.

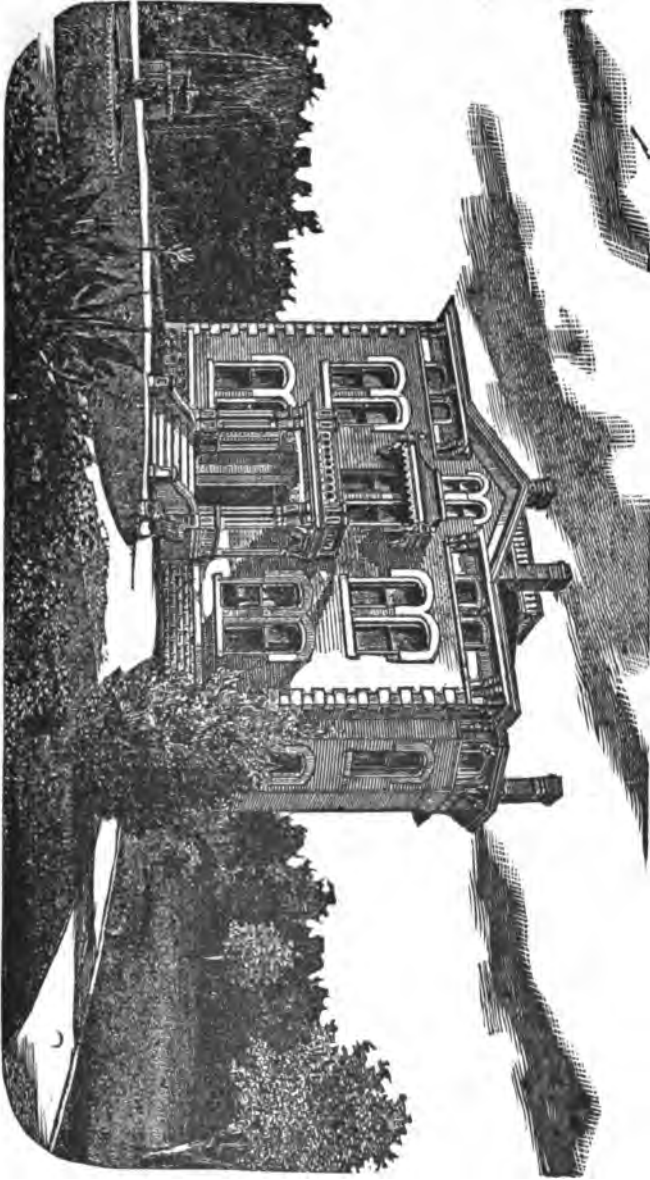
The grave of President Brigham Young, the founder of Utah, is situated about a quarter of a mile north-east of the

situated what is called Prospect Hill. A magnificent view of the whole city and valley can be had from this point,

and it well repays the trouble taken to reach it. Mr. R. R. Anderson has further enhanced the pleasure of a trip to this hill by the building of a

Salt Lake City can boast of many very fine residences, and beautiful flower and ornamental gardens owned by private citizens. With one or two

RESIDENCE OF EX-MAYOR JAMES SHARP.



large tower, from which the visitor has a much better view of the city and country. A very fair bird's-eye view can be obtained from this eminence.

exceptions little has been done as yet in ornamenting the grounds set apart by the city for the use of the public. Liberty Park, however, situated on the

southern end of the city, and reached by horse-cars, is a fine resort, well shaded, and planted in grass.

residences of Ex-Mayor James Sharp, and of Alderman W. S. McCornick. Residences of equal grandeur, or nearly



RESIDENCE OF ALDERMAN W. S. MCCORNICK.

We present, in this paper, views of two representative residences of the more modern style of buildings—the

so, can be seen in nearly all parts of the city, contrasting very widely with the architecture of early days.

P. H. J.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN YANKEE.

I.

NATURE never intended there should be a city where Valparaiso stands, but the enterprise of the Chillanos, aided by English and German capital, has built the finest port on the west coast of South America, and commerce has made its head-quarters there. The harbor is spacious, its surroundings picturesque, and ten months in the year shipping is protected, but in mid-winter, when "northers" prevail, vessels are often driven from their anchorage, and compelled to cruise about to avoid being dashed upon the rocks on which the city stands. A break-water built across the entrance to the harbor might give ample protection, but the sea is so deep—more than two hundred fathoms—that such a work is deemed impracticable. In the bay, drawn up in lines, like men-of-war ready for review, are hundreds of craft, bearing the flags of almost every nation on the earth except our own.

The foreign trade is controlled by Englishmen, all commercial transactions are rendered in pounds sterling, the English language is spoken on the streets and in the shops, an English newspaper is published, and to a stranger the city seems like one of Her Majesty's colonies. There is a strong prejudice against the United States, growing out of the attitude assumed by our government during the war between Chili and Peru, which is stimulated by the English residents. But few Americans are there, the chief of whom are the reverend and venerable Dr. Trumbull and his coadjutors in the Presbyterian missionary work, and two or three merchants.

The name of the city means "the

Vale or Paradise," but is a paradox, as there is no vale, and few symptoms of the supernal. An almost perpendicular mountain ridge forms a crescent around the bay, toward the shores of which descend steep rocky encarpments. Here and there watercourses have furrowed down ravines, or *barrancas*, as they are called, which offer the only means of reaching the outer world. Along the narrow strip of sand which lies between the sea and cliffs the town stretches three or four miles. In some places there is width enough for only a single street, at others for three or four running parallel to each other, but they only extend a few blocks. The one street, the only artery of commerce in Valparaiso, is the "Calle Victoria," circling around the entire harbor, and skirted by all the banks and hotels, the counting-houses of the wholesale firms, the shops of the retailers, the government buildings, and the fine private residences. The rocky cliffs have been terraced as the town has grown, and the city now extends back upon the hills a long distance, one man's house being above another's, and reached by stairways, winding roads, and steam "lifts" which carry passengers up inclined planes like those at Niagara Falls and Pittsburg. What roads there are were laid out by the goats that formerly fed upon the mountain-side, and twist about in the most confusing and circuitous fashion. One has to stop and pant for breath as he climbs them, and in coming down, an alpenstock is needed. The hacks in Valparaiso have three horses attached to them, and the teaming is done in carts drawn by four oxen.

An evening view of Valparaiso from a steamer in the bay is quite novel, as the lines of lights, one above the other, give the appearance of a city turned up on end. Electric lamps are placed upon the crests of the cliffs, throwing their rays over into the streets and upon the terraces below, with the effect of moonlight. During the day, however, the irregular rows of houses, of different shapes and elevations, clinging to the precipices, look as if a strong wind might blow them overboard, or an earthquake shake them off into the bay.

The business portion of the city, along the beach, shows some fine architecture, more elaborate than is to be seen elsewhere in Central and South America, there being a rivalry in handsomely carved facades and other adornments. The shops and stores are large, and contain as complete an assortment of goods as can be found in any city in the world. There is no city in the United States of the population of Valparaiso (125,000) with so many fine shops and such a display of costly and luxurious articles. The people are wealthy and prosperous, the foreign element is large and rich, and the place is famous, as is Santiago, the capital, for the extravagance of its citizens. Some of the private residences are palatial in their proportions and equipments, and millions of dollars are represented under the roofs of bankers and merchants. There are clubs as fine as the average in New York or London, public reading-rooms, libraries, picture-galleries, and all the elements which go to make up modern civilization. The parks and plazas are filled with beautiful fountains and statuary of bronze and marble, much of which, to the shame of Chili, was stolen from the

public and private gardens of Peru during the late war. The Custom-house is being torn away to give place to a magnificent monument to Arthur Pratt, an Irish hero of the struggle. His reckless courage made him the ideal of all that is great and noble in the mind of the Chillanos, who have erected a monument to his memory in nearly every town. Streets and shops, saloons, mines, opera-houses, and even lotteries are named in his honor, and the greatest national tribute is to destroy the old Custom-house in order to erect his monument in the most conspicuous place in the principal city.

The oddest thing to be seen is the female street-car conductors. The street-car managers of Chili have added another occupation to the list of those in which women may engage. The experiment was first tried during the war with Peru, when all the able-bodied men were sent to the army, and proved so successful that their employment has become permanent, to the advantage, it is said, of both the companies, the women, and the public. The first impression of a woman with a bell-punch taking up fares is not favorable, but the stranger soon becomes accustomed to this as to all other novelties, and concludes that it is not such a bad idea after all.

The female conductors are seldom disturbed in the discharge of their duties, and when they are, the rule is to call upon the policemen, who stand at every corner, to eject the obstreperous passenger. The street-cars are double-deckers, with seats upon the roof as well as within, and the conductor occupies a perch on the rear platform, taking the fare as the passenger enters. Street-car riding is a popular amusement with the young men about town. Fellows who make a business

of flirting with the conductors are called "mosquitos" in local parlance, because they swarm so thickly around the cars and are so great a nuisance. The conductors, or conductresses, are usually young, and sometimes quite pretty, being commonly of the mixed race — of Spanish and Indian blood. They wear a neat uniform of blue flannel, with a jaunty Panama hat, and a many pocketed white pinafore, reaching from the breast to the ankles, and trimmed with dainty frills. In these pockets they carry small change and tickets, while hanging over their shoulders is a little shopping bag, in which is a lunch, a pocket-handkerchief, and surplus money and tickets. Each passenger when paying his fare receives a yellow paper ticket, numbered, which he is expected to destroy. The girls are charged with so many tickets, and when they report at headquarters are expected to return money for all that are missing, any deficit being deducted from their wages, which are \$25 per month.

The women of Chili are not so pretty as their sisters in Peru. They are generally larger in feature and figure, have not the dainty feet and supple grace of the Lima belles, and lack their voluptuous languor. In Valparaiso half the ladies are of the Saxon type. Here, too, modern costumes are worn more generally than in other South American countries, and the shops are full of Paris bonnets. But the black *manta*, with its fringe of lace, is still common enough to be considered the costume of the country, and is always worn to mass in the morning. The *manta* is becoming to almost everybody. It hides the defects of homely forms and figures, and heightens grace and beauty. It makes an old woman look young, a stout

woman appears more slender under its graceful folds, and even a skeleton would look coquettish wrapped in the rich embroidery which some bear.

In Chili mantas and skirts of white flannel are worn by "penitentes" — women who have committed sin, and thus advertise their penitence — or those who have taken some holy vow, and go about the streets with downcast eyes, and looking at nothing and recognizing no one. They hover around the churches, and sit for hours crouching before some saint or crucifix. In the great cathedral at Santiago and in the smaller churches everywhere, these "penitentes," in their snow-white garments, are always to be seen on their knees or posing in other uncomfortable postures, looking like statues. They cluster in groups around the confessionals, waiting to receive absolution. Ladies of high social position and great wealth are commonly found among the "penitentes," as well as young girls of beauty and winning grace. Souls that cannot be purged by this penitential dress retire to a convent in the outskirts of the city, called the "Convent of the Penitentes," where they scourge themselves with whips, mortify the flesh with sackcloth, sleep in ashes and upon stone floors, and feed themselves on mouldy crusts, until the priests, by whose advice they go, give them absolution. For those who are unfitted under the social laws to associate with the pure, other convents are open.

In the orphan asylum at Santiago there are said to be 2,000 children of unknown parentage, supported by the Church, and this in a city of 200,000 people. There is a convenient mode for the disposition of foundlings. In the rear wall surrounding the place is an aperture, with a wooden box or

cradle which swings out⁷ and in. A mother goes there at night, places the little one in the cradle, swings it inside, and the nuns on guard, hearing a bell that rings automatically, take the infant to the nursery. However this plan may be regarded by stern moralists, it is certainly an improvement on infanticide—a crime almost unknown in Chili. |

Santiago is reached from Valparaiso by a railway run on the English plan, and similar in its equipment and system of management to those of Europe. The scenery along the line is picturesque, the snow caps of the Andean peaks being constantly in view, and Aconcagua, the highest mountain on this hemisphere, can be seen nearly the entire distance. A few miles from Valparaiso, and the first station on the road, is Vin del Mar, the Long Branch of Chili, where many of the wealthy residents of the country have fine establishments and usually spend the summer. It is by far the most modern and elegant fashionable resort in South America, and reminds one of the popular haunts along the Mediterranean. The journey to Santiago is made in about five hours, and one finds in the capital of Chili the finest city on the continent.

Although the climate of Santiago is about that of Washington or St. Louis, the people have a notion that fires in their houses are unhealthful, and, except in those built by English or American residents, there is nothing like a grate or a stove to be found. Everybody wears the warmest sort of underclothing, and heavy wraps in-doors and out. The people spend six months of the year in a perpetual shiver and the remainder in a perpetual perspiration. It looks rather odd to see civilized people sitting in a parlor,

surrounded by every possible luxury wealth can bring except fire, wrapped in furs and rugs, with blue noses and chattering teeth, when coal is cheap and the mountains are covered with timber. It is odd, too, to see in the streets men wearing fur caps, and their throats wrapped in heavy mufflers, while the women who walk beside them have nothing on their heads at all. During the morning, while on the way from mass or while shopping, the women wear the manta, as they do in Peru; but in the afternoons, on the promenade or when riding, they go bare-headed. Although the prevailing diseases are pneumonia and other throat and lung complaints, and during the winter the mortality from these causes is immense, the Chillano persists in believing that artificial heat poisons the atmosphere; and when he visits the home of a foreigner and finds a fire, he will ask that the door be left ajar so that he may be as chilly as usual. At fashionable gatherings, dinner parties, and that sort of thing, I have seen women in full evening dress, with bare arms and shoulders, with the temperature of the room between 40 and 50 degrees Fahrenheit. They often carry into the salon or dining-room their fur wraps, and wear them at the table, while at every chair is a foot-warmer of thick llama wool, into which they push their dainty slipped toes. These foot-warmers are ornamental as well as useful, have embroidered cases, and are manufactured at home, or can be purchased from the nuns, who spend much of their time in needle-work.

Every lady seen on the street in the morning carries a prayer rug, often handsomely embroidered, which she kneels upon at mass to protect her limbs from the damp stone floor of the

churches, in which there are never any pews.

The shops do not open until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning, close from 5 to 7 p.m. to allow the proprietors and clerks to dine, and are then open again until midnight, as between 8 o'clock and 11 p. m. most of the retail trading is done. The finest shops are in the arcades or portales, like the Palais Royal in Paris, and are brilliantly lighted with electricity. Here the ladies gather, swarming around the pretty goods like bees around the flowers, and of course the haughty and impertinent Dons come also to stare at them. It seems to be considered a compliment, a mark of admiration, to stare at a woman, for she never turns away. To these nightly gatherings come all who have nothing serious to detain them, and the flirtations begun at the portales are the curse of the women at Santiago. The shops are full of the prettiest sorts of goods, the most expensive diamonds, jewelry, and laces, and are finer than can be found in American cities of a similar size. The Santiaguans boast that everything that can be found in Paris can be purchased there, and one easily believes it to be true. There is plenty of money in Chili, the people have a refined taste and luxurious habits, many of the private houses are palatial, and the toilets of the women are superb. The equipages to be seen are equal to those of New York or London, and the Alameda on pleasant afternoons is thronged with handsome carriages with liveried coachmen and footmen, like Central Park or Rotten Row.

The Alameda is 600 feet in width, broken by four rows of poplar-trees, and stretches the full length of the city, four miles, from "Santa Lucia" to the Exposition Park and Horticultural

Gardens. In the centre is a promenade, while on either side is a driveway 100 feet wide. The promenade is dotted with a line of statues representing the famous men or commemorating the famous events in the history of Chili, a country which has assassinated or sent into exile some of her noblest sons, but never fails to perpetuate their memory in bronze or marble. On the Alameda from three to five o'clock every afternoon during the season several military bands are placed at intervals of half a mile or so, and the music calls out all the population to walk or drive. During the summer the music is given in the evening instead of the afternoon, when the portales are deserted for the out-door promenade.

Fronting the Alameda are the finest palaces in the city, magnificent dwellings of carved sandstone, often 100 or 200 feet square, with the invariable court-yard or *patio* in the centre, and its fountains and flowers. Houses which cost half a million dollars to build and a quarter of a million to furnish are common, and there are some even more expensive. The former residence of the late Henry Meiggs stands in the centre of a park 800 feet square, surrounded by a forest of foliage and a beautiful garden. It is a conspicuous example of extravagance, having cost a mint of money, every timber and brick and tile being imported at an enormous expense. It is at present unoccupied and in a state of decay, there being no one since the death of Meiggs with the courage or the means to sustain such grandeur. But though the magnates seek the boulevard of the city to display their wealth and architectural taste, some of the side streets have residences quite as grand, and even more aristocratic.

These more retired quarters have an air of gentility the Alameda has not acquired, a sort of established aristocratic repose, a riper, richer, and more honorable quiet, that suggests something of social distinction and haughty exclusiveness, venerable solitude and commercial solidity. Another monument to the extravagance of men is known as "O'Brien's Folly." It is a magnificent structure, modelled after a Turkish palace, and its cost was fabulous. The owner was an Irish adventurer, who discovered one of the richest silver mines in Chili, and lived like a prince until his money was gone. His castle is now unoccupied, and he is again in the mountains prospecting for another fortune.

"Santa Lucia" is the most beautiful place in all South America—the most beautiful place I have ever seen. It is a pile of rocks a thousand feet high, cast into the centre of the great plain on which the city stands by some volcanic agency. It was here that the United States astronomical expedition of 1852, under Lieutenant Gillis, made observations. Before that time, and as far back as the Spanish invasion, it was a magnificent fortress, commanding the entire valley with its guns, and tradition has it that the King of the Araucanians had a stronghold here before the Spaniards came. After the departure of the United States expedition, Vicunae McCenna, a public-spirited man of wealth in Santiago, undertook the work of beautifying the place, and by the aid of private subscriptions, with much of his own means, sought all the resources that taste could suggest and money reach to improve on nature's grandeur. His success was complete. Winding walks and stairways, parapets and balconies, grottoes and flower beds, groves

of trees and vine-hung arbors, follow one another from the base to the summit, while upon the west, at the edge of a precipice 800 feet high, is a miniature castle and a lovely little chapel, in whose crypt Vicunae McCenna has asked that his bones be laid. Below the chapel 300 or 400 feet, on the opposite side of the hill, is a level place on which a restaurant and out-door theatre have been erected. Here on summer nights come the population of the city to eat ices, drink beer, and laugh at the farces played upon the stage, while bands of music and dancing make the people merry. This is the resort of the aristocracy, while the poor people go to Cousifo Park at the other end of the Alameda, drink *chica*, and dance the *cuaca* (pronounced *qua-*), the Chillano national dance.

At the other end of the Alameda are the Exposition grounds and Horticultural Gardens, laid out in good style and improved to the highest degree of landscape architecture. There is a fine stone and glass building—a miniature copy of the Crystal Palace in London—used as the National Museum of Chili, whose contents were mostly stolen from Peru during the late war. A Zoological Garden has been added to exhibit the animals brought from Peru, like the curiosities of the museum, as contraband of war. The elephant died from the severity of the climate, two of the lions are missing from the same cause, and the rest of the menagerie are suffering from exposure and cold to which they are unaccustomed.

The Opera-house at Santiago is owned by the city government, and is claimed to be the finest structure of the sort in all America. It certainly surpasses any we have in the United States in size, arrangement, and gorgeousness. It is built upon the Euro-

pean plan, with four balconies, three of which are divided off into boxes, upholstered in the most luxurious manner. The balconies are supported on brackets, so that there are no pillars to obstruct the view. The boxes are sold at auction for the season each year, under the direction of the Mayor, and the receipts given in whole or in part as a subsidy to the opera management.

Everywhere one goes in Santiago and other cities in Chili are to be seen the ornaments of which Peru was so mercilessly plundered — statuary and fountains, ornamental street lamps, benches of carved stone in the parks and the Alameda, and almost everything that beautifies the streets. Transports which were sent up* to Callao with troops brought back cargoes of pianos, pictures, furniture, books, and articles of household decoration, stolen from the homes of the Peruvians. Lamp posts torn up by the roots, pretty iron fences and images from the cemeteries, altar equipments of silver from the churches, statuary from the parks and streets, and everything that the hands of thieves and vandals could reach, were stolen.

Clocks were taken from the steeples of the churches, one of which now gives time to the market-place of Santiago, and even effigies of the saints were lifted from the altars and stripped of the embroideries and jewels they had received from their devotees. In the court-yard of the Post-office at Santiago are two statues of marble which cause the American tourist to start in surprise, for George Washington and Abraham Lincoln stand like unexpected ghosts before him. Their presence is not announced in any of the guide-books, which is accounted for by the fact that they, like almost everything else of the kind in Chili, were brought from Peru.

But the new hotel is the finest ornament in Santiago in the eyes of foreigners who have been compelled to stop at the old ones. It is a magnificent structure, with \$300,000 worth of furniture from Paris, and a \$5,000 cook from the same place. The rooms all have grates for fires, which is an innovation, and are furnished as handsomely as any of the hotels in New York, while the restaurant is as good as Delmonico's.

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

FADED.

THIS night a year ago I lay
 Within the wreath which crowned her hair;
 The hall with lute and lamp was gay,
 And she was fairest of the fair
 With me she left the sound and light,
 A noble squire was at her side,
 They lingered 'neath the dark cool night,
 "And will you be," quoth he, "my
 bride?"
 I saw their lips together meet,
 I felt his fingers round my stem —
 "Behold, I snatch this token, sweet,
 A rose-bud from thy diadem."

Yet here to-night again I lie
 Beside my lady where she grieves:
 The quick tear from her brimming eye
 Falls brightly on my tattered leaves.
 No blushing sweets I now disclose,
 Long since have color and fragrance fled,
 And ah! the love that snatched a rose,
 Ev'n as the rose is dry and dead.
 Shall glory to the bud return,
 Though drench'd with heaven's sweetest
 rain?
 Or can the hottest tears that burn
 Bid withered passion bloom again?

L. J. G.

THE CAUSE OF CHARACTER.

IT MAY be taken for granted that almost everybody has a character, be the same more or less good, bad or indifferent, as the case may be. The exception, in fact, need only be made in favor of imbecile persons and idiots, who usually possess no character at all to speak of, or whose character is, at least, of a decidedly negative and uninteresting variety. Even those good people whom the uncompromising Scotch law describes with charming conciseness as "furious or fatuous," and delivers over to the cognizance of their "proximate agnate," must needs possess at least so much of character as is implied in the mere fact of their furiousness or of their fatuity, as circumstances may determine. And, furthermore, roughly speaking, no two of these characters are ever absolutely identical. The range of idiosyncrasy is practically infinite. Just as out of two eyes, one nose, a single mouth, and the chin with the appendages thereof, hirsute or otherwise, the whole vast variety of human faces can be built up, with no two exactly alike; so, out of a few main mental traits variously combined in diverse fashions, the whole vast variety of human character can be mixed and compounded to an almost infinite extent. Every child on the average represents one-half its father and one-half its mother. It is a Jones in this, and in that a Robinson. Here it takes after its grandfather the earl, and there it resembles its grandmother the washerwoman. These traits it derives from the distinguished De Montmorencies, and those from the family of the late lamented Mr. Peace the burglar. But, on the whole, however diversly and curiously

the various individual peculiarities may be compounded, it is at bottom a Robinson-Jones, a complex of all its converging strains, its diverse noble and ignoble ancestors. It represents a cumulative effect of antecedent causes, all of which it shares equally on an average with every one of its brothers and sisters. How does it happen, then, suggests the easy objector, that two brothers or two sisters, born of the same father and mother, twins it may even be, "are often more unlike each other in character and mental qualities than any two ordinary strangers?" Well, the answer simply is, it doesn't happen. Make sure of your facts before you begin to philosophize upon them. Children of the same parents are always very much like one another in all essential fundamentals; they may differ a good deal among themselves, but their differences are really and truly as nothing compared with the vast complexity of their resemblances. The case of twins, in fact, is a peculiarly unfortunate one to allege in this respect, for Mr. Galton has collected an immense mass of evidence tending to show that just as twins usually resemble one another, almost indistinguishably in face and feature, so do they resemble one another almost as narrowly in character and intellect. Still, there is such a thing as idiosyncrasy, and the reason for its existence is a very simple one. Each separate human being, it is true, is on the average an equal compound of his father and his mother, his grandfathers and grandmothers; but not necessarily or even probably the same compound. Father and mother have each in their being myriads of traits,

both mental and physical, any one of which may equally happen to be handed down to any of their children. And the traits handed down from each may not happen to be by any means always the same in the same family. Though each child resembles equally on the average both father and mother, yet this child may resemble the father in this, and that child in that; each may combine in any possible complexity of intermixture traits, derived from either at random. Here, for example, are an English father with light hair and blue eyes; a Spanish mother with black locks, an iris dark as night, and a full olive-colored southern complexion. Clearly, the children may differ indefinitely in appearance, some with darker eyes, some with lighter; some as men may grow dark-brown beards, and some may have black whiskers and hazel eyes, and clear half-Spanish dusky skin. One may have wavy hair like the mother, yet almost as light in hue as the father's; another may have it rather straight, but dark. Similarly, too, with the features. It is just the same, be sure in mental matters. There are family characters and family intelligences, as there are family faces and family figures. Each individual member of the brood has his own variety of this typical character, but in all its basis is more or less presistent, though one any particular trait, even the most marked, may be wanting, or actually replaced by its exact opposite. Still, viewing the family idiosyncrasies as a whole, each member is pretty sure to possess a very considerable number of peculiarities more or less in common with all the remainder. Why is it, then, that most people won't admit their own essential unity and identity of character with their

brothers and their sisters, their cousins and their aunts? Vanity, vanity, pure human vanity, is at the bottom of all their violent reluctance. Every man flatters himself at heart that he possesses an immense number of admirable traits not to be found in any other and inferior members of his own family. Those spurious imitations may indeed resemble him somewhat in the rough, as coarse pottery resembles egg-shell porcelain; but they lack that delicacy, that refinement, that native grace and finishing touch of character which distinguish himself, the cream and the flower of his entire kindred, from all the rest of a doubtless worthy but very inferior family. Mr. Galton's exhaustive paper upon the habits and manners of the common twin is an admirable example of the precise results that may be obtained by such minute and accurate objective study of hereditary peculiarities. For it must always be remembered that two brothers ought by nature to resemble one another far more closely than father and son. People often wonder why such-and-such a great man's son should not be a great man also; they ought, if logical, rather to ask why his brothers and sisters were not all of them equally great men and women. I will not insult the intelligence of the reader by pointing out to him why this should be — why the father's traits in such a case should be diluted just one-half by the equal intermixture derived from the mother. For the same reason, of course, two sisters ought by nature to resemble one another far more closely than mother and daughter. Again, a son ought on the average to resemble his father in character somewhat more closely than he resembles his mother, because in the one case the identity of sex will cause certain

necessary approximations, and in the other case the diversity of sex will cause certain necessary divergencies. If character results in the same way I say it does—if it is a product of the interaction of two independent sets of factors, derived equally on the whole from father and mother—then it will follow that, mentally and physically, twins will far more closely resemble one another than ordinary brothers and sisters do. Now, does the case of twins bear out in actual fact this debated deductive conclusion? Common experience tells us that it does, and Mr. Galton has supplemented that

fallible and hasty guide by the most rigorous inductive collection of instances. The result of his investigation is simply this: that many twins do actually behave under similar circumstances in almost identical manners, that their characters often come as close to one another as it is possible for the characters of two human beings to come, and that even where the conditions of later life have been extremely different, the original likeness of type often persists to the very end, in spite of superficial variations in style or habit of living.

From the North American Review.

CONCERNING SHAKESPEARE.

IN THE year 1564, in the town of Stratford-on-Avon, England, was born a child whose name was William Shakespeare. His place of birth, parentage, and many incidents of the domestic life of his family are well attested. Many incidents of his early boyhood, favorable and otherwise, are also well proven. His early marriage with a lady older than himself, his departure for London, and his arrival there are not to be gainsaid. We know positively that he became an actor in London; a companion and partner in theatrical enterprises with other men, and whose labors are not denied by contemporaries as of a value increasing year by year. Contemporary writers extol his genius as a playwright while living; and, in the maturity of his years and powers, he retires to his native town; becomes the largest landed proprietor in the place; dies there in the full possession of his facul-

ties in 1616; is buried in the picturesque church of his native town under its very altar—the most honorable and conspicuous place in that temple; and over his grave, his widow surviving him, causes to be placed a copy of his features and some touching allusions to his worth. In 1623 two of his surviving partners, fellow-actors and managers, venerating his genius and wishing that his labor should not be lost, collected from the acting copies in the theatre library, from quarters stolen or badly printed, his works, edited them in their poor way, and commended these “trifles” to posterity, in the timid hope that the applause of contemporary audiences might find an echo in the enduring admiration of other ages. A contemporary poet, who was also a fellow-actor, “rare old Ben” Jonson, in lines immortal, bequeathed the portrait of his rival to posterity.

These are the things that we know, and can lay our hands upon as proofs. Other confirming facts occur in testimony, as well in the sonnets as in the plays, and in the words of rivals and contemporaries. To sum up all, we may declare that we know of a man, William Shakespeare by name, born as above, moving to London as above, and writing and working there; dying as above, and being so spoken of and written about; and whose surviving works were collected, edited, and published by his fellow-actors, and given in type to the public which had known and applauded their author. What follows? For two centuries these works have been the study of the wise, the resource and delight of the scholar, and the growing solace of the people. Whole libraries have been written to clear up doubtful meanings in the text. Annotators and commentators have reached enduring fame in companionship with this "nature's child," and criticism has halted with reverence at the door which bears that immortal name. All nations have striven to make the plays of Shakespeare the text-book of their scholars, and all the boundaries of nationality have been obliterated to naturalize this universal genius. His characters have passed into realities, as life-like and true as if they had indeed lived, breathed, and had their beings. He has created symbols and characterized traits. He has so dealt with the great passions of human nature that his men and women are emblems. A whole gallery of his portraits would be the fac-similes of our world, and a catalogue of his passions would begin and end with all that the heart has ever felt. With small Latin and less Greek he has created a vocabulary by whose side

only one volume may be placed—the Bible. Confined within the watery band which clasps green England, his far-reaching vision overlooked her boundaries and saw his fellow-man as he lived in all lands. Ignorant of mere geographical outlines, his knowledge and measurement of the human heart and its wide range of emotions was perfect and true. Untaught, perhaps, in that technical learning which makes more pedants than scholars, his marvelous visions penetrated deep into life's mystery, and [his feeling heart did the rest. Clear-minded and sane himself, he saw into the half-disturbed soul of the Royal Dane; into the "overturned vase of the mind of the fair Ophelia," and scaled the heights where uncrowned Lear forsook his reason and foreswore his kind. History in his hands becomes personified narrative, and the kings and queens, the noble and churl, the peasant and the dame of his own land passed by his clear sight and moved life-like into the field of his recording fancy, there to exist forever. His creations stand breast high with those of the Old and New Testaments, and when we have torn from the writers of the Bible their Moses, Isaiah, and Ecclesiastes, their evangelists and teachings, of the sacred text, we may then, and then only, be ready to deny his Hamlet and his Lear, his tender Imogen and moralizing Jaques, his gallery of Romans and the star-eyed Egyptian, to the "poor player" who lived and died, was buried, and who has come down to us as William Shakespeare.

Now, after two centuries and a half of this belief, we are called upon to reject, not the estimates which time has only deepened as to the works themselves, but the authenticity of their authorship. The poems, sonnets, and

plays, now passing as the works of Shakespeare, were not his work at all! In support of this theory, which is the seed-ground of many others, born of and growing out of it, we are offered conjectural negatives and distorted facts. It is necessary to declare that the plays and poems in question could not have been the work of Shakespeare, because of his place of birth, his condition in life, and of his scanty learning. When it can be proved that it is only the scholar and the antiquarian who gives us our works of Shakespeare and kindred blessings, we shall not only have corrected history, but we shall have acquired a new debt which ought to be repaid. If the author or authors of the first great epic, and the greatest (for the Shakespearean myth has a counter-

part here at the dawn of learning) were a university graduate, or a man of place or parts, we have no record of it, no note of the college which claimed him, of the nobility of which he was a member. The creator and founder of the Greek language was a minnesinger, whose blindness of sight did not dim the glories of that inward vision, which penetrated the hearts of men and spoke the history and romance of the land whence Delos rose and Phœbus sprung. We are not curious as to the literary acquirements or the social standing of Eschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides, the fathers of tragedy, but certainly Plato never claimed the authorship of their plays on the score of his philosophical wisdom, nor has that honor been awarded him.

LAWRENCE BARRETT.

THE FAMILY LIFE OF FISHES.

AMONG the nest-building fishes which inhabit German waters, the most interesting is the tiny "stickleback," whose life-history has been carefully studied. The home of this little animal is sometimes found in ditches, hanging among branches and twigs of plants; the nest is about the size of the average hand, and in structure and material bears a marked resemblance to the round nest of the titmouse.

It is a peculiar and remarkable fact that among the sticklebacks the hatching is done by the male and not by the female fish. The building of the nest, a task to which the male also attends, is an interesting event. For many days in succession the little animal, whose energy and perseverance are truly worthy of admiration, collects

its material, which consists of loose stalks, plant-shreds, root-fibres, and grass. These it assort's carefully, discarding all material that proves too light. It often drags along pieces exceeding its body in length, and sometimes with great exertion strips growing plants. All this material is worked up into a tangled mass, and layers of sand are scattered in between. The nest is rendered firm by a glue-like juice, which the little mason excretes after the completion of each layer, gliding slowly over the structure; this causes the separate parts of the nest to adhere closely together. The whole, when completed, has the appearance of a sand hill, and is detected with much difficulty.

While at work the fish rarely par-

takes of any food; it seems that during this blissful period of its existence it finds no pleasure in such everyday events, but with intense animosity it drives back any jealous rivals, larvæ, salamanders, or water-bugs, which cross its path, sometimes with evil, sometimes with harmless intentions. After the troublesome hatching-time is over, the anxious papa still continues to care for his numerous offspring; by day and by night he watches over them, and drives away all creatures whose approach seems dangerous. This unremitting watchfulness ceases only when his young are able to raise their weapons of defense and have become somewhat acquainted with their surroundings. Any inquisitive little one venturing too far away is quickly sent home, and it actually happens that those who are very disobedient

are imprisoned in the nest. The home-life of these little animals really presents an abundance of interesting and touching traits.

To study the family of fishes which inhabit the ocean and sea-gulfs is naturally more difficult, and rarely proves as successful as observation extended to the inhabitants of our fresh-water lakes, rivers, and streams; but by the co-operation of naturalists, fishermen, and sailors, many events happening in the deep seas have been observed that afford a further insight into the life and the habits of fishes. In former times fishes were considered mute, impassive, and possessed of but little intelligence: nowadays we know that in these respects they can claim to rank as equals with many inhabitants of *terra firma*.

THE IMPORTANCE OF RECREATION.

THERE is such a thing as holding a small and comparatively unimportant object so closely before the eyes that a whole landscape is obscured. Every man has his own idea of success, whether it be political honor, professional distinction, social eminence, or the humbler ambitions that make life sweet, and he sees nothing but this. The fact that life is short is continually forced upon us, but instead of being sobered to choose wisely from its fleeting opportunities we rush on the more wildly, each one following his own rainbow of promise, until he arrives at the end of his pursuit, to find the sun gone down, the mists closing in about him. It does not matter for the present purpose, whether a man has chosen

success as an animal or as a man, for, in the world, the natural and the spiritual are so bound together that the physical basis is ordinarily the same. In either case, he sets to work to thwart his own ends by neglect of his physical nature, a troublesome self, it may be, but a companion nevertheless, with whom he must rejoice and suffer all the days of his life. We should not expect a carpenter to succeed who builds a house without understanding how it ought to be done; but we construct our lives without practical knowledge of the conditions that govern them, and wonder that we fail to make them happy and beautiful. There is an oddly prevalent notion that nature's laws are not inexorable,

and that there will be some exception made in our favor, if we do not conform to her rules of living; but nature is a merciless punisher of broken laws, and, if to some, by virtue of an especially hardy constitution, she grants immunity upon longer terms, the payment is deferred, not cancelled. Should a man break into our house and steal our goods, the plea that he did not know that there was a law forbidding house-breaking, would not save him from jail. Nor is nature less rigorous to ignorant than to wilful culprits.

Bad drainage, insufficient exercise, tight lacing and too much clothing, the lack of fresh air and sunlight in our houses and work-shops, are all on the list of our transgressions, and until these sanitary regulations are observed, we shall fail to secure the "sound mind in the sound body," which has been regarded as the *summum bonum* of earthly happiness, since the days when the wise old Greeks built their gymnasia, and taught their children how to use both mind and body. But Americans suffer more from worry and overwork than from other causes. We are ambitious, but it is the "vaulting ambition that o'er-leaps itself," rather than self-contained, self-measuring effort. Rest is an imperative necessity, and if we do not take it in moderation day by day, there will come an inconvenient time when we shall be obliged to take it for a lengthened period.

There is a homely saying among the fishermen, "that those who will not mend their nets will soon be unable to catch fish;" and one is seldom found so improvident as to let a hole grow larger and larger until the net is useless.

The nearest approach to absolute

rest is sleep, and of this, every man, woman and child should have abundance, proportioned to his constitution and occupation; but there is a relative rest, quite as important and more neglected by most busy men and women, this rest is recreation.

The "I haven't time" excuse, although as popular as ever, is sadly threadbare. A man owning property can afford to invest a thousand dollars though he withdraw it from active business, if he is sure that the money will double itself. We all have twenty-four hours every day to invest, and if one hour withdrawn from business can be better invested, is it not a wise thing to do it? One or two hours spent in reading will prove in the long run a very profitable investment of time. It is idle folly to think that "we haven't time to read," when we spend several hours every day that are less profitable, and less restful and relaxing than if spent in reading.

Relaxation, however, to be profitable, must be whole-hearted. It is not rest for the business man to bring his affairs and worries home with him. It is not rest for the student to brood over theories and formulas when he walks, neither is it rest to take one's fears and anxieties to our friend's table. If we have no heart to throw off these burdens, we should make the effort in spite of ourselves. We have been bound to our cares as the convict is to his ball and chain, and it is time to master circumstances, instead of being their slaves.

Mental states are more dependent upon the physical condition than we are inclined to think. Irritability means over-strained nerves; "blues" and "black butterflies" are other names for indigestion and poor circulation. Recreation, it is to be remem-

bered, is neither dissipation, nor yet absence of activity. Complete change of thought is relaxation; and Hood is quoted by a recent writer as saying that the Quaker always enjoys his life, for he makes a pleasure of his business and a business of his pleasure.

The rest that simple wholesale recreation gives, is at once a good medicine and the ounce of prevention worth a pound of cure. We need, none the less, our operas and comedies, but they should be purer in tone and plot. Light literature should not be denied its place upon our bookshelves,

but it should be clean in purpose and not unhealthfully spiced. Gymnasiums ought to be established and liberally supported, while healthful sports for mind and body should be encouraged, that the saddest of mankind need not be denied the tonic of a hearty laugh.

Let us be wise in our day and generation, while mending "the holes in our nets." Americans may then, instead of the prematurely broken-down men and women, be the healthiest and happiest, as well as dwellers in the most progressive nation in the world.

From Chambers' Journal.

A LAND LEAGUE INCIDENT.

ON A fine afternoon in the month of September, 1881, I was called from a game of lawn-tennis at my house in a midland county of Ireland, and told by a servant that my neighbor, Mr. Bell, wished to see me. That gentleman was a small landowner who occupied a demesne farm, the remainder of the estate being let to tenants. They were not in bad circumstances; several of them were even wealthy, for their station in life, and much better off than their landlord, whose property was encumbered. But Mr. Bell had been called on, nevertheless, to grant an abatement in the rents; this he refused to do, and he was therefore boycotted. The unwritten law of the Land League was enforced against him, and he suffered much petty persecution. On one occasion he sent pigs to be sold at a fair held in a market-town seven miles away; and as soon as the animals had been taken out of the cart and placed on the street, they were surrounded by a silent crowd and daubed with mud: that was

the "brand of the League." No buyer would then even ask their price; they were effectually tabooed. The crowd dispersed as quickly and quietly as it had assembled; and the police could do nothing to help the unfortunate owner, who was forced to take the pigs back to his farm and incur the expense of sending them afterwards to a distant market.

One of my stable-men had also been visited with the vengeance of the League, on Mr. Bell's account. Knowing that he was short of hands, and that my man was an expert in hay-rickling, I sent the latter to help my neighbor. His work was soon completed, and he was absent only a few hours; but he had transgressed against the League law and assisted a boycotted individual. A few nights afterwards he was assaulted on his way home; and for six months following, he was guarded by two policemen every night from my house to his father's house, which was about a mile distant. Later on, and after the inci-

dent I am about to relate, his father, who is a small farmer, was roused at night by the barking of the house-dog, and saw from his window a party of men throwing down the stacks of oats in his haggard (stackyard). The poor man was afraid to go out, afraid also to identify any of the guilty parties. But as the stacks had been evidently thrown down maliciously, the grand jury of the county awarded him compensation; and the tax for payment of the sum granted fell on the district. In such cases, no doubt, some innocent people are made to pay for the guilt of others; but very many persons, although not among the actual perpetrators of the outrages, have a guilty knowledge of them, or at least know more about them than they will admit.

The tale Mr. Bell came to tell me was a strange one. A month previously, he sold a quantity of hay to a man who lived in the next parish and kept a small roadside grocer's shop. The buyer paid in cash for the hay, and had stacked it for winter use at his own house. But a procession of carts six or eight in number had that afternoon brought the hay back, and the men who drove them unloaded the carts and left the hay in Mr. Bell's field in a pile near the public road. It appeared that Mr. Bell did not himself see the carts. He was told by one of his servants that the men in charge of them said that the hay was sent back "by order of the League, for it was against the League laws to buy hay or anything else from a boycotted person." There was no demand made, either then or subsequently, for the money that had been paid for the hay. The unlucky shopkeeper bore his loss without open complaint. I took occasion to express to him my surprise that he should endure the tyranny of the

League, and suffer both in pocket and in the estimation of all men who despised cowardice. But he replied that to act otherwise than he did would have been ruin to him. He had transgressed, and must pay the penalty. I advised Mr. Bell to serve a notice on the shopkeeper, stating that the hay could not be allowed to remain in the field, and that if it was not removed within a few days he should consider it to be abandoned, and would dispose of it as he saw fit; and I added that he might properly use or sell the hay if the notice produced no effect. Nobody would meddle with the "boycotted hay!" Even Mr. Bell, who was a timid man, was influenced by the mysterious power of the League, and would not touch it. The hay remained in the field where it had been flung, during the winter, exposed to rain and storm; but none of it was carried off, although the poor owners of donkeys, and other cotters near, must often have looked wistfully at the derelict pile of fodder. The winter passed, and in the spring Mr. Bell ventured to gather the mass, now lessened in bulk and beginning to rot, into a large lump or shapeless stack. In that form it remained for two years longer, slowly decreasing in size as the fibre decayed, and an object of interest and curiosity to passers-by. There is a considerable traffic on the road, and the "boycotted hay" became one of the lions of the county. Not until Mr. Bell had been fortunate enough to sell his estate and transport himself and his family to Australia, did the diminished and now most unsightly heap disappear. The new owner carted what remained of it to the manure-pit, and the district lost what had long been a familiar object, and afforded a striking and tangible proof of the power of the Land League.

THE KING OF TERRORS.

WHY should we breathe the sigh of fear
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sighs,
Nor soften at the tearful eyes;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be sealed in sleep.

To a contemplative mind there is a melancholy pleasure in a summer evening ramble through a cemetery. At this quiet hour what a calm serenity pervades these beautiful homes of the dead! The throbbing of the day's great heart is fluttering faint and low, and twilight, that hour of romance and poetic sentiment, is draping the world in mellow tints and weird fantastic shadows. As we muse among the different mounds and peruse the inscriptions on the sculptured marble, which in nearly every instance breathes some assurance of future felicity, we are constrained to wonder what may be the dreams of the quiet slumberers beneath who have been paralyzed by that unknown sleep, that since the world was, has been named death. But in vain. From the dumb and speechless lips of the inhabitants of this "silent city" no information can be gleaned of that far away land where mortals wearied with the world are supposed to find eternal rest. The wandering night winds bear upon their restless wings no echoes from the far-off shore. Charon's ferry boat, that phantom bark, still crosses the dark flowing Styx and disappears freighted with its ghostly passengers into the shadowy realms beyond. Eagerly we watch the departing voyagers till the keel grates upon the strand of the unknown shore, but our waiting anticipation for the welcome tidings of "all well" is rewarded by neither voice nor cry. Fain would we banish from our minds

the reflection that sooner or later we must bow beneath the summons of this unwelcome spectre over whose visitations rivers of tears have been shed, whose footprints are on every hill, whose shadow is on every hearth. It is the irreversible decree, the momentous topic that tinges the transient hours of gaiety with a vague unspoken sadness. For a brief season we revel in the elysium bowers and flowery fields of life, hovering for a moment around its varied scenes of sweetness and finally vanish like a wandering breath of air. No other farewell parting is so bitter, so unresigned as that one caused by death. Yonder mother, kneeling on a little mound on which the daisies have bloomed and faded many successive springs, is haunted by the memories of the parting scene, when the last sigh of the glad young life was yielded up, and "death's oose had gathered in little bubbles on the lips." Despite the assuring consolation that "it is well with the child," maternal nature asserts itself and with outstretched arms and wet, imploring eyes she calls the lost one back. The ideal portraits representing the parting scenes engraved on the memorial tablets exhumed from ancient Grecian tombs are touching evidences of the spirit of profound sadness which inspired these people in the gloomy advent of death. Sculptured forms of surpassing elegance with seraphic features tinged with an expression of mournful resignation hover lovingly about the departing one with every indication of the most tender and sympathetic woe. The grief of these parting scenes was doubtless enhanced by their melancholy impressions in respect

to the future state, for we are informed that "both to the Homeric Greeks and the Greeks of the time of Pericles, the life to come was never anything more than a shadowy echo of the life upon earth." In respect to the great problem of death and life beyond it is interesting to compare the fancies and beliefs of the noted men of ancient and modern times. The forbodings of Anacreon, the gay voluptuary to whom life appears to have been naught but a delightful dream, were, as the end approached, of the most gloomy and melancholy nature. In Bourne's translation we find these mournful reflections of the old Greek lyrist in view of his approaching dissolution :

Oh, how my soul with terror shrinks,
 Whene'er my startled fancy thinks
 Of Pluto's dark and gloomy cave,
 The chill, the cheerless, gaping grave!
 When death's cold hand hath closed these
 eyes!
 And stifled life's last struggling sighs,
 In darkness and in dust must I,
 Alas! forever — ever lie.

Both Eschylus and Sophocles in expatiating on the hereafter dipped their pencils in colors of gloom, depicting the life to come as but a sorry reproduction of the one on earth, and Euripides outstripped the audacity of modern infidelity by even hoping that there would be no future state. It is astonishing that the ancient Greeks, a people remarkable for their enlightenment, and whose knowledge of the fine arts was the wonder and admiration of the world and the very fragments of whose sculptured statues are yet precious, could entertain such wavering opinions in regard to the future destiny of man.

"I will have nothing to do with your mortality, we are miserable enough in this life without the absurdity of speculating upon another," writes the

skeptical and petulant Byron to the Rev. F. Hodgson, ever his cordial and indulgent friend. At another time he remarked: "I deny nothing but doubt everything."

The gruff and formidable Samuel Johnson must have been of far more delicate sensibilities than was usually accorded to him, for it is said that his peculiar dread of death was so great as to border closely on emotional insanity. His biographer informs us that in his last years he was frequently heard muttering to himself the passionate complaint of Claudio, "Ah, but to die and go we not whither!" However, on his death bed he begged his friend Reynolds "to read the Bible and never to paint on Sundays."

In a letter from Burns to his life-long friend, the venerable Mrs. Dunlop, with whom the erratic poet's correspondence is stamped with an ingenuous sincerity, we find these lines in regard to his ideas of a life beyond the grave: "Religion, my dear friend, is a true comfort! a strong persuasion in a future state of existence; a proposition so obviously probable that, setting revelation aside, every nation and every people so far as investigation has reached for at least near four thousand years, have in some mode or other firmly believed it. In vain would we reason or pretend to doubt. I have myself done so to a very daring pitch; but when I reflected that I was opposing the most ardent wishes and the most darling hopes of good men, and flying in the face of all human belief in all ages, I was shocked at my own conduct."

Touching the probabilities of a future life, how firm and hopeful are the vindications of Germany's greatest genius, Goethe, who says: "When one has reached sixty-five one cannot

help thinking sometimes on death. But this thought leaves me perfectly calm, for I have a firm conviction that the soul is an absolutely indestructible essence, which will continue to exist from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which disappears from our mortal eye, but which in reality never disappears, but ceaselessly gives light in its progress."

For hopeful and joyous faith from one who was in love with the life on earth, and surcharged with a rare enthusiasm at the prospect of a glorious hereafter, harken again to the words of another bright star in the galaxy of genius, Victor Hugo: "You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why then is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world which invites me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song — I have tired all; but

I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland, because the truth compels me as it compelled Voltaire, that human divinity. My work is only a beginning, my monument is hardly above its foundation: I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity".

George D. Prentice, the poet-editor, embalms his faith in the hereafter in the following beautiful lines: "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast upon the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its surface, and then go into nothingness and darkness forever. We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the stars shall be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings, that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever."

SAM PARKER.

From Demorest's Monthly,

FOR THE MOTHERS.

WHEN Lydia Newman's old Quaker uncle saw that she had fastened her pretty little Newport ties with poppy-red ribbon, he frowned and told her it was not seemly. But Lydia laughed. "I don't care for them myself," she said, "but I want

my little boy to remember that his mother wore red bows on her shoes."

The reason was worse than the offense, the old Friend retorted, and so Lydia received a lecture, but she kept the ribbons. And who does not remember the pretty things that "Mo-

ther" wore! Her dainty laces, the pale lilac dresses, the scent of violets, the rose tucked under the lace in her breast, seem half divine when they become but memories to us. "Mother" is "mother," be she gentle or rough; but what a different ideal we have when we recall how proud we were when we brought our friends home from school and rather surprised them with her pretty, graceful ways. Her hair was so soft, her eyes so tender; she talked so well and knew how to make a boy feel at home. It is not necessary to make excuses for her and say she was so busy. The boys themselves praised her, and we felt sorry for them because we knew they must feel how much sweeter and prettier she was than theirs could be.

It is wise for a mother to take time to dress and be fair in her children's eyes; to read for their sake, to learn to talk well and to live in to-day. The circle the mother draws around her is more wholesome for the child than the one he has to make for himself, and she is responsible for his social surroundings. It is not easy to be the child's most interesting companion and to make home his strongest magnet, but the mothers who have done this have been the mothers of good men.

THE CHILDREN'S EYES.

Take care of the children's eyes, especially while they are attending school. Schoolrooms are often poorly arranged, seldom well lighted. Nothing will so quickly ruin the eyesight of a child and bring upon him years of pain and misery as studying in a stooping attitude and in a dimly-lighted room.

The light should not shine directly on the face, nor from the back, but

from the side. In reading or studying the head should be held erect. Bending forward or over causes the blood to fill up the blood-vessels of the eye, causing distension and an unnatural condition. When reading by lamp or gaslight, let the light fall over the shoulder on to the book. This protects the eye from the glare and at the same time thoroughly illuminates the page.

Too little attention is paid by parents and teachers to this matter. How many parents have ever seen the room in which their child spends half of his waking hours? How many take the trouble to suggest to the child a change of position when she sees him busily engaged with a book, elbows on the table, head bent down and the light full in his face? Not very many; not one out of a thousand.

The examinations of thousands of students in various countries show conclusively that the eyeball has a tendency to become elongated and near-sighted; one German observer reporting an increase in the percentage from twelve, in the primary schools, to sixty-two in the university; and when it is conceded that this change is produced by persistent application in near work and is attended by an attenuation of the coats of the eyeball at its posterior pole, with changes of structure visible by the ophthalmoscope, constituting permanent disease and frequent loss of sight, it will readily be believed that such overstrain must be most injurious and should be averted by all mechanical or hygienic precautions. The too early commencement of school life, the confinement of children to rooms deficient in ventilation and the enforcement of tasks upon the eyes on badly printed books in rooms not sufficiently lighted,

may be mentioned as evils of great magnitude.

These efforts to compel a defective apparatus to perform efficient work, lead to chronic inflammation of the lids and external parts and to dangerous changes in the interior of the globes; the eyes may become hot, sensitive to light or painful, or there may be headache more or less severe over the brow, through the temples or in the back of the neck and head, which has only recently been ascertained to be caused by eye strain. Reading then becomes laborious, if not impossible, advantages of education cannot be embraced, or congenial pursuits are abandoned for those in which success may never be attained.

SOME NOTIONS FOR MOTHERS.

"Well, I just did not enjoy my visit there one bit, for one of us had to hold baby every minute to keep her out of mischief. There was not even an empty spool offered her to play with."

So said a young mother to me awhile ago, and it is a fairly good text for the preachment of some notions as to a duty owed to even "other folks' babies." We know very well, and have been amused sometimes at seeing how nervous people feel lest other folks' babies do damage to some of their possessions. Our little folks are very unfortunate in always doing their worst when they are most unwelcome, as most mothers can confess, and to mothers I confess I do not care to work harder to get a visit than I do at home. It is a good plan to take along a few favorite toys and a picture book when going where there are no children; then let baby find them for itself in the handbag and it is tolerably sure to enjoy them and be content. There

is one caution in place, right here. If baby is not allowed to touch everything in the home parlor it will not want to do so away from home, and every mother can provide her child with some half dozen light toys or a picture book as its "go a visiting toys," just as she keeps a special dress or apron for state occasions.

Now the other side of the case. It is a small matter and as "more evil is wrought from want of thought than ever from want of heart," a suggestion may be acceptable. In every well regulated house there should be a box or basket into which the housekeeper may toss picture almanacs, a stump of lead pencil, some large empty spools not on a string, put a ball of string with them, an empty spool box and a few large odd buttons, bits of bright calico or silk and a split clothes pin or two, or, if she feels generous, half a dozen good clothes pins, some advertising cards and an empty salt bag or even a paper bag or two. Then if a child comes in the whole lot can be set out without a pang, to be used and abused at will; all clean things easily gathered up and tucked away for the next time and not any the worse, if finger marked or broken or torn, for the diversion of the next child. If time admits, the clothes pins may be dressed in the calico scraps and make cunning dollies for baby girls. Once a basket is set apart for such a purpose many odds and ends will find their way into it. If you actually have nothing to give a child to amuse it an hour, it is worth a moment's consideration and a dozen corn cobs will do to begin with right away. A raisin box makes a good stool for a child. If a bit of carpet is neatly tacked over, it adds to its appearance and comfort, or if it has a lid

fitted over all the edges it may be used as a place of deposit for the aforesaid traps as well as for a stool.

How I have always longed to build a house in which one lower room could be set apart for the children, where they could have a long low table for odd papers, and pencils and slates and books, and knives and tools of all sorts in table drawers that should pull out on one side for boys, the other side for girls; a drawer for each child and in it all their trash. Shelves around the walls for collections of things children admire and cull from the family refuse, comfortable low chairs and lounges and cushions, and places for pet cats and dogs too. I should enjoy it as much as the little folks, but cannot realize it, as the actual necessities of life come first, and the little folks find room somewhere and grow up and push out into the great world to their life work. We hope they may never find any place where they can say greater enjoyment is found than at home with their childish plays.

SPENDING-MONEY FOR BOYS.

There are few things harder for parents to decide than the question as to whether their boys shall have or shall not have a regular or irregular allowance of money, to spend as they choose. We have all, probably, seen both plans tried, both fail, both succeed.

Like a good many others, this question does not stand alone. It has to be governed by the same principle that governs all the moral training of our boys; is part, only, of a large plan for the development of character.

To say that some boys are the better for having money to spend unquestioned, and that some are worse, that parents must watch characteristics

and judge wisely, is no help at all. We all know that.

Some are naturally honorable and self-controlled, some the reverse. Some will seem to grow up well under either treatment. Others will need the careful, thoughtful guiding, and will respond to it; while they would fail woefully for the lack of it.

But, unless you are *very sure* that your boy is better for the free allowance, if you have any uncertainty about the matter, there are several good reasons why it is better to have him go without.

Two principles are good to inculcate at an early age. The first is "Earn and have." Let the boy feel that his father and mother earn what they have; that they have the right to spend it as they choose, for need or pleasure; that he has not the right to take and use, for needless, unadvised pleasure, what he has not earned; that, because he was not the earner, he must be accountable for all he uses.

The second principle is that home, food, clothing, and education are full compensation for all he can give of faithfulness, industry, obedience, earnest study, and good habits. Whatever else parents give is of their special kindness, and not to be viewed by the boy as his due. Many heartaches would be saved if boys were made to feel these two principles in a right, broad, kind way from the beginning.

It is good to have such a wholesome relation between a boy and his parents that he can always feel free to go to them, ask for money to go to a specified place or buy a specified thing, get the money if it is right and be refused if it is wrong, and all in a reasonable way; or to give a boy an allowance and require an itemized account of its expenditure. Either way makes

the boy accountable to higher authority, and helps growth in wisdom and care. Be sure you watch closely in either case to see if your boy's word is to be relied upon. Do not be suspicious, but be watchful. It is not good for a boy to feel suspicion, but it is good for him to feel watchfulness.

One good reason why boys should not have free spending money is that it enables them to go into places that they otherwise would not enter. Money is a key to bad doors as well as to good, and somehow slips easier into the bad doors. I *must* stay out of certain places if I have not the money to get in. A second reason is that boys who do not have free spending money are not apt to be favorites with bad boys. "I love you for yourself alone" is not apt to be the ruling bond of friendship between a bad boy and another, bad or good. Money helps along a pernicious friendship very rapidly.

Temptations multiply with money and unaccountability. Even little indulgences, not absolutely wrong in themselves, grow upon a boy until they weaken body or character. Such things as quantities of candy, frequent lunches at unseasonable hours, a surplus of neckties and kid gloves, a variety of scarf pins and hats, and even the habit of easy, frequent gift-giving that means nothing of self-sacrifice to the giver, are things far from desirable.

Some persons feel that when a boy begins to earn money in small sums,

as some of our boys do at an early age, he should have that to spend freely and without account. If the boy goes away from home he must do this; it is almost the only way. But, if he stays at home, it is very unwise not to make him pay a portion of his wages toward his board, even if he earns only two or three dollars a week. Be sure he will value the home more highly for abiding by the principle, "Earn and have."

I know one father who saw with satisfaction his boys spend their money in taking nice young girls out to places of amusement, giving them flowers and other gifts, and thought how much better that was than spending their evenings off with the boys. So it seemed. But no money was put into the home, and naturally, none into the bank; mother and sister were less in their minds and actions than the girls they escorted; tastes grew extravagant; wrong ideas of life were gained; evenings at home were deemed stupid and grew fewer. And all this tended toward a weakening of character and depraving of taste. The boys became worthless, dissipated young men, and are hopeless problems to their father to-day.

Watchful guidance, discriminating judgment, are to be used always; but it is better to err by too strict a denial of money freedom than to put the temptation of unaccountability in the way of our growing young men.



SANITATION.

II.

BOARDS of Health provided for by State and Territorial enactments are of the first importance. For "the police power of the State," says Judge Redfield, "extends to the protection of the lives, limbs, health, comfort, and quiet of all persons, and the protection of all property within the State." It is clear then there is no constitutional limitation barring hygienic legislation guaranteeing to the people the benefits directly and constantly of the applied principles of sanitary science. The essential thing is that there should be a Territorial statute relating to public health. There would then be (1) a Territorial Board; (2) County Boards; (3) City Boards; (4) Local or Town Boards. We would then have an efficiently organized force of public benefactors. The law for the protection of the public health should be as sweeping and enforcing as the criminal law. As guardians of the public health an unwritten duty of the members of a board of sanitation is to arouse and maintain the interest of the community in its work. With the assistance and co-operation of citizens, the members of a board acting temperately, wisely, and firmly, may accomplish the most gratifying, progressive, and lasting results.

A personal influence may be exercised to secure a fuller study in our schools, of the precepts of sanitation. Let me emphasize the fact that there can be no more important nor practical branch of education than the knowledge of the laws of health, personal and public.

Officers of sanitary boards are the most important in our government;

they may mold the public health and morals, increase individual and national wealth, and assist in determining the standing of our nation with the nations of the world. Following out this line of reasoning, the future physician and architect will find employment of a correspondingly higher order in proportion as sanitary principles are presented, taught and applied. There is no greater work, there can be no nobler mission than that of systematic, effectual, progressive sanitation.

Sanitary workers are the energetic, progressive citizens of our best regulated cities; and the work is one in which all should share if all would be benefited equally.

It is a fact established by the records of prisons that premeditated crime is rarely perpetrated by those having good habits and sound health. The criminals are the drinkers, the licentious, the gluttonous, in a word, the intemperate—in fact the morbid—the abusers and not the users. For this reason all classes should interest themselves in sanitary work.

The accredited physicians whose history shows them always ready to encourage the cause of public health, and whose greatest need of praise is not in bringing the dying back to life, but in so arming the living in the paucity of health as to make them impregnable to the assaults of disease. "The gentlemen of the clerical profession, coming, as they do, in contact with the people in their homes, should be so imbued with the spirit of sanitary reform that in their visits among the people, general and local, they should strive to show the 'unwashed

sinner' that before the Bible comes the bath-tub, and that it did not save a sinner to contribute from his abundance to the salvation of the souls of the heathen, while he allowed the seeds of typhoid fever to percolate into the crystal depths of his neighbor's well."

"The journalist should feel it is his duty as a teacher of men to point out that the city of Hygeia is not located in some Utopia, but can be found anywhere in this broad land where men and women unite in laboring for the elimination of all preventable causes of diseases in their midst." There is still another class whose aid we would invoke, to use the more fitting words of another, "I have been brought, indeed, by experience to the conclusion that the future progress of the sanitary movement as relates to the family, rests for permanent support on the women of the country; the men of the house come and go, know little of the ins and outs of anything domestic, are guided by what they are told, and are practically of very little account in this regard. The women are conversant with every nook and corner of the dwelling, from basement to roof; and on their knowledge, wisdom, and skill, our hopes for domestic hygiene must rest. To women more than to men this work is new; to women more than to men this work is hard to realize. Naturally more conservative than men, they are moved with less haste to tasks of reformation and reconstruction. More sensitive to criticism than men, they are given at first to resent as if it were an insult to past customs and usages to which they are attached, the suggestion of innovation; but these passing difficulties removed, there is in the hearts of women such matchless generosity, such overpowering love for

every device tending to promote the happiness of all things of life, that we sanitarians may indeed be content for the future of sanitary science in its social aspects, if we do no more than win them to our cause and entrust its details to their ministering spell."

As sanitarians, what is our duty in performing sanitary work in the city in which we make our homes? One of the first things is to enter on the study of vital statistics as they relate to the city in which we live. We need to know something of the prevailing diseases in our city, whether of malarial origin or of the contagious nature; ascertaining these facts we can formulate some opinion as to whether they are preventable, and to what degree. The causes of death also merit our attention, but the sickness rate is of far graver import than the death rate. A study of the water supply of the city is one of the most important topics in the performance of sanitary work; is it from wells, irrigating canals, or public water-works? If you have a well supplying you, it is absolutely necessary to study the relationship existing between vaults, cesspools, surface washings and seepage, and the source of the water. Should there be a relation (and there generally is), remember such contamination will not conduce greatly to the purity of the crystal drops though in "moss covered buckets that come from the well."

In a certain town, a diagram of an ordinary block showed thirteen vaults, two cesspools, and five stables to pollute the soil, while six wells in the same block furnished inexhaustible supplies of clear, so called "pure" water; the soil was favorable, none of the vaults nor cesspools were tight, but allowed their contents to soak into the

ground. It is a common expression in some districts that the owner of a small piece of ground first digs three holes, one is a well, one is a cesspool, and one is for a vault; the well of course is the deepest of the three, and consequently receives the seepage from the others. Again, a person has a well of clear, and as he supposes pure water, but he notices that the water rises and falls according to the surface washings, showing that what he calls "well-water" is simply "surface water."

It is a common and dangerous idea that water percolating through the soil becomes thus purified, while as a matter of fact ordinarily it is simply strained of the coarser portions, holding the dangerous, deadly, contaminations in a state of perfect solution, prepared therefore for its readiest possible entrance through the vascular circulation into the interstitial; for the fluid in the general or external circulation though within the vessels and their minute ramifications traversing the body is still outside the tissues themselves. Nothing therefore could be more dangerously fallacious, for indeed it is an underlying principle of administration of all disease medicines (i. e. medicines natural to the system, either because they are ingredients

thereof, or are analogous to what is so, and which act by making up a deficiency in the system by being themselves the things deficient or similar thereto) that their efficacy, other things being equal, depends upon this essential condition, namely, perfect solution. Circumstances like the foregoing are to be found in any city; and if those interested in the health, vitality and prosperity of the young, especially, will but collate them and present them in graphic form to the people, they will naturally demand a remedy.

The question of the disposal of effete material without sewers is one of considerable difficulty, but it is practicable to set aside certain grounds, and ordaining that within such limits all material as would be deleterious to the public health should be removed by a licensed scavenger at short intervals after instant "dry disinfection;" and that *vaults and cesspools should be closed forever*. In fact it is fair to presume that the only practical manner of disposing of such manure is by the "dry disinfecting" plan. Approaching, though slowly, gradually, to the *use* as opposed to the *abuse* of everything tangible.

MILTON H. HARDY, M. D.
Provo, Utah.

From the Chautauquan.

HOW TO EDUCATE AND USE THE BRAIN.

THE brain is the chief or highest nerve-center, and is a double organ, having corresponding right and left halves, containing a number of centers or areas devoted to different purposes. It is a mass of soft, whitish material enclosed in the skull, through an

opening in the base of which it is directly continuous with the spinal cord. The smaller part of it, lying next the cord, is known as the little brain, or cerebellum, and seems to be the seat of co-ordination, or the power of controlling complicated and com-

pound muscular movements. When a man is slightly intoxicated, an approaching danger, such as a cab in the street, may be seen, and yet, though the man realizes that he must get out of the way and desires to do so, his muscles can not be co-ordinated into the proper movements of walking, and the result is staggering. The large upper part of the brain is the cerebrum, and consists of masses of gray matter joined together by nerve fibers or white matter. The gray matter is in a series of parts termed ganglia, connected below with the spinal cord and above with the highest ganglion of all, the sheet of gray substance on the surface of the brain. This is a layer of some thickness arranged in undulations, or convolutions, which greatly increase the extent of surface. It is not quantity of brain, but quantity and quality of gray matter, which is useful; and the scale of intelligence in animals corresponds with the complexity of the convolutions. The brain is the ruler of each man's little universe. It is the seat of consciousness and will, of memory, thought, and intellect, of emotion and sensation. With the brain cells we see, hear, taste, smell, feel, think, and will; and disease of them may make us blind or deaf, dull and apathetic, or irritable and fierce, forgetful or anxious, morose or foolishly fanciful. Madness is a bodily ailment; and, affecting this highest organ, is pre-eminently disease, unhealth, insanity. It is with these nerve cells, then, that we appreciate impressions from without, it is in them that the nervous force is stored, and it is from them that the nervous energy is discharged. Our duty to them is threefold; we must feed them, train them, and rest them. It would be well if we paid more attention to the physical causes

of laziness, stupidity, headaches, and feelings of illness generally, if it led the sufferers to review their conduct in the matter of food and fresh air, drinks and dress, cleanliness and exercise.

The brain can be trained just like the hand. This is the great subject of education. An empty head is an evil head; an untrained brain is a mischievous brain. The brain must be used all round, and perhaps the greatest danger of school education at present is that the memory is cultivated principally or almost alone. It is not walking encyclopædias that do good in the world, but skilled brains, able to think and not merely to remember. No teaching is likely to be of much permanent value which does not exercise other faculties of the mind, the reflection and judging powers, the power of giving undivided attention, and the power of taking pains. Interest in the work is essential to true progress, and the most enduring knowledge is that which we teach ourselves. Imagination should be stimulated by wholesome and stirring stories and all the wealth of poetry; and the will should be educated by forcing ourselves to do our duties promptly even when disagreeable, as they so often are. Habits are largely the result of training; the same part of the brain is used over and over again; the nervous energy travels the same set of fibers from the same center time after time, until ultimately it passes without any control and almost unconsciously. The painful efforts of learning an art in the end give an unnoticed mastery over it. Here is the danger of self-indulgence in any vice.

There is almost no limit to what you can teach yourself, if you try long enough. Time must always be given to the brain, and on this condition

patient perseverance will carry a student to almost any goal. Hurrying the little brains of children is to force a false pace except with the obviously lazy; but the bugbear of overpressure need not be feared so long as the principles controlling the health of the body generally are observed. Overpressure often means underfeeding.

Sleep is the rest of the brain, its great rest. A variation in work, a change of subject, is another kind of rest, the best rest often for the higher or intellectual centers; and an immense amount of mental labor can be safely undertaken, if sufficient variety is secured. But in the end the brain demands sleep, and this is especially the case when the lower or more animal centers have been much used, as in children at play. Habit has a great deal to do with insuring a good night's rest, the habit of going to bed at a regular hour. Hard mental work up to the moment of retiring may cause the loss of a night's rest, and it is a good plan to indulge in a little relaxation before bedtime, like a piece of light literature, a game, or some music. Trivial things may win slumber, such as lowering the pillow or turning its cold side; but artificial means of distracting thought have nearly invariably proved totally useless. Children require more sleep than grown people.

A healthy baby for the first two months or so spends most of its time asleep. After that a baby should have at least two hours sleep in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon; and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of four or five years a child should have one hour of sleep, or at least rest in bed, before its dinner; and it should be put to bed at six or seven in the evening, and left undisturbed for twelve or fourteen hours. Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours, and to the twentieth year nine hours. After that age every one finds out how much he or she requires, though as a general rule at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicines can cure. During growth there must be ample sleep, if the brain is to develop to its full extent; and the more nervous, excitable, or precocious a child is, the longer sleep should it get, if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature stand-still, or its life be cut short at an early age. The period of full maturity with its maximum of mental activity is the period of minimum demand for sleep; but old age reverts to the habit of childhood, and passes much of its time in slumber.

C. F. POLLOCK, M. D., F.R.S.E.

TWO WAYS.

AS THE blood thirsty but expressive proverb has it, "there is more than one way to kill a cat," and there are likewise, at least, two methods of grappling with an awkward situation. The "Listener," of the Boston *Transcript*, says that he one day saw two

stout elderly ladies standing in the street facing each other, glaring rage and defiance. In meeting and undertaking to pass, their clothing had come in contact, and a projecting button upon the dress of one had caught in the lace on the garments of the other.

Their strain to disentangle themselves had drawn them into a regular snarl; the wrath of each had been roused to the boiling point. Each was tugging away spitefully at the point of jointure.

There seemed to be likelihood of an occasion for the interference of the police, for the faces of the two ladies were growing redder and redder, and their eyes snapping more and more furiously. Presently one lady gave a desperate tug; the lace gave way, and the tie was severed. But imagine the feelings of her whose lace had been lacerated!

Next day, passing over almost the same ground, the "Listener" saw a pretty girl, brown-eyed, ruddy-cheeked and short-haired, and a stout Irish

woman in a bonnet, a red and black shawl and a green poplin dress, who were walking in opposite directions, stop all at once, caught fast, just as the two women of the day before had been. The young girl smiled faintly and good-naturedly. The Irishwoman took in the situation and courtied.

"Sure, miss," said she, "an' it's a sign that we'll meet in heaven!"

The young lady smiled more pronouncedly, and said, "Wait a moment, and I will unfasten it."

In half a minute she disentangled the snarl.

"Ah, miss, remember it," said the Irishwoman, as she moved away, radiant with smiles, "we're to meet in heaven, sure!"

From the Nashville Christian Advocate.

SECULAR EDUCATION NOT A SPECIFIC.

THE connection of German education and German socialism is not fanciful, and it is possible the schemes of popular education in our country have not always avoided methods which create "demands which the economical powers of the nation can not satisfy." Deifying mental culture and ignoring moral training is the shortest and surest method of stimulating a pride which will make demands and gratify them without regard to the rights of others. It is quite possible in some sections of the country the masses have been informed faster than they have been reformed. Accordingly, when a few of their number have grown rich and powerful (as only a few could), they have been ready to oppress the unfortunate multitude

from which they came out, and the multitude has been ready to retaliate in kind. We shall find after awhile that knowledge is not the cure-all for social evils and popular discontent. Without the assistance of moral culture and religious influence increase of knowledge inevitably increases sorrow, strife, contention, and difficulty.

"I HONOR the man who is ready to sink
Half his present repute for his freedom to
think,
And when he has thought, be his cause strong
or weak,
Will risk t' other half for the freedom to speak :
Caring not for what vengeance the mob has in
store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or
lower."

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J. H. PARRY & Co., *Publishers.*

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE, 1888.

ADVERTISING AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEARLY all kinds of business, now-a-days, depend, for the most part, upon advertising, in some form or other, for their success. So keen has competition in trade become, that this branch of business has developed into an art, and the one who can display the most ability in the direction of advertising is considered, other things being equal, the much better business man. To study the different forms and means resorted to to bring custom to the advertiser, is quite an interesting research, and often affords a good insight into human nature. Whatever of affinity their trades may bear to each other, no two business men will advertise alike. The style of their advertisements, as well as the manner of advertising, will differ indefinitely. As to the readers, the same diversity appears again. No two persons will read or notice an advertisement in the same light. One sees a fresh announcement at once, others may not see it in a month. It is to cater to this great diversity of taste among readers that every form of advertising is resorted to, that the ingenuity of man can invent. Some readers look upon the advertisements in their newspaper or magazine as encumbrances, and never read them, unless caught by a stray "reading notice," which appeared from the heading to contain an item of news. There are other readers again who think as

much of the advertisements and their contents as any other part of the paper. They are often an interesting study in themselves, enabling the reader to become acquainted with the business people of the country, the kinds of business done, and the inducements offered to buyers. Then there is another class who are always on the lookout for "bargains," and who study the advertisements to learn where to get them.

Advertisements are a twofold benefit, they benefit those who would push their business, and then they are a legitimate source of revenue to the publisher, enabling him to issue a paper or magazine of much more value to the subscriber than the price he pays for it. In this way they are a direct benefit to the reader. Many of the great papers of the country which are sold for two, three and four cents a copy, unless they had a good advertising list to back them, could not exist a month, their large subscription list would not begin to pay for the enormous outlay necessary to get out a paper.

Americans lead the world in advertising; every means, legitimate and otherwise, are resorted to to gather in the shekels. Perhaps the most reprehensible mode of advertising, is the disfiguring of fences along the public highways, the painting of rocks and walls through the cañon passes, and

marring the whole face of our rugged mountain scenery wherever there is found room enough to use a brush. So universally is this done that there is scarcely a place in the United States that has not been marred by unsightly paintings.

Another way of advertising is by the issue of circulars, sent sometimes from house to house, or by mail. For some reason or other this is considered one of the poorest methods of advertising, as the circulars are seldom or never read, and they soon find their way into the waste basket. Most circulars, however, are worthy of a better fate, as they frequently contain useful information about articles that one often needs, and has no other way of learning how or where to obtain them than by means of the manufacturer's circular.

A very doubtful way of advertising is now going the rounds of all the trades, and that is the giving away of prizes with packages of tea, baking powder, etc. The results of this method are more demoralizing than, perhaps, any other branch of the business, as many otherwise careful buyers are induced, by the offer of a paltry prize or premium, to buy a very inferior article. The practice is resorted to by all lines of trade. Tobacco men give away guns in order to sell their tobacco; coffee is sold by giving plated ware, baking powder by glassware, boots and shoes by giving dolls and sleds, ready-made clothing by a prize of a Waterbury watch, papers and periodicals by a few premium chromos. Buyers forget that if they obtain a prize that is of any real value they must pay for it, either in the high price or inferior quality of the goods they are buying. Legitimate and honest manufacturers are crowded out

of the market by this method now in vogue, as dealers do not now question the quality of the manufacturers' goods, but want to know what scheme they have for selling them.

There is a great deal of humbug in advertising, as one may learn from a glance at almost any paper he may pick up. There are so many "catch pennies," so many offers of "something for nothing," that unless one is wary he is more than likely to rue the day he paid any attention to the tempting offers so lavishly made from every quarter of the globe.

So important has become the advertising medium, be it newspaper, magazine or any other form, that the man who does not do it liberally is pretty sure, sooner or later, to be left in the race, and far outdistanced by his competitor who keeps his name and his wares prominently before the public. Particularly is this the case when a man has something to sell that everybody wants, and whose competition in trade is close and sharp. This is strikingly illustrated in the phenomenal success attained by manufacturers of patent medicines, whose success is due wholly to persistent advertising. In many instances whole fortunes were sunk before a dollar was returned in profit.

IN ONE of the Philippine Islands it is customary, when a young fellow asks the old folk for their daughter, to send her into the woods at sunrise; and, if the lover finds her before sunset, she is his. If not he forfeits all claim. The girl is given a start of one hour. This allows her a fair chance, and she can use her own judgment about hiding after she gets into the woods.

BETWEEN TWO CONTINENTS.

IT WAS a notable day, even in a life of travel, when I entered the Straits of Gibraltar. Coming from Cadiz, and touching at Tangier, the port of Morocco, after a few hours we glided between the two continents, which here come within hailing distance of each other (only nine miles separating the most southern point of Europe from the most northern point of Africa), and are at once in sight of the Rock, which looms up grandly before us. Although it was but the middle of the afternoon, the winter sun hung low, and striking across the bay, outlined against the sky the figure of a lion couchant—a true British lion, not very unlike those in Trafalgar Square, in London, only that the bronze is changed to stone and cut out of a mountain. But the figure is there, with the kingly head turned towards Spain, as if in defiance of its former master, every feature bearing the same character of leoline majesty and power. That is Gibraltar! It is a common saying that "some men achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them." The same may be said of places; but here is one to which both descriptions may be applied—which has had greatness thrust upon it by nature, and has achieved it in history. There is not a more picturesque spot in Europe. Imagine a rock fourteen hundred feet high—more than three times as high as Edinburgh Castle, and not like that, firm-set upon the solid ground, but rising out of the seas—and girdled with the strongest fortifications in the world. Such greatness has nature thrust upon Gibraltar. And a few places have seen more history, as few have been fought

over more times than this in the long wars of the Spaniard and the Moor; for here the Moor first set foot in Europe, and gave name to the place (Gibraltar being merely Gebel-el-Tarik, the mountain of Tarik, the Moorish invader), and here departed from it, after a conflict of nearly eight hundred years.

The great sight of Gibraltar is the fortifications, which are on an immense scale, as the whole circuit of the Rock is seven miles. But not all this requires to be defended, for an eastern side the cliff is so tremulous that there is no possibility of scaling it. It is fearful to stand on the brow and look down to where the waves are dashing more than a thousand feet below. The only approach must be by land from the north, or from the sea on the western or southern side. The two latter are defended by a succession of batteries carried along the sea-wall and up the side of the Rock, so that there is not a spot on which an assailant can set his foot which is not under fire of guns. The northern side is pierced by the great galleries cut in the rock, which are the unique feature of Gibraltar that distinguishes it above all the other fortresses of the world. These were begun more than a hundred years ago, during the Great Siege, which lasted nearly four years, when the inhabitants had no rest day nor night. After we have passed through one tier, perhaps a mile in length, we mount to a second, which rises above the other like the upper deck of an enormous line-of-battle ship. Enormous, indeed, it must be, if we can imagine a double-decker a mile long! As we tramped past these endless rows of cannon, it

occured to me that their simultaneous discharge must be very trying to the nerves of the artilleryman (if he has any nerves), as the concussion against the walls of rock is much greater than

if they were fired in the open air, and I asked my guide if he did not dread it. He confessed that he did, but added, like the plucky soldier that he was: "we've got to stand up to it!"

DR. HENRY M. FIELD.

WHAT HE THOUGHT.

CASES of mistaken identity are not always as destitute of awkward results as was the following, which happened to Dr. Shrady, a summer dweller on the Hudson. He was fond of horses, and was one afternoon driving rapidly home, alone in his buggy, when he was hailed by a newsboy, who, mistaking him for a coachman, shouted, "Say, John, can't you give a fellow a lift?"

"How far are you going?" asked the doctor.

"Only out to General Smith's," replied the boy.

The urchin sprang to the seat beside the driver, and the conversation ran as follows:

"Whose rig is this?"

"Dr. Shrady's."

"Oh yes, he's the feller from New York. He lives in Flatbush, by the river. I heerd of him. Do you work for him?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said the surgeon.

"What does he give you?"

"My board and clothes,"

"Cracky, is that all? Well, he gives you pretty good clothes, though," said the boy, hastily inspecting the driver's make-up; "but you could get more'n that. Major Cornell's coachman gets thirty dollars a month. Think of that!"

"But the major is a rich man, and can afford it," said the driver.

"How long have you been with the doctor?"

"Ever since I was a boy."

"Never worked for anybody else?"

"No."

"What do you do for him?" continued the interviewer.

"Oh, everything he askes me to do. I wash and dress him, black his shoes, sometimes clean his horses, harness them—in fact, I am his man-of-all work."

"Is he so old, then?"

"No, he's about my age."

"Then he must be lazy."

After a brief pause came this poser from the boy:

"Do you like the doctor?"

"Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't. Occasionally I get so disgusted with him that I feel like running away."

"Why don't you?"

"Oh, it's no use; I cannot. I have to be satisfied."

"Well," indignantly ejaculated the boy, "I think you are a fool!"

"But here is General Smith," said the doctor.

"All right. By-by, John!" sang out the boy, as he alighted upon the road.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed May 15, 1888.

APRIL 18, ex-senator Roscoe Conkling died in the 59th year of his age. He had been confined to his bed for two weeks with a disorder of the brain, an abscess having formed inside the skull just back of the ear. An incision was successfully made April 9, and temporary relief was thus obtained, but inflammation followed with fatal result.

Roscoe Conkling was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1829. He studied law and while still in his 21st year he was appointed district attorney of Oneida county. His father was a United States judge and minister to Mexico, and his wife was sister to Gov. Horatio Seymour, so



ROSCOE CONKLING.

that he may have owed his early advancement to his family connections. He was elected mayor of Utica in 1858, and in November of the same year was sent to congress. He was re-elected in 1860 but was defeated in 1862. In 1864 and 1866 he was elected to congress, but resigned in 1867, to accept a seat in the senate. He continued senator from New York until 1881, when becoming involved in a controversy with President Garfield, he resigned his seat and applied to the legislature of New York for endorsement and re-election. He failed in this, and retired from politics to resume his practice of law. As a politician,

he had been especially prominent as the leader of the Grant or "third-term" faction and as a rival of Blaine in the general party leadership. He was then regarded as a presidential possibility, and his rejection of the post of chief justice offered him by Grant in 1873, is believed to have been due to his ambition to reach the presidency.

THE talk concerning Bismarck's successor as chancellor in case of his death or resignation still continues, and it is now said that his son, Count Herbert, stands high in Prince William's favor. April 26 the count was appointed Prussian minister of state and Prussian minister of foreign affairs.

THE temperance question and the influence of the saloon in politics is still a very prominent subject of discussion throughout the country. In Pennsylvania a high license law is being enforced with very apparent good results—in the closing of nearly two-thirds of the saloons, and the closing entirely of the low dens of infamy so numerous in the large cities. The New York Legislature, April 26, also passed a high license bill, which, owing to the strong influence of the saloons, was vetoed by Governor Hill. He also vetoed a similar bill a year ago.

APRIL 30, President Cleveland sent to the senate the nomination of Melville W. Fuller, of Chicago, to be chief justice of the United States supreme court. The selection of Mr. Fuller was by no means a surprise, for his name had been mentioned and his fitness for the position was recognized, but it was thought that the President would select some eastern man, but the President chose to make his selection from the Democratic lawyers of the west.

Melville W. Fuller was born in Augusta, Maine, in 1833. He graduated at Bowdoin College and read law at Harvard and was admitted to the bar at Augusta, in 1855. The following year, he became city attorney and president of the common council, but sought a wider field for his energies, and in 1857 emigrated to Chicago. In 1862 he was sent to the state legislature and also to the constitutional convention. He has been sent as a delegate to most of the Democratic national and state conventions but he has never sought office for himself. Hence, though well known as a lawyer of high standing, as an orator in political campaigns, and especially as a prom-

inent member of the Iroquois club—the "Kid-gloved Democrats"—of Chicago, he is not known as an officeholder, and his selection for the highest office in the gift of the President has given very general satisfaction.

THE prospects for continued peace in Europe are very meagre. The continued massing of troops on the frontier, by Russia, is still a source of uneasiness in Austria and Germany, and it is, apparently, but a matter of time ere a demand will be made upon Russia to cease her war-like preparations, and the demand will be followed by a declaration of war.

The Russian press proclaim the coming war will make Russia master of the Bosphorous.



MELVILLE W. FULLER.

Russia's only terms on which she will cease her armaments are stated as the withdrawal of Austria from Bosnia, and the recognition of Russian supremacy in the Balkan peninsula. The *Kreuz Zeitung* sums up the position as a short spell of apparent peace. Nations, it says, are slumbering on a crater which will erupt in a day and surprise even those evil influences which are trying to foment the war. If the central powers find the Czar unyielding they will not wait for him to mass a million men on the frontier before giving battle. Russia is confident that she can alone beat back Austria and Germany, and with the assistance of France, which is already assured, it is thought that the Triple Alliance, Ger-

many, Austria and Italy, will be more than matched. In apprehension of this, overtures are being made to induce England to join her interests with the Triple Alliance. England has become quite alarmed, and extraordinary activity is shown in her war preparations during the last fortnight.

MAY 3, the Utah Republicans met in convention and elected delegates to the National Convention which meets in Chicago.

MAY 5, the pseudo-Democratic party of Utah Territory held a convention in Ogden to elect delegates to the National Convention to be held in St. Louis in June. None but members of the Liberal anti-Mormon party were admitted.

It is a foregone conclusion that the candidates of the two political parties will be Grover Cleveland and James G. Blaine, and the issue will be fought on the question of tariff reform. The greater part of the month has been spent by Congress discussing this question.

MAY 9, an address, signed by nearly four thousand Christian ministers, was presented to Gladstone, approving of his efforts for home rule in Ireland. It has a special significance as it is a marked index to English sentiment on the subject, and proves that the justice of the cause is fast gaining recognition. In reply to the address Gladstone said that the government know that the nation was with the home rule and therefore guided the affairs of Parliament so as to delay the time when a ministry would be in power pledged to propose home rule for Ireland. The majority in the House of Commons thought they could go on for five years. They put this against his life as an old man, but the life of an old or young man would not effect the final settlement. [Cheers.] Justice would be done to Ireland ere long, national sentiment would assert itself. The Tories plumed themselves upon being defenders of law and order; instead of maintaining order, the government had promoted murderous breaches of the law.

ADVICES from Rio Janeiro, May 11, state that the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies had passed a bill for the immediate abolishment of slavery. No compensation is allowed the former owners of slaves, but the latter are obliged to stay with their old masters till the present crops are gathered, and are to receive a small wage. This, we believe, is the final end of slavery upon the continent of America.

SALMAGUNDI.

WHAT sort of desire does the modern Cupid excite?—Cupidity.

"I SAY, John, where did you get that rogue's hat?" "Please, your honor," said John, "'tis an old one of yours that missus gave me yesterday, when you went to town."

TRAMP: "Did you make this bread your self, ma'am?" Woman: "Yes; an', if I do say it myself, you've eat wuss bread than that." Tramp: "I know I have; but not much worse."

PHYSICIAN, to patient: "Your case is a very serious one, and I think a consultation had better be held." Patient, too ill to care about anything: "Very well, doctor; have as many accomplices as you like."

LITTLE TOMMY: "Can I eat another piece of pie?" Mamma, who is something of a purist: "I suppose you can." Tommy: "Well, may I?" Mamma: "No, dear, you may not." Tommy: "Bother grammar, anyhow!"

WHEN a Boston girl is presented with a bouquet, she says, "Oh, how exquisitely, deliciously sweet! Its fragrance impregnates the entire atmosphere of the room." A down-East girl simply says, "It smells scrumptious! Thanks, Reub!"

MODEL husband, boastfully: "Yes, gentlemen, I have been married ten years, and never spent a night away from home yet." Doubtful friend: "Large and interesting family—eh?" "Only three of us." "Have one child—eh?" "No; the other is my wife's mother."

A YOUNG German officer rather new to his work was drilling a squad of raw recruits, and gave the word of command, "Lift the right leg!" One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, which of course was close to the right leg of his neighbor. "Thunder and lightning," exclaimed the officer, "what jack-anapes has lifted both his legs?"

A CLERGYMAN and one of his elderly parish-ioners were walking home from church one frosty day, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured that he was not much hurt, said to him: "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said: "I see they do; but I can't."

BOSTON mamma: "You mustn't speak of your legs, Flossie, when we have company; it isn't polite." Flossie: "What should I say—drum-sticks?"

DR. TALMAGE says that "the man who can sing and won't sing should be sent to Sing Sing." That would be too severe. It is the man who *can't* sing and *will* sing who should be sent to Sing Sing.

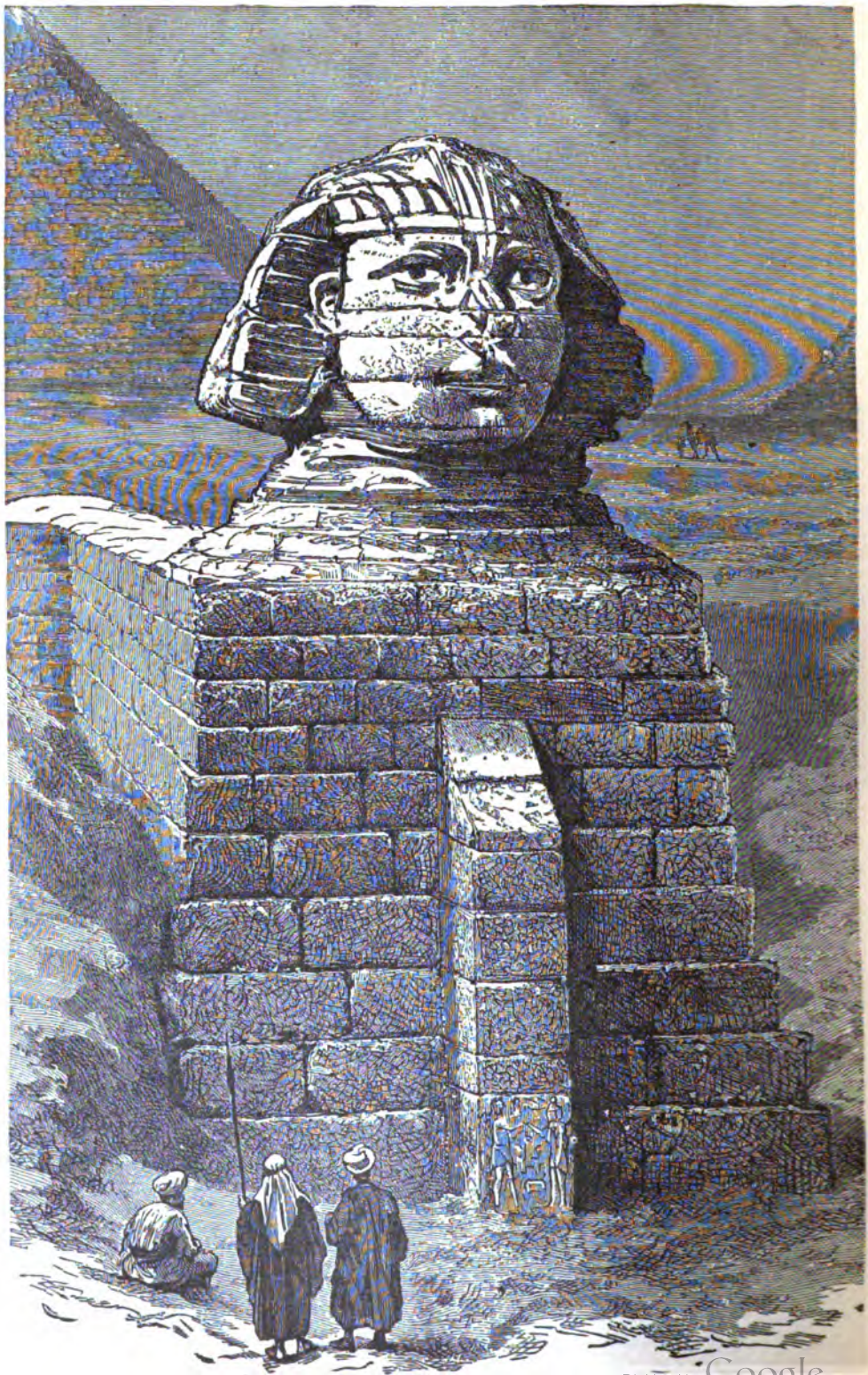
ACCORDING to the *Somerville Journal*, a judge at Albany, N. Y., has decided that a man's legal residence is the place where he has his washing done. "This," remarks the *Somerville Journal*, "seems to leave our friends the anarchists out in the cold."

JUDGE B. (with emphasis)—"Clara, is that George fellow coming 'round here again to-night?" CLARA (hopelessly)—"I believe so, papa." JUDGE B.—"Well daughter, remember this—this house closes at ten sharp. and—" CLARA (haslily)—"Oh, George will be here before that, papa; please don't worry."

MISS PRIME: "Philosophers disagree as to which period of life seems the longest to mankind. What is your opinion, doctor?" Doctor, meditatively: "Well, it varies. In women, for instance, the longest generally is between twenty-nine and thirty. I know in my wife's case ten years elapsed between her twenty-ninth and thirtieth birthday."

THERE is a floor walker in one of the large dry goods stores in this city whose great toes point toward each other in the most friendly manner. "What will you have, madam," said he to an Irish woman, who was looking hopelessly around. "Calico." "Walk this way." "Walk that way, is it! Sure I'd have ye know, sur, that my legs is not built that way, sur, and I couldn't walk that way if you'd give me the whole sture, sur."

MR. Howard Paul relates an anecdote of a German musician who is imperturbable, especially in the orchestra, where he follows the score with a stolid expression indicating interest but no enthusiasm. Suddenly the trombone shot out a blare that caused the leader to raise his hands in horror and glance about to see what had happened. The players all stopped. Said the offender, glaring at the score before him, "Dot vos a mashed fly, but I blayed him!"—and he held up the sheet, revealing a note that proved to be the mangled remains of the insect in question.



THE GREAT SPHINX AS NOW CLEARED FROM THE ENCUMBERING SAND.

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BIRDS' NESTS IN JAPANESE HOUSES.



NOTHING recommends itself more to the traveler as a national trait among the Japanese than their gentleness and kindness to children and animals. It is in consequence of this that not only the domesticated, but the so-called wild, animals and birds of this country are far bolder and easier of approach than in other parts of the world. There is here a species of swallow, much resembling the chimney swallow of Europe, which actually frequents the houses, and twitters and circles about the heads of the people in the different apartments, as we have seen tame canaries when set free from their cages in the house where they are kept. Only in this case the swallow is free to come and go through the open window and door, and gets his own living in the open air. Even in Europe and America this beautiful little bird is a favorite. Humphrey Davy says of it: "The swallow is one of my favorite birds, and a rival of the nightingale,

for he cheers my sense of seeing as much as the other does my sense of hearing. He is the glad prophet of the year, the harbinger of the best season. He lives a life of enjoyment among the loveliest forms of nature. Winter is unknown to him, and he leaves the green meadows and forests of England in autumn for the myrtle and orange groves of Italy and for the palms of Africa. He has always objects of pursuit, and his success is sure. Even the beings selected for his prey are poetical, beautiful and transient. The ephemerae are saved by his means from a slow and lingering death in the evening, and killed in a moment when they have known nothing but pleasure. He is a constant destroyer of insects, the friend of man, and a sacred bird. His instinct, which gives him his appointed season, and teaches him when and where to move, may be regarded as flowing from a divine source, and he belongs to the oracles of nature, which speak the awful and intelligible fiats of a present Deity."

Of course, this character of symbolic grace and modesty goes far to recommend the bird to so artistic a people as the Japanese, and it is, in consequence, almost a national emblem, being a favorite subject with their decorators, and finding a place with the

crane and the lotus as a religious type. It is, however, in the building of its nest and rearing of its young that the Japanese swallow pays the highest compliment to, and exhibits the greatest amount of confidence in, its protectors; for, however incredible it may seem, its habitation is built, and its little family brought up, in the living rooms of Japanese families, and this not only in unfrequented parts of the country, but, as Professor Morse assures us, in the midst of their largest cities. The professor, than whom no more interesting and acute observer of Japanese life exists, in speaking of these nests, says that they are not

built in any remote part of the house, but in the principal and oftenest visited rooms, where the inmates are the busiest about household affairs. He adds that the children take great delight in watching the nests in process of construction, and in the rearing and education of the young birds afterward.

As soon as a nest is fairly begun, some member of the household puts up a neat little shelf beneath it to prevent litter on the floor, and the bird, accepting this as a *locus in quo* returns, year after year, to rebuild or repair and reoccupy the old nest in the same place.



From the Boston Transcript.

THE LIVING MONARCHS OF EUROPE.

QUEEN VICTORIA now holds a place among the oldest sovereigns of Europe. In May of next year she will be seventy years of age. She has been on the throne for a half a century. She enjoys good health and bids fair to live and reign for many years yet. If she attains the age of her grandfather, George III., she will wield the scepter (barring accidents) up to the year 1901. If at that time her son, the Prince of Wales, becomes king, he will have reached the ripe age of sixty years, and his tendency to baldness will, doubtless, have become more marked than it is now.

The King of the Belgians, Leopold II., is fifty-three years old, and if he should reign till he reaches the age at which his father died he will be king up to the year 1910. He has been on the throne nearly twenty-three years.

The Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph, is fifty-eight years old, and he has worn the imperial crown for forty-eight years. His predecessor was his uncle, who abdicated the throne in his favor when but fifty-five years of age, because he was tired of the turmoil and trouble. Francis Joseph is a polished scholar, a linguist, an equestrian, an admirer of military pomp,

and a charmer. He is healthy, and bids fair to reign for a long time yet (barring accidents).

The King of Italy, Umberto I., is forty-four years old, and has worn the crown since the death of his father, ten years ago. He is but the second of the kings of United Italy, and his throne is in the eternal city of Rome.

The Emperor of Russia, Alexander III., is forty-three years old, and mounted the throne after the murder of his father, seven years ago.

The King of Denmark, Christian IX., is seventy years old, or a year older than Queen Victoria, and is the second oldest monarch in Europe. He has wielded the scepter for a quarter of century, or just half as long as the British Queen. One of his daughters is the wife of the Russian Czar, another of them is the wife of the heir apparent to the British crown, and his second son is King of Greece.

The King of Sweden and Norway, Oscar II., is in his sixtieth year, and has reigned for sixteen years. He has favored some reforms.

The King of Portugal, Luis I., is fifty years old, and is a man of enterprise and progress. He has been for twenty-seven years a king.

The power and authority of the King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., who is not yet two years old, is limited by the regency of his mamma. He never saw his royal sire.

The King of Greece, or King of the Hellenes, Georgios I., is forty-three years of age, and has been king for a quarter of a century, or since he was eighteen, at which age he was elected to the Hellenic throne. He finds it a hard job to rule the modern Greeks or keep their favor.

The sovereign or Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid II., is fifty-six years

old, and succeeded to the throne twelve years ago, when the majesty who preceded him was deposed. He is the twenty-eighth sultan since the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks.

The King of the Netherlands, William III., is the oldest monarch in Europe, being now of the age of seventy-one, and entered upon the fortieth year of his reign on St. Patrick's Day, though he is a scion of the royal house of Orange. Even in Holland the old monarch is merry at times.

The King of Roumania, Carol I., is forty-nine years of age, and was proclaimed king only seven years ago, but before that time he had been for fourteen years the domnul of his subjects.

The King of Servia, Milan I., is thirty-four years old, and was crowned only six years ago, but before that he held the throne for fourteen years by election as Prince Milan Obrenovic IV. He is the fourth of his dynasty since Servia threw off the Turkish yoke, in 1829. His predecessor was assassinated.

The reigning prince of Montenegro is Nicholas I., who is forty-seven years old, and has reigned for twenty-eight years.

In Germany there are three kings and a grand duke besides the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia, who are one. There are the King of Bavaria, the King of Wurtumburg, the King of Saxony, and the reigning grand duke of Baden.

There are in Europe two kingless countries—France and Switzerland. Both of these republics seem to be able to get along and keep the peace without the guidance of kings or emperors.

The President of the French Republic, M. Carnot, is fifty-one years of

age, and was elected to office in December last. He is a graduate of the Polytechnic School in Paris, and held various offices before his election as President. There are over 38,000,000 people in the French republic.

In the republic of Switzerland the highest official of the government is the President of the Federal Council,

who is elected by the Federal Assembly. He holds office for the term of one year, and enjoys a salary of \$3,000 per annum. The President for the present year is Mr. W. F. Hertenstein. A President is not eligible to re-election until a year after the end of his term of office.

From The Current.

EDUCATION AN ELEMENT IN THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

THERE is one great oversight to be noticed in nearly all, if not in all the reforms which have been suggested and urged in late years. This oversight consists in ignoring wholly the important element of human nature in the working out of the problem, and in taking for granted that as soon as the reforms in question were once instituted all the disaffection and agitation now prevailing would be stilled. The error is as patent as it is egregious. No matter what external reforms may be wrought, the moral depravity and the intellectual darkness of the great mass of human kind must continue to complicate the political machinery quite as much as it does at the present hour.

The brightest minds of the day, and the sentiment of the vast majority of our educated people, (please do not confound the educated with the wealthy), unite in extolling the soundness of our civil government. Of course, nothing human is perfect, nor is perfection claimed for this, but the defects in our system are those of detail only, and will be found on a candid examination to be attributable to the imperfections, and the untrustworthiness of humanity to which we have already referred,—the very element

which our would-be reformers think to eliminate by simply ignoring. Given a race of perfect human beings, our present system of government would have nothing to wish for, and would no doubt prove itself superior to any principle government reformers have yet proposed. It must be remembered that the people make the government, not the government the people, and a government nicely adapted to a school of angels is not on that account suitable for a nation of beings such as we are, whose interests must ever conflict, and whose tastes and dispositions are too antagonistic to allow the individual members to continue in the amicable relations such projected reforms presuppose. To come to the point at once, whatever reform measures are to be put in force, let them be such as aim at the improvement of men as individuals. If the people are fully prepared for a change in government, that change will come naturally enough without any forcing. I am sure that I, for one, can see no immediate necessity, no shadow of a necessity, for any great political revolution. Whatever those in the humbler walks may have to complain of, they, in a large measure, can justly attribute to themselves. The poor

man's vote is no less potent than that of the President himself, and if he choose to sell that vote for a mere pittance to the man who will use it to attain his own ends at the expense of his humble constituent, let that constituent suffer the penalty of his baseness and cupidity. No popular government can hope to contend successfully against such odds, and who can safely say that the same evil will not be enhanced in strength by the institution of such popular reforms as Henry George's, which are intended to give still greater power into the hands of the thoroughly ignorant and debased?

The great, the only key, to the situation is education. If nothing were taught in our schools, but the value of a vote, how to use it for the country's ultimate good, and how that country's good is the dearest possession of its individual members, then our public schools would do a greater work than any they have yet accomplished or attempted. When votes do not pour into the ballot-box, while liquor of the candidates is pouring down the throats of the electors, then indeed, we may speak of reform, for the needful reform will then be fully accomplished. The government might be likened to a polished tool with which those who are delegated to control it find fault very much as every novice complains of the character of his master's implements.

Our national experience has taught us the value of our Republican institutions. To risk the vantage ground we have now attained for the trial of an experiment, which has all the appearance of a popular error, would therefore be in the highest degree unwise. Popular clamor is in any case a rather uncertain and dangerous sound, and when the fury subsides,

the public wonder that they could have been so foolish. History has always shown this, time and time again.

But there is more to the question to-day than ever before. Intemperance is the element to which I refer. What liquor can do under any given circumstances is beyond human power to compute. Certainly much of the agitation to-day can be directly or indirectly traced to such as owe their degraded condition to their own folly and moral weakness, and in their revells rage at not having the means at hand to pursue an endless debauch; like unreasoning brutes, they cast upon the hands of government all the blame of their misery. The disaffection of such as these is the disaffection we are called upon to quiet by a political and social revolution, that would scarcely mean less than anarchy!

The extensive introduction of machinery is another thing that has direct bearing upon this subject. There can be no question that there is not useful employment, remunerative employment, I would perhaps better say, sufficient to engage all the hands eager to make a livelihood. On the other hand, wares of all kinds, produce, houses, etc., are rare enough and costly enough to indicate an under-production. But the question to which I now refer is not whether there is under-production, or over-production, at this time. What I do mean to say, however, is that if all who are able to work, and eager to work, had all the year around employment sufficient to keep them busy eight hours a day for every secular day of the year, there would be an undoubted over-production of vast proportions. This means that there is now a deal of enforced idleness, and idleness nurses vice. If this leisure,

which is brought about by the improvement in the method of manufacture, be, by the aid of a thorough benevolent system of education, directed to home studies and enjoyments, instead of being turned into vicious grooves, much will be accomplished to simplify the great problem. It is thus seen that, no matter which way we may turn, the importance and value of education, as a regulator of human affairs, are everywhere seen to be unapproached by any other method of reform.

It may be urged that education will not change the heart, and that the educated knave is the knave most to be feared. Increase the knave's cunning as much as you please, be assured that if you educated the honorably disposed as much and as well, the knave will be the more likely to find his cunning equalled and his schemes rewarded in a manner more fitting his desserts. More than this, all statistics prove that there is more crime by far among the ignorant than among the educated. The ignorant have no position to lose, no ambition to rise higher. The educated, on the other hand, have both of these, and a life of honorable competence and ease is something that an educated man is seldom unwilling to purchase at the expense of years of ceaseless toil and honest dealing. I contend that no man can be well educated without having his moral discrimination sharpened, whether he act according to it or not. Education teaches men that honesty is the best policy, and whether it is mere policy or not the results are just the same, namely, a higher standard of moral principles, and a more scrupulous regard for them.

I have said enough, I think, to prove how exceedingly complex is the

problem we are called upon to solve. Books and pamphlets without number are flooding the country, with discussion upon this interesting and vital question. It is well that such is the case, for no question could be so worthy of the widest discussion and most earnest thought of a great nation, than that which concerns the well being of its members so nearly. Labor and capital have come to look upon each other as natural enemies, whereas, they are as intimately allied as the harvest is to the soil, from which it has sprung, for, to labor all capital must ascribe its origin. When we fully realize how close the relation of those two powers is, do we not find ourselves wondering at their estrangement? That these two have come to sword points with each other, can find an explanation only in a misconception of their true relations. They are natural friends that must be reconciled, not natural enemies that must overcome an inbred hate in order to join forces, and establish harmony of action between them. To obtain this great end education must first show them that in friendship and union their common interest lies, and with this knowledge it will be but a brief period before the present ill-feeling and prejudices will vanish, and from the experience gained of what such misunderstandings have led us to in the past, there will no doubt come an increased care that such an estrangement shall never occur again.

GEORGE H. LEPPER.

"THAT, my dear," young Mr. Haighcote remarked to his bride, as he pointed to the majestic form of the bronze Liberty — "that is the famous statue of Jersey lightning the World."

THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX.

ABOUT two years ago excavations were begun at Ghizeh, near Cairo, with the view of freeing the famous Egyptian Sphinx from the masses of sand which had gradually buried the monument. M. Maspero, the Director of the Boulak Museum, superintended the operations, which proved remarkably successful, and in a letter he states: "The result is beyond all my hopes. The face, raised fifteen meters above the surface, is becoming expressive, in spite of the loss of the nose. The expression is serene and calm. The breast has been a good deal injured, but the paws are almost intact. We have nearly reached the limits of the diggings of Mariette and Caviglia. The work now going on is in beds of sand which have not been disturbed since the first centuries of our era." Later he writes: "The stones of the right paw are covered with Greek votive inscriptions, while the left have none—an indication that the piety of the faithful was called into play more on the south side."

Accordingly, M. Maspero thinks that there might have been direct communication between the Sphinx and the granite temple to the south, and that in the intervening space either an unknown chapel may be concealed or some group of statues, such as Mariette discovered at the Serapeum. Another important question to be solved by excavation is whether the Sphinx rests on a bed of rock or on a specially hewn out pedestal. Egyptian sculptors represent the Sphinx on a pedestal ornamented with designs similar to those on an early sarcophagi; and if their representation prove true, there is a prospect, according to M. Maspero, of finding the door of a temple or tomb on the eastern side.

In this case the pedestal may have been buried by the time of the Roman occupation, and the Ptolemies may have erected their monumental stair over the sand which covers it. Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. Charles Royle, Alexandria.

THE HUMAN HEART BEAT.

IN THE human subject the average rapidity of the cordiac pulsation of an adult male is about seventy beats per minute. These beats are more frequent as a rule in young children and in women, and there are variations within certain limits in particular persons owing to peculiarities of organization. It would not necessarily be an abnormal sign to find in some particular individuals the habitual frequency of the heart's action from sixty to sixty-five or from seventy-five to eighty per minute. As a rule, the

heart's action is slower and more powerful in fully developed and muscular organizations, and more rapid and feebler in those of slighter form. In animals, the range is from twenty-five to forty-five in the cold-blooded and fifty upward in the warm-blooded animals, except in the case of a horse, which has a very slow heart-beat, only forty strokes a minute. The pulsations of men and all animals differ with the sea-level also.

The work of a healthy human heart has been shown to equal the feat of

raising 5 tons 4 hundredweight 1 foot per hour, or 125 tons in twenty-four hours. The excess of this work under alcohol in varying quantities is often very great. A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson, giving the work of the heart in mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of 69 strokes per minute,

and at the assumed force of 9 feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, 7 miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of eighty-four years. The number of beats of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,776,000.

THE INFLUENCE OF DIET.

THE intimate interaction of body and mind is most strikingly illustrated in the moral influence of diet. Modern science has revealed the fact that the various ingredients of the fuel feeding the fire of a conflagration can be tested by the spectrum-lines of the flame, and with the same certainty a searching analysis could trace every change of diet to its effect in a modification of our mental disposition. "*Der Mensch ist, was er isst*," says a German proverb: "The man is what he eats." The maxims of dietetic hygiene thus gain a moral significance, a fact recognized in the principle of the temperance movement, and, indeed, in the ethics of all health-loving nations.

The moral influence of habitual surfeits contrasts, indeed, most suggestively with the effect of abstemious habits. Gluttony torpifies the mental faculties. The "after-dinner lassitude" finds its physiological explanation in the circumstance that the work of digestion monopolizes the energies of the organism, and that transient torpor may become a chronic aversion to mental efforts. The *bonhomme* of epicures can be traced to a similar cause. Yielding in argument is easier

than controversy; the indulgence of a generous impulse is more pleasant than its suppression, and the liberality associated with the after-effect of a full meal may be founded on indolence as much as on philanthropic principles, plethoric gluttons being notoriously subject to fits of brutal passion. The same gourmand, who, in the enjoyment of his siesta, will grant the request of an insolent petitioner to obviate the annoyance of further importunities, may, before night, kick his wife and half kill his child for a trifling offense. As usual, such physical predispositions are associated with their moral correlatives—pessimism, world-weariness, and the *laus temporis acti*—a mania for the depreciation of contemporary tendencies. I knew an old farmer whose frequent fits of indigestion never failed to explode in raging diatribes on the wickedness and incapacity of the rising generation. Under the influence of a similar distemper, the father of Frederick the Great used to lecture his household on the decadence of Christian ethics, and finish his homily by beating his son black and blue. Walter Savage Landor, who could sacrifice a night's rest to the elaboration of a sentimental

sonnet, was none the less prone to paroxysms of after-dinner wrath. During his struggle with the gastric consequences of an eel pie, his servants would flee as from the presence of a madman, and the citizens of Florence preserve a tradition that the discovery of a neglected pot-flower once impelled him to fling his valet from a third-story window.

Gluttony tends to cynicism. Coarseness and extravagance of speech and manners go hand in hand with dietetic excesses, as, for cognate reasons, the repulsiveness of voracious animals is generally aggravated by a want of cleanliness. Among the natives of the Arctic regions, where climatic causes make gluttony a pandemic vice, personal cleanliness is an almost unknown virtue, and Kane's anecdotes of Polar household habits depict a degree of squalor that would appal a gorilla.

Habitual abstemiousness, on the other hand, is the concomitant of modesty, thrift, self-control, and evenness of temper, and is compatible with heroic perseverance, though hardly with great energy of vital vigor. The dietetic self-denials of Luigi Cornaro, a Venetian nobleman of the sixteenth century, enabled him to outlive the third generation of his epicurean relatives. During the latter decades of his long life he boasts of having enjoyed a peace of mind unattainable by other means. Within the bounds of

reason, occasional fasts are by no means incompatible with intellectual vigor, though they are chiefly apt to stimulate the activity of abstruse speculations. There are intellectual voluptuaries whose enjoyment of mental triumphs in controversy or cogitation seem, for the time being, actually to deaden their craving for material food. Isaac Newton, on the track of a cosmic secret, would send back plate after plate of untasted meals. Percy Shelley, in the words of his sprightly biographer, "indignantly refused to alloy the nectar of poetic inspiration with boarding-house soup," and in his creative moods rarely answered a dinner-call without a sigh of regret. Benedict Spinoza, amid the parchment piles of his bachelor den, would fast for days in the ecstasy of his "*Gott trunkenen*" — "God-intoxicated" — meditations. Intermittent denutrition undoubtedly tends to clear off the cobwebs of the brain. The ancient custom of postponing the principal meal to the end of the day was, perhaps, propitious to mental lucidity; and Goethe, whose abhorrence of mediæval dissertations was modified by his partiality for the writings of Spinoza, testifies that the "Ethics" of the great pantheist, like the masterpieces of classic literature, cheered him "with a feeling akin to the pleasant impression experienced on entering a well-lighted room."

DR. FELIX L. OSWALD.

OFFICIAL ORGANIZATION OF GREAT RAILWAYS.

VERY few persons comprehend or in any way understand the organization and management of the large railway systems which are now such an im-

portant factor in the commercial affairs of the country. The general organization is about the same on all the large systems, there being, however, some

difference in titles of department officers and matters of detail, according to the fancies of the directory or president, or the peculiar necessities of each case.

As the properties in this country are owned by private individuals, who naturally try to obtain the best service at the least cost, it is presumable that no extravagant or unnecessary positions or departments are provided. It is usually thought that the president of a large system has an easy place to fill, and really gets a large salary to do comparatively nothing. In many cases this is true, and that dignitary is nothing more nor less than a figure-head whose duties are performed by a vice-president or general manager, and who may not have the slightest knowledge of the manner in which the business is carried on, except that at the annual stockholders' meeting he will present them an elaborate statement of earnings and expenditures, which has been formulated and prepared for him. Such presidents are, however, rare, and nearly all of them earn their salaries. Really, the president should be the financial head of the company, and it is usual for him to delegate to a general manager the management and operation of the road. The officer is, therefore, necessarily a practical railroad man, and from him the officers of all the departments receive their instructions. These departments are the accounting, sometimes presided over by a comptroller, who may report either to the general manager or the president; the traffic department, which may have for its head a traffic manager, assisted by general freight agents and general passenger agents; the operating, in charge of a general superintendent. The accounting department is one in

which all accounts are kept, and the auditor, who either assists the comptroller, or, where there is no comptroller, is responsible to the general manager, who receives an impression copy of each "way-bill," which shows the name of the shipper, the point of shipment, the name of the consignee, the destination, the marks and the weight and freight charges on each consignment carried over the road. This way-bill he scrutinizes carefully, and sees that the charges are in accordance with the rates announced by the general freight agent. If they are found correct, he makes from them the numerous records, crediting agents or connecting railroads and charging others. The ticket agents send him either daily, weekly, or monthly reports of their sales, which are checked with the tickets forwarded to him by conductors when taken up on trains.

The operating department is one of the most important on a railroad, as the success of the whole depends on its efficiency. The general superintendent is assisted by a superintendent of roadway, a superintendent of machinery, and a superintendent of transportation. The superintendent of roadway has charge of tracks, and usually all bridges and buildings pertaining to the track department, although some roads provide a separate officer who looks after bridges alone. The superintendent of roadway is assisted by roadmasters, who have charge of divisions, varying according to physical features of the track. These roadmasters direct all work performed on their divisions by section foremen and trackmen.

The superintendent of machinery has charge of all locomotives, and is responsible for the performance of proper service. He also has charge of

enginemen, firemen, and machinists. The superintendent of transportation has charge of the movement of trains over the line; appoints conductors, brakemen, agents and train-dispatchers; distributes cars where they are needed, and is generally responsible for the safe and speedy movement of passengers and freight. He is assisted by trainmasters, whose duties vary on many lines, but they are generally immediately under the direction of the superintendent of transportation.

The traffic department is really the commercial department. It is divided between a general freight agent and a general passenger agent, both of whom report to and receive their instructions from a traffic manager; or, where there is no traffic manager, from the general manager. The general freight agent has charge of the fixing of rates for transportation of freight, and under his supervision soliciting agents and traveling agents watch the movement of traffic and secure to the road such of it as can be controlled. All reclamations for loss, damage, or overcharge on freight while in transit are adjudged by him. The general passenger agent supervises the passenger traffic in the same manner that the general freight agent provides for the freight business,

it being his duty to see that his railroad is properly and sufficiently advertised; that it is represented impartially in the ticket offices of all connecting lines, and to supervise the printing and supplying of such tickets to the agents of his line as the need of his patrons demand. These officers of the freight and passenger departments have their hands full, as do all others in charge of departments.

There is a chief clerk, who is supposed to do a little of everything, from the answering the telephone to discussing a knotty problem of policy toward some refractory competitor or connection with his superior, so as to carry out that gentleman's ideas. As a rule, the heads of departments are young men, and the demands on the brains and strength of the officers are so severe that they seldom die in the service from old age. They are well, though not extravagantly, paid, the salary varying according to the size of the road. The clerks in the departments are usually men of ability, and are generally well informed. Each is fitted, by natural talents, experience, and education, for some particular kind of work, and is not supposed to know much of the duties performed by other men.

NATURE, THE GREAT TEACHER.

IN HIS new book, *Nature's Teachings*, the Rev. J. G. Wood discussed a subject not before handled at length. Its object is to show how man's implements and mechanical devices have been anticipated, that all his mechanical devices have been in use in nature for countless centuries. He claims that the great discoverers of the future

will be those who carefully study the natural world.

The burr stones of mills are a copy of molar teeth. The hoofs of a horse are made of parallel plates like a carriage spring. The finest file made by man is a rough affair when compared with a Dutch rush used by cabinet-makers. The jaws of the turtle and tortoise are

natural scissors. Rodents have chisel teeth, and hippopotami have adze teeth, which are constantly repaired as they are worn. The carpenter's plane is anticipated by the jaws of a bee. The woodpecker has a powerful little hammer. The diving-bell only imitates the work of the water spider. This insect, although as easily drowned as any other, spends a great part of his life under water. Having constructed a small cell under the water, it clasps a bubble of air between its last pair of legs, and dives down to the entrance of its cell, into which the bubble is put. A proportionate amount of water is thus displaced, and when all of it is expelled, the little animal takes up its abode in this subaqueous retreat.

In laying its eggs on the water, the gnat combines them in a mass shaped somewhat like a life-boat. It is impossible to sink it without tearing it to pieces. The iron mast of a modern ship is strengthened by deep ribs running along its interior. A porcupine quill is strengthened by similar ribs. When engineers found that hollow beams were stronger than solid ones, they only discovered a principle which had been used in nature for centuries before the creation of man. A wheat straw, if solid, could not support a heavy head. The bones of the higher animals, if solid, would have to be a great deal heavier to bear the

weight which they have to support. The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring, and he who would improve aerial navigation might study the skeleton of a bird with advantage. Palissy made a careful study of the shells by the sea-side, in order to learn the best method of fortifying a town.

The ship worm feeds on wood, and gradually tunnels its way through any submerged timber. It also lines its burrow with a hard shelly coating. Brunel, taking a hint from this, was the first to succeed in subaquatic tunnelling. The Eddystone Lighthouse is built on the plan of a tree trunk, and fastened to the rock in a manner somewhat similar to the way a tree is fastened to the soil. It is supposed that the first idea of a suspension bridge was suggested by the creepers of a tropical forest.

Mr. Wood gives an interesting account of the origin of the plan of the Crystal Palace. Mr. Paxton, a gardener, having noticed the structure of the great leaves of the Victoria Regia, a plant which had been introduced into England a few years previous, struck the plan of copying in iron the ribs of the leaf and filling the remaining space, which corresponds to the cellular portions of the leaf, with glass. Thus, by copying nature, an obscure gardener became Sir Joseph Paxton, the great architect.



THE TURTLE AND THE CRANE.

[ABOUT twenty-five years since the substance of the following fable was related to the writer by a venerable family servant on a Louisiana plantation. A young lad, returning from a successful terrapin hunting expedition, exultingly showed his prize, an ugly and vicious snapping turtle, to the old plantation "oracle," who forthwith regaled his interested auditor with a characteristic story, and planted at once in his breast a feeling of respect for the peculiar talents of the "turkle."]

Afar down souf dar's a lonely lake
Dat's bordered roun' by a tangled brake,
Whar cypress trunks wid deir trailin' moss
Stan' towerin' over de live oak's gloss,
An' lotus raf's all aroun' its rim,
Low floatin', swing in the shadows dim;
An' dar de waters so silent lie
Dey seem like a part of a midnight sky.

De moon shines dar like a silver plate;
Each star above sees a sleepin' mate
Down dar, whar even de stars might rest,
An' Time stop still on deir unstirred breast;
An' sunrise, sunset may dye dem red,
But noonday sun shinin' overhead
Can't light dem waters wid brazen glare
Thro' pale mists hangin' like curtains dere.

No man, since Noah land' from de ark,
Upon dat shore ever lef' his mark;
No man, since Adam an' Eden stood,
Has ever stept in dat solitude;
De vermin'ts only, dat nightly roam,
Or birds of air may have foun' dat home;
An' dar, 'fore de birf-days of Abel or Cain,
A turkle lived wid a tall white crane.

Dey dwelt in peace, an' dey fished an' played,
De turkle dived whar de crane couldn't wade,
An' driv' de fish to de aide of de lake,
Whar mister crane kep' his eyes awake,
An' "gigged" dem thro' wid his pinted bill
Twell he an' de turkle had cotched deir fill,
Dis partnership might have stood till now,
But didn't—an' dis is de reason how:

Dey got too fat an' too lazy bofe
When one would fish den de udder'd loaf;
Dey quar'led, de crane call de turkle black,
De turkle answer de crane right back,
An' sez, "You fish in your Sunday close,
Whilst I gits muddy up to my nose;"
De crane he say dat "de turkle's shell,
All slushed wid mud, 'peared jes' as well."

De turkle sez dat "I'm better'n you,
For I got four laigs an' you got two;
Den I sleep down beneaf de oak,
An' you roos' high in de rain an' smoke;

De cold days come, an' I makes my mound,
Whilst you mus' jarney de' 'arth half roun',
Or your long neck cotch de sorefoat bad,
An' I be larfin while you feels sad."

"But my two laigs longer 'n ten o' yourn,"
Thus sez de crane, "an' I'm swiftly borne
Whar you can't climb, wid dese wings o' mine,
Dat flash like snow in de bright sunshine."
"Kin you cotch fish in dat lofty sky?
You trus' your wings an' yo' boun' to die,"
Remark de turkle, "tho' I can't rise,
I crawls an' gits whar de victuals lies."

An' dar dey starved, for de turkle 'fused
To dredge de bottom bekase accused
Of wearin' close of a color made
To suit de work whar his talents laid.
De crane couldn't dive an' he couldn't swim,
No fish riz up to de lakelet's brim.
So hongry, wadin' too far he drowned—
De turkle died on de hard, dry ground.

Afar down souf do I see again
Broad fields of cotton and sweeps of grain,
De plough an' hoe in de han's dat toil,
In han's hued dark as de loamy soil,
An' breasts as brown as de turkle's shell,
All holding hearts dat work brave an' well,
An' brawn dat bears bofe de cold an' sun,
From New Year's day till de year is done.

My sarmin's done—let all wise folks larn
About whom lessons like dis consarn;
De darkey's made for to dig an' hoe,
Or gather craps dat de groun' mus' grow,
White folks to boss, an' to trade an' sell,
So bofe can flourish in lif's brief spell;
Together bearing each one his share,
Dey'll prosper sho'ly if bofe tote square.

A hard head mule in a hot July
Would make a million o' white men die,
An' gittin' credick from money banks
Would turn we cultered folks soon to cranks.
Go on, ole turkle, an' dredge de lake,
An' mister crane keep your eyes awake;
But one needn't brag on his clean, white close,
Nor t'udder mind 'bout his muddy nose.

OUR DAUGHTERS.

SOCKS DARNED HERE, 3 TO 5 CENTS PER PAIR. BUTTONS SEWED ON. OLD BUTTON-HOLES RE-WORKED AT A SMALL PRICE.

THIS unique sign, on the front of a small, dingy-looking house, struck my attention; and as I was visiting the city with a friend on a tour of inspection, I thought this might be one of the sights, so knocked at the door. On entering, at invitation of a bright-eyed young lady, the first thing that attracted my attention was an enormous basket filled with small bundles containing stockings and socks of various colors, each small bundle carefully labeled.

"Excuse me; but I noticed your sign, and its novelty made me anxious to learn something about a business that never occurred to me."

"Perhaps you would like to see grandma," said the bright young lady; "she will tell you all about it. She is the head of the firm," she added, laughing, "and we call her grandma."

"I should certainly be pleased to meet her, if it will not be considered an impertinence," I said.

"Not at all. Come this way, please;" and I followed her through a long passage into a house which I had not thought was connected with the workshop. There, after being ushered into a handsome parlor, in which stood a baby-grand, with music scattered about, as if often used, my friend and myself sat down to await the coming of the proprietor.

Nor did we have long to wait. In the course of five minutes, during which we had decided that the decorations of the apartment in which we sat

were all in the best taste, there were footsteps heard approaching, and in came an old lady, with a lovely face, and that manner of old-time sprightliness and courtesy, which suggests that blood will tell. How sweet and affable she was; how merry the unfaded blue eyes under the thickly frilled cap-border; what a measure of comfort seemed to dwell in the ample white folds over her bosom—in all, how much grace, beauty and power, dwelt in body, face and gesture, my pen can never tell. You shall hear her own story, as nearly as I can give it, as it fell from her gracious lips:

"I was born rich. My father was head of a great manufacturing firm, and I never knew the want of money, or money's worth, till years after I was married. My father built a splendid home. I was taught all the accomplishments then in vogue, and my father's youngest partner, a very handsome man—you shall see"—and she brought me a miniature from which smiled a noble, handsome face—"asked my hand in marriage.

"But, alas! misfortunes overtook the entire family. My father failed during the war, and moved from our Southern city to a small plantation belonging to one of my uncles. There he died of a broken heart. My husband found a business in this place, and kept his family comfortably for fifteen years. By that time I had five children; the youngest nine, the oldest nineteen. We had kept out of debt, but saved nothing. When I look back and think what I might have saved!—but we never stinted in anything, and we kept three servants.

"Suddenly my husband was called

away; that was ten years ago. In settling up his business there was nothing left for his wife and children; we were, in a measure, reduced to beggary. What were we to do? Not one of my children was fitted to earn a living, or, indeed, old enough to go out into the world, except my oldest girl, Virginia, and she was under engagement of marriage to a good man who was able to support her, but had no means to provide for any one but her, although he wanted me to come and live with her. To do that I should have been obliged to put my children away, and that I would never consent to. Fortunately, my four remaining children were boys, and all at school. Frank, my eldest, was in training for college; the rest were all studiously inclined, and anxious to make their mark in the world. To take Frank from the privileges of an education I felt would almost break my heart.

"Fortunately, my uncle sent me a small sum of money at that time—only five hundred dollars, but just then a treasure beyond price. I sold our furniture, moved into what we now call the shop, and determined to continue my oldest boys at school. It was not long before I obtained a situation that was a godsend to us, though it called for me to be out in all weathers. Of course, I might have bought a little business with my money; but it might not have been prosperous, and I knew that the investment in college for my ambitious boy would in the end be a paying one, though it might be years before much could be realized from it.

"Meantime, I was working beyond my strength. A cough came on, great weakness and lassitude followed—and I feared I was going to die. This I kept from my children as long

as I could, for I knew they would work their fingers off to save "mother." Two of them already brought in small sums of money, earned in various ways; but if you have a family, you know how fast money goes. What to do I knew not. I tried ineffectually to get work that I could do at home. I tried vest-making, dress-making, shirt-making; but they brought in so little money that I gave them up, one by one, as my strength gave out.

"One day a friend came in to whom I had been indebted for many happy hours. I was darning my boys' socks, and with every thrust of the needle, pondering upon my necessities. I still had a little money, but very little. Things looked dark, even though I trusted in the good God, for my health was poor, and I had fallen back upon my old position. The weather was cold and stormy, my house, in a measure, neglected; my boys had to pick up their own meals, and home had few charms to them when "mother" was not there. I had been crying bitterly, and, perhaps, my good friend read my thoughts. She took up one of the socks.

"'How beautifully you darn!' she said. 'I can hardly tell where the stocking ends and the darning begins.'

"'I am very fond of it,' I said, absently; 'it is work that I like to do—and learned to do thoroughly when I was a girl.'

"'Like to do!' My friend looked up astonished. 'Why, if there is anything on the face of the earth I hate, it is darning stockings. I let the piles grow, I can tell you, before I touch them. Indeed, I would willingly pay for work like that.'

"I smiled, and my thoughts roved elsewhere; but long after she had gone her words came back to me: 'I

would willingly pay for work like that.' Curious, how the matter took on new meaning, new shapes, as I thought. There were young men who had no mothers and sisters, who trusted to the tender mercies of their washerwomen — there were women who had no time and no inclination. If I could only get at these, why might I not work up a little business of my own, at home? I would try it by commencing with those friends who, by paying a very small sum, could afford to have such work done outside of their families.

"At the end of a month I had eleven private families on my list. Slowly and steadily it grew into a business. I had my sign out, as you see, and in the course of time added other things. I have built and furnished this house, and I now employ six or seven girls and pay them good wages. We dye domestic goods, mend broadcloth, renovate clothing not too dilapidated, and I am independent. My children are all doing well, most of them are married and in business, and I shall leave a handsome sum for each of their children.

"Most of the girls under my care were poor waifs, without any home or culture, and in a fair way to go to ruin. I have taught them my ways, given them good wages, and occasionally we have pleasant little entertainments, over which my second son, who is a clergyman, presides; and those who have no homes stay with me. Two or three of them sing and play very prettily, and all of them are fitted to make good wives. As soon as my girls get married there are plenty to fill their places. I have had ten weddings, already, in this house, and not a single funeral."

"It certainly takes a woman!" said my friend, admiringly; "and when

left with children to care for, how seldom they fail! I should like to know all the families brought up by women."

"Have you ever heard of the Feltons?" asked the dear old lady. I signified that I never had.

"These, you know, are humble things, and do not give us fame or distinction, particularly; but they do give us money, home, and a good conscience, and enable us to help others. You must really see the Feltons. I'll give you a note, and they will be pleased to tell you all about it. Roxy, dear, give me my writing-desk," she said, looking out of the door. Roxy proved to be the pretty girl who had first met us.

"I expect she'll be married soon," said the 'head of the firm,' as her pen ran on the paper, "and she's going to marry well, too; quite rich her prospective husband is, and very fond of her. She is one of the girls I spoke of as well fitted to grace a superior station—pretty, sweet in her ways, and quite accomplished. You would hardly believe that I took her from impending ruin—she had no home, she was starving—Heaven knows what she might have been driven to do. But she is going to ride in her own carriage now, and it all comes of darning socks and mending button-holes."

"But you are an exception," I said; "other women might not do as well."

"Depends upon whether they worked faithfully. Do you know, I think a great many women might go into the business, beginning in a small way, and knowing how to use their fingers. I have more than I can do, and I don't think the area of my custom exceeds half a mile. People are so glad to get these things done for a few pennies; but go and see the Fel-

ton's. They will interest you—and their work is all done up by noon. They're wonderful women!"

We found our way to the Feltons. They lived in a handsome two-story house, taking up a great deal of space on the ground-floor. Miss Agnes Felton was at home—a tall, delicate looking woman, with an air of extreme refinement, and an exquisitely modulated voice. She did not tell all her history—how she gave up lover and friends for the sake of her sisters' orphans, and almost lost her sight in trying to provide for them. I learned it afterwards. She and her five sisters were left orphans and almost penniless. Two of the sisters married, but later on both died, leaving between them four little children.

"Such *little* creatures!" said Miss Agnes; "and we found it such hard work to take care of ourselves! I sewed so constantly that my eyes, always weak, grew very bad, and I was threatened with a total loss of sight. What were we to do? We had but three talents between us, though we could all sing and play a little. I could make the best bread I ever tasted, and it never failed; sister Jenny manufactured delicious cake and doughnuts, that she had her own way of making, and which everybody praised; Mary could pickle and preserve—I won't go so far as to say, as one old lady did, 'like an angel,' because it is doubtful if pickles and preserves are salable commodities *there*; but I never saw her equal.

"We began business in a small way, making bread and doing the other things for our friends and acquaintances. Now, Mary's pickles and preserves represent thousands of dollars, all being home-made and of the best and always reliable; my bread-making

has grown into a business that is already branching out. We give steady employment to fifty people; we have educated the children left by our sisters—and all through small talents, thoroughly cultivated. I believe there are a great many ordinary home pursuits that many families fail in following, either through natural distaste or negligence, and can afford to pay for, that would be a source of revenue to many women, in which they would not work their fingers to the bone or injure themselves mentally or physically."

And now to close with a little story concerning two young people who had clung together through many reverses. John Sangster was one of the most unfortunate of men. By profession an architect, close application to business had injured his eyesight, and the doctor said that unless he found a new pursuit trouble was impending. At that crisis a little child came—a beautiful creature, with its mother's laughing eyes and sunny tresses, the same lovely features and exquisite complexion. John was the happiest fellow on earth; but then here was one more mouth to feed, one more to clothe, provision to make for all its little ills and fancies. What was to be done?

"Darling," he said one day to his wife, after a week's search for work, "I can find nothing to do unless I take a clerk's position in a wholesale grocery store. The pay is small, but we can just manage to live on it. What do you advise me to do? To me it will not be a pleasant business—that matters little. Your father will probably look down upon it—and you must take a step lower in social standing. If you are willing, I will accept; but then you might live in ease and luxury—if you will go back to your home—your father is rich."

The young wife lifted her pale face.

"As long as you are able to support me, John, I'll never go back to my father. We love each other, our home is a happy one; and if we do not have the elegancies of life, neither do we want them. Here is my treasure;" and she lifted the beautiful babe to her bosom. "Take the clerkship; home is our world—what do we want of anything else?"

"How can a man break down with such a wife?" he faltered. "Home, darling, is not only our world, but our heaven!"

The duties, however, proved too much for him, and a fever confined him to the house for more than a month. Then the doctor said he must have a change of climate or he would not answer for his life. His wife's father, who had never been pleased with his daughter's choice, owned a small place in Florida, and offered to put his son-in-law in charge of it, also making him a present of twenty acres; and this, he said, was the utmost he would do. If unsuccessful there, he must expect nothing from him.

The young couple went to Florida, found the house on the place a mere shell, and the orange-grove which the wife's father had bought almost a myth. But they entered upon their new duties with brave hearts and a determination to succeed if success were possible. For a time all went well; then, by an accident, when he was out hunting, John shot himself, and was laid up for weeks. Of course, all things went behindhand at once; and the young wife being too proud to apply to her father, want stared them in the face.

"Go back home," John pleaded, his handsome face white with suffering and anxiety; "your father will take

care of you and Angel—and I can manage here, alone."

"Go home?—never!" was the reply. "What! leave you? Not till death do us part."

"Then why don't I die?" he asked, in anguish. "I am only a trouble and a blank—an unfortunate man. It seems as if, try what I will, failure comes."

"We must stay—and we must live!" said his young wife, with energy, as she strove to cheer his drooping spirits. "See! what should we do without you—Angel and I! Yes. God in whom we trust will find us friends and opportunities, and by and by ill-luck will forget you. Don't you know I'm a Mascot?" she added, with a smile. "Let me puzzle a way out."

On the following day she called on a neighbor with a house-full of children.

"Just look at my curtains!" exclaimed her friend, "almost ruined for want of washing and doing up! Well, they must go. I can't find a decent woman in the place—a decent washer and ironer, I mean—and I *can't* do it myself. I'd give a big price if I could get them properly done."

"I'll do them," said John's wife.

"You!" and the woman stared in astonishment; "you; with your delicate hands!"

"Indeed I will, and all the curtains and laces and fine things you can get for me; but I shall charge a round price."

"I'll give you anything you ask," was the rejoinder; "and if you *would* do my husband's shirts—but what am I thinking of."

"I'll do them with pleasure; I have plenty of time, and it will be play for me." She would not let her brave voice falter.

"Why, my dear lady, if you will dare to undertake it, you may have all the fine laundering to do for miles around."

("Evidently," she thought to herself, "she needs it.")

"All right," was the response—and one might have thought it had been the ambition of her life to set up a laundry—"just get me the work, and you shall see."

"We do need some such thing so much!" said the other, "and if——. But are you really in earnest?"

"In dead earnest," was the response. ("John's worth it," she said to herself, proudly; "he's worth it, if he is unfortunate.")

The first week she, as the Scotch say, "buckled to." She had a woman for the rougher part, but the starching and ironing she did herself. The curtains were marvels of beauty—the pretty laces looked like new. The second week she had more than she could do. Scarcely a month

had passed before she kept three women employed, and under her skilled superintendence they became expert at the finer work.

"It just seemed as if God gave it to me to do, and the angels helped me," she often said. In less than a year the house was used altogether for laundry work, and a little home built on the twenty acres his wife's father had given to John. The latter had found his work. Everything he planted prospered. His strawberries were the earliest and best, and brought good prices. Between the laundry and the fruits a splendid income was assured. To-day John keeps his own horses and some of the best imported stock in the country. His wife has little to do except in the supervision of her business, and the world goes well with them.

The best of it is, this is no fancy sketch—facts form the groundwork of my paper from beginning to end.

MARY A. DENNISON.

THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE following poem appears in a volume of verse by Mr. Cooper Willis, entitled "Tales and Legends in Verse." It is an answer to a poem of Mr. Weatherly on the same subject.

Yes; the land of little people is a lovelier land
than ours,
With its mine of new-found treasures, mossy
glades, and fairy bowers;
Earth her robe of choicest beauty spreads to
woo the tender feet,
And the angels whispering round them thrill
the air with accents sweet.
Memory brings no pang of sorrow, troubles
lightly pass away,
Hope's horizon is to-morrow, and the sun is
bright to-day;
Every moment has its blessing, sweeter
thoughts, and fairer flowers,
Yes; the land of little people is a lovelier
land than ours.

But from o'er the silent river comes to us a
purer glow—
Purer even than the sunbeams that the little
people know;
And the love-song of the heavens steals upon
the wearied ear,
Sweeter than the angels' whispers that the
little people hear;
And the wanderer, overstriven, humbled as a
little child,
Knows the past is all forgiven, and his God is
reconciled,
When around his faltering footsteps comes the
blessing of the dove,
From the fairest world of any, from the home
of peace and love.

PERSIA ILLUSTRATED.

I.

THE boundaries of Persia have long been quite indefinite—a sure symptom of a poverty-stricken country, and within the last ten years the confines of the Empire have been modified by treaty on almost every side, except only in that part where the boundary is fixed by the shore of the Persian Gulf. During that short period, the limits of Persia in connection with Beloochistan and Afghanistan have been resettled by the friendly intervention of the Anglo-Indian Government. On the north-west, the boundary was altered by the Berlin Treaty of 1878, and by Article Sixty of the same treaty, the Sublime Porte ceded to Persia the town and territory of Khotour, as determined by the mixed Anglo-Russian Commission for the delimitation of the frontiers of Turkey and of Persia. Latest of all, in the north-east, the Persian limits have been affected by a convention with Russia signed at Teheran in December, 1881. The Shah has probably never throughout his long reign been free from questions of disputed frontier, and even now, after these settlements in north, east and south, there are points between Persia and Turkey unarranged upon the west. In regard to Persia it is always important to know who are her neighbors. On the north, for about 1,200 miles, the frontier of Persia is continuous with that of Russia, and is practically inaccessible to any other power. For more than 300 miles of that length, the shore of the Caspian Sea is the boundary. But upon that sea Russia allows no flag but that of the Czar to float, and Persia is prevented by the Treaty of Gulistan from flying the emblem of the Shah's authority on the Caspian,

Persia is without a ship of war. In the south, upon the Persian Gulf, the navy of the Empire of India practically takes charge of all the maritime concerns of Persia, maintains peace, and holds power from the mouth of the Euphrates to the Indian Ocean.

Beloochistan is virtually under the control of the Anglo-Indian Government. But in Afghanistan, Persia has a neighbor with whom the Shah's relations are never those of sincere amity. It is a tradition of Persian sovereignty that Herat is of right Persian, not Afghan; and on the other side, Afghanistan is dissatisfied with the award which, but little more than ten years ago, gave Seistan to Persia. If it were not for the controlling influence of Russia and England, peace would not have endured so long between Persia and Afghanistan. On the west, for religious and territorial reasons, Persia covets portions of the Turkish Empire. But so long as she restrains this feeling, she has not much to fear from the Sultan, the centre of whose power is remote, and who is always engrossed with difficulties in the western and northern portions of his Empire.

There is no trustworthy census of the population, but recent travelers have estimated that the whole population of the Empire, which from north to south or from east to west measures more than 1,000 miles, does not amount to the reputed figures of 10,000,000. This accounts for much of the comparative lack of interest felt by the Western world in Persia, in comparison with that which attends the teeming millions of China and Japan.

RELIGION OF PERSIA.

The religion of Persia is regarded

by the orthodox Mussulmans of Turkey as the only great schism within the pale of Mohammedanism. The nonconformity of the Persians, which

marry with Mohammedans of the Sunni faith, which is that of the Turks and of all but a small minority of those 40,000,000 Indian subjects of the



PERSIAN MAIDENS.

extends also to a large number of Afghans, is so thorough, that Mohammedans of the Shiah faith—which is that of the Persians—do not inter-

British Crown who are Mussulmans. In Eastern Persia, there are villages inhabited by these two sorts of Mohammedans, and in order to prevent

disturbance, the Shiah's confine their dwellings to one side of the road and the Sunnis to the other side. It has been stated above that the Persians, from religious motives, covet part of the Valley of the Euphrates. Especially they desire to possess the two towns, Kerbela and Nedjif, lying near to the site of Babylon, because Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, is buried at the latter place, while Hussein, Ali's son, and grandson to the Prophet of Mecca, lies at Kerbela. To Persians, these shrines of Ali and Hussein are dearer even than those of Mecca and Medina, because there is touched the fount of their dissent. Whoever has read the life of Mohammed will not fail to have admired the bravery and devotion of Ali, the Ajax of Medina, the husband of Fatima, only surviving daughter of the Prophet. In their battles of Arabs against Arabs, Mohammed appeared as the champion of the Unknown God against the idolators of Mecca, and whether in single combat or in the thickest of the fight, Ali was the bravest of the brave. There were those around the Prophet who believed, as nineteen-twentieths of Persians now believe, that Ali inherited the religious government of Islam upon the death of Mohammed. But Ali did not succeed Mohammed. After the Prophet's death, Abu Bekr was raised to the chief position. From that time to the days of the present Sultan of Turkey, the person hailed as Caliph upon the deposition or death of his predecessor has been accepted by Sunni Mohammedans as, to some extent, their chief. From the Shiah's no such allegiance is given. They recognize no spiritual head in the Shah, or indeed upon earth. The Shah of Persia is in the eyes of his subjects a chief magistrate, supreme

over the lives and property of all, who however does right and can do right only so long as he governs in accordance with the laws of Mohammed. To Ali and to the descendants of Ali, particularly to his son, the son of Fatima, — to Hussein, murdered at Kerbela, is their homage given. The cardinal difference between the Shiah's and the Sunnis is that the former believe in the Divine authority of twelve, and only twelve, of the Prophet's alleged posterity — of whom Ali and his two sons Hassan and Hussein were three; of whom the Imam Reza, buried at Meshed, was the eighth. Mehdee, or Mahdi, the twelfth and last, was born in 868, and, according to Shiah doctrine, became invisible in the ninth year of his age. Some of the Persian moliahs, or priests, preach that Mehdee will some day return to earth, having with him the infallible commands of God in the shape of that complete and perfect Koran, which in the Shiah belief was delivered by Mohammed into the hands of Ali. The life-long desire of every Persian is to visit Kerbela, and at death to be buried there, so that he may feel at rest with Hussein and with Ali. This holy place of the Persians is a mud-built town in Turkish Arabia, surrounded with a wall built of sun-dried bricks, about fifteen feet high. Viewed from the plain, it is remarkable for the thickly-gilded dome of the mosque which stands over the shrine of Hussein, and for the two minarets which ornament the precincts of this mosque. These minarets are built of bricks, of which the outer surface is glazed with blue, green, and yellow. The town wall skirts the court of the mosque, and there are close by the graves of thousands upon thousands of pious Shiah's. But for every one there

buried, thousands have made the pilgrimage, and at the hour of prayer—at sunrise or at sunset—it is no extraordinary sight in any part of Persia to see a man take from his pocket a piece of dried clay from Kerbela, and lay it reverently on the ground before him, so that when he prostrates his face, his forehead may rest upon the soil in which Hussein is buried, and not seldom will his neighbors pause in their prayers, if by so doing, they may obtain momentary use of the precious morsel of Turkish soil. This religious disposition of the Persians is not without political importance, as it tends to deepen the isolation of the Empire.

THE SHAH AND HIS FAMILY.

The Shah ascended the throne in 1848, and is now about sixty-three years of age. His Majesty's life has been only once in danger from assassination, and that danger is not forgotten. It arose, and exists, from a fanatical sect whose founder was executed by the Shah's order in 1850. Bab, the son of a grocer in Shiraz, aspired to be the Prophet of the nineteenth century, and proclaiming himself Vicegerent of God, at once gained followers. He was soon taken, and tied to a stake in Tabriz to be shot. The bullets of the firing party actually cut the cords, but did not wound the false prophet. Through the smoke, Bab ran into a guard-house, and immediately some thought there had been a miraculous disappearance. But he was quickly brought back to the stake, and killed. Two years afterwards, in 1852, three Babis—as the followers of Bab are called—rushed upon the Shah while he was hunting, and, but for the arrival of help, Nazred-Din would never have escaped. About the same time occurred that

other tragedy, which Persian history will recall in the now long annals of His Majesty's reign.

In viewing Teheran from the plain, one of the most prominent objects is the blue dome of a mosque, the outer surface of which is covered with glazed tiles of a pale indigo. There rests the body of the Ameer Teki Khan, Chief Minister of Persia in the earliest years of the Shah's reign, who was His Majesty's brother-in-law, and who was murdered in his own house by bleeding, in consequence of an order of the Shah, of whose Imperial remorse this shrine is a standing memorial. Throughout Persia, Teki Khan is spoken of with respect as an honest statesman, who desired the public welfare. The principal caravanserai in Teheran is known by his name. Enemies intrigued against him, and told the Shah that Teki pretended to be greatest in Persia. It was said he had boasted that the Czar would protect him against the Shah. He was disgraced, and banished from the capital to his palace near Kashan. But his foes were not yet content, and the Shah consented to his death. The murderers sent word to Teki that they had come to announce the return of Imperial favor. They did this in order that he might receive them alone, for the princess, his wife, was devoted to him, and constantly feared he would be assassinated. When Teki received the messengers of his brother-in-law, they seized and stripped him, and having severed the larger veins of his arms, watched with enjoyment his dying struggles. The Shah quickly learned his error, and by way of atonement he betrothed his two infant daughters to the two sons of Teki Khan, while he directed one of the best of his courtiers, Yahia Khan,

late Prince-Governor of Shiraz, to espouse his sister, whom his order had made a widow. Now one of the sons of Teki is Prince-Governor of

man, is recommended by the law of the Koran not to wed more than four wives; of slave women, who stand to the master of a Mussulman household



MOUZAFFER, THE SHAH'S HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

Koom, and the Princess Fekhrul-Mulock, his wife, enjoys from her father the title of "the Pomp of the State."

The Shah, like every other Mussul-

man, in any relation he pleases, but generally as attendants upon his wives, the number is unlimited. The first wife of the Shah was not of princely

blood, a fact which is very important in the actual politics of Persia. She had a son, Mazud, but according to Persian rule, this Prince, though unquestionably eldest son, is not the Shah's heir. Secondly, the Shah married a princess descended from a former dynasty, and her son, Mouzaffer, who is nominally Prince-Governor of Tabriz, has long been proclaimed heir and successor to the throne of Persia. The eldest son, who signs himself "Sultan Mazud Mirza, Kajar, Zil-i-Sultan," is already scarcely second to his father in power throughout the whole of Southern Persia. Of his younger brother, the heir apparent, there is little to be said, and little known, except that he is weak in character and intellect, and that, after the manner of every Persian Crown Prince, he dwells in Tabriz, the most northern and most populous city of the Empire.

In accordance with Persian custom, the Shah writes, "Kajar," or, as some spell it, "Gajar," after his name, to indicate the Turcoman tribe from which his dynasty proceeds. Among the future and far distant troubles of Persia may be that incident to efforts to get rid of a dynasty which, though now thoroughly Persian in religion and habits, is alien in race to the Persian people. It has, however, happened in Persia, as elsewhere, that the Northmen have proved the stronger, and, in spite of his natural indolence, there is a force and boldness in the face and character of the Shah, and which have been transmitted to his eldest son, that are not found in the families of purest Persian blood. European travel has not made the Shah disposed to a constitutional form of government for Persia. His government is the purest of despotisms. Perhaps His Majesty vaguely perceives that consti-

tutionalism is incompatible with the reign of Mohammedan law; perhaps he partly appreciates that in no country would such changes be more difficult of introduction than in Persia.

The habits of his life show that the Shah delights rather in the toys than the toils of the highest civilization. With the Persian people generally he is, however, not unpopular. They do not comprehend that while the Shah is thinking of opera bouffe and of the electric light, His Majesty is neglecting the weightier matters of good roads, better agriculture, and a rational system of commercial intercourse. A few years ago the Shah made one of his spasmodic efforts at beneficent despotism. His Majesty issued an order that a "Box of Justice" should be fixed in a public position in all towns, for the reception of petitions and the statement of grievances, which were periodically to be forwarded directly to himself. But the local governors quickly found means to defeat this innocent plan, by setting a watch over the boxes and upon those who might be reasonably suspected of a desire to forward petitions, nor did they scruple to tamper with the contents of the boxes, with the consequence that this plan was soon allowed to drop.

TRAVELING IN PERSIA.

An important fact in the geography of Western Asia is that while Russia is the absolute and unapproachable master of the Caspian Sea, nearly all the fertile land bordering upon the sea is Persian. The muddy marshes of the Isle of Dogs, to the East of London, resemble the level and the geological composition of the lands south of the Caspian. They receive the waters of the Northern slopes of the Elburz Mountains, of which the lower

range separates Teheran from the sea. They are undrained, and in the highest degree unwholesome. There are large areas of jungle, in which wild turkeys and not a few beasts of prey may be found; there are small areas of cultivation, devoted chiefly to rice fields and Indian corn. The rich vegetation, and the moist climate of these muddy lowlands, are favorable for the growth of tea and the production of silk. The former has, however, not been attempted, and the latter is declining for the want of health, enterprise, and management.

The central of the Persian provinces on the Caspian is Ghilan.

Throughout Northern Persia, the influence of Russia is always greatest, just as in the South, English influence is predominant. The reason is obvious. From a hostile point of view, the North is accessible to Russia alone, and equally on the South, Persia is subject to British Indian influence, assuming, as we safely may, that the Anglo-Indian power can always control the remote authority of the Sultan of Turkey. In the North, and including Teheran, Russian gold is current coin. The gold coins of Persia are so rare that when seen they are preserved as ornaments. For the traveler towards Teheran from the north, Russian gold Imperials are the most serviceable form of specie. In the South, he had better provide himself with Indian currency. No Persian river falling into the Caspian Sea is navigable. But all travelers agree that the landscape is very charming. There is always, above the rich vegetation, and the forest trees of the lowlands, a grand background of mountains, some of them snow-covered even in the autumn months of the year. The Himalayas attain an average

height greater than that of the Elburz Mountains; but there are no peaks of the Himalayas grander than that of Mount Demavend, which towers to a height of at least 18,000 feet above the region of Teheran. There are no roads in Persia, and, therefore, carriages and wagons are not used in traveling. Many of the plains are level, and, as a rule, there are no enclosures, so that in the neighborhood of large towns it is sometimes possible to use a carriage for short excursions. But it is not possible to draw a carriage, or any other wheeled conveyance, from the Caspian to Teheran, nor from Teheran to Ispahan, to Meshed, or to Shiraz, because the path sometimes mounts or descends by very rude steps from one rock to another, like a staircase of huge and irregular form, and also because, upon the mountains, the track, especially in the most dangerous parts, is not of sufficient width. In his "Diary" the Shah writes of the "carriage" which he used from Teheran to the sea. But the Shah's carriage must have been carried over a great part of the way, and upon that portion of the way over which it was drawn the jolting upon the stones of the plains would have made riding in a carriage intolerable to any but a Persian, to whom, from its novelty, such locomotion may have unnatural dignity and pleasure.

The customary currency of Persia is silver kran. These coins, which are about the value of a franc, are of very pure metal, rudely stamped with the cipher of the Shah, and with the time and place of issue. It would be more correct to say that such is the intention, as these "dumps" of silver, about the thickness of two ten cent pieces, and rather smaller in size, are sometimes

caught fairly by the stamping die and sometimes not. The stamp is usually irregular, so that perhaps out of a hundred, no two krans have any precise resemblance, and as for the edges, they take whatever form the metal pleases under pressure. The traveler in Persia is therefore, as in India, much weighted with money needful for current expenses, and the task of counting the Persian exchange for one hundred dollars is a considerable labor. There are no pieces of two or five krans to help in this work. But being provided with money, the mode of traveling is the same for natives and foreigners. They may possess, or may buy, horses, camels, or mules; for a horse the average cost will be about fifty dollars. The traveler will then have to provide pack-saddles for the baggage animals, upon which goods or luggage and all necessary utensils will be secured with ropes; and riding saddles; he will have to hire "gholams", or grooms, to feed and load his horses and mules, or he may hire all the animals he requires from a muleteer, or "charvodar." The "charvodar" will be responsible for the stabling, feeding, and loading of the animals. The usual cost of a mule or a pony hired in this way, for a ten days' march of 200 miles—which is nearly the distance from the Caspian to the Persian capital—is about fifty krans, or \$10. The Persian language dominates the whole of Western and Central Asia. It is the classic tongue of many parts of India. Persian idioms and expressions are common even with tribes which have no knowledge of the language. Throughout all that region it is then understood that one may travel "chapar" or "caravan," the latter being to the former as freight train is to express. In traveling "chapar," or Anglo-Persians say in

"chaping," one rides at quick pace and in light order of march. Saddle horses may in this way be taken from one post-house or station—"menzil" is the Persian word—and galloped ten or twenty miles to the next station. Those who travel with tents, with goods, or luggage, and prefer to keep their property in sight, cannot travel "chapar." They, with their baggage animals, must form a caravan, and march steadily from station to station at a rate of about three miles an hour, which is as fast as mules can walk. Those, in fact, are described as a caravan, who travel at the pace of loaded mules. Distance in Persia is nominally measured by "parasangs" or "farsakhs." But in practice a "farsakh" is about an hour's walk, so that a Persian will sometimes reply to a question of distance indifferently in hours or "farsakhs."

For old men and for women, who would suffer from being in the saddle for many hours, there is a choice between the "kerjava" and the "takht-i-rawan." The "kerjava" consists of two large wooden paniers slung across a mule or camel, each wide enough to hold a person, or two persons when carried on a camel. The more dignified carriage is the "takht-i-rawan." This is used by Persian ladies, by the aged and infirm, and by the ladies of foreign embassies. But traveling is so rare in Persia, that in a fortnight's march it is most unlikely that a "takht-i-rawan" would be met with. It is a carriage built of wood, and placed, like a sedan chair, upon a strong frame-work, of which the two poles forming the four shafts, two behind and two before, are the principal parts. It differs from a sedan chair, in being much more roomy, and because the bottom is usually flat, level with the shafts, upon which

the occupier sits cross-legged, or lies down during the journey. It is carried by two mules, one harnessed between the two poles in front, the other with its eyes close to the body of the carriage, between the two hinder poles. The body is generally panelled, in order to obtain strength without weight, and the roof of thin boards is covered with oiled or varnished cotton to keep out rain. A "takht-i-rawan" costs about forty dollars, and at the end of a journey is sold for ten or fifteen dollars. If travelers carry tents they can, of course, halt where they please. But it is customary to stay for the night if in winter, or for the day if in summer, at the post-houses, or "chapar-khanahs," which are usually of one pattern. The "chapar-khanahs" is enclosed with a wall, built, as are all the houses and buildings of Persia, with mud bricks, brown, sun-baked, and easily friable, plastered over with a coarse cement of mud, mixed with finely-broken straw, and sometimes with goat's hair. The entrance archway is secured by a strong gate. In the centre is a quadrangular yard for horses and mules, and round three sides are flat-roofed sheds, one side of which is formed by the outer wall.

In Persia roofs are flat, and made in one way—by rafters covered with faggot wood, upon which is laid a thick coat of mud cement. These sheds are for the animals and their drivers, who sleep together in the winter months.

On the fourth side, near the gate, there are two or three sheds without windows—throughout all Persia such a thing as a window looking outwards is very rare and exceptional. These are for travelers. A common arrangement is to have a hole somewhere in the roof, and then the fire can be lighted on any part of the floor, Persians being

skilful in building grates with two or three stones gathered from the plain.

Over the greater part of Persia the climate of the winter months is terribly severe. The average level of Persia above the sea is very considerable. The ground rises very soon after leaving the Caspian in the north, or Bushire in the south, and all the chief towns of Persia are more than 2,000 feet above the sea. In passing from Teheran to Shiraz, a distance of considerably more than 500 miles, the traveler would be likely in the month of January to march for the greater part of the way over frozen snow. He would even do well to take precautions against frost-bite. He would notice that it is usual for horsemen to protect their feet against this danger by covering their stirrups with felt, and their bodies with thick fur coats, the leather turned outwards, and inside the warm wool of the Cabul sheep, for those who can afford that best protection against the icy wind of the mountain passes and plateaux of Central Persia.

The caravanserais differ chiefly from the "chapar-khanahs" in that there is more accommodation for travelers. In a caravanserai, around a horse-yard there are a number of deep arches upon a brick terrace, raised about three feet above the yard. Generally each of these arches has a circular hole in the roof for the outlet of smoke, but sometimes there is a flue in the thickness of the outer wall. The end of the arch next the yard is filled with rough brickwork, in which a doorway is left, but there is not a door in one case out of twenty, and if the traveler wishes for some approach to privacy, or in winter to shut out the north wind, careering from the snows of Siberia, he nails some covering of felt or carpet over his doorway. In "chaping,"

he usually carries a bag, which is filled every night with chopped straw and upon this he makes his bed. But whether in "chapar-khanah" or caravanserai, he is mainly self-dependent. On arriving, the shed, or arch, in which he is to rest is bare; littered, perhaps, with the rubbish of the last occupier,

and in going out there is little danger of forgetting any part of one's baggage. It is only necessary to note that the place is stripped of every thing; that nothing useful remains behind; there is no risk of taking aught that does not belong to the traveler.

ARTHUR ARNOLD, M. P.

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

SANITATION.

III.

EXHALATIONS from improper or neglected sties, which, by the way, should not be allowed within city limits, besides being shockingly disagreeable, undoubtedly act as predisposing factors in various typhoidal conditions. As fearful as these sources of disease are, still more dangerous and absolutely infectious is the fermentation product in the contents of vaults. And the relation of these vaults to the common wells, or other water supply, is a matter of the profoundest concern. The great majority of wells, in many localities, are impure, nay poisonous at best, from surface contaminations; if they have a specific poison as the virus of typhoid added, one can instantly infer the terrible and inevitable effects of the slightest relation or connection through seepage.

The relation of filth to diphtheria and typhoid fever is well established; indeed, typhoid fever has been called the "type of filth disease." Not that filth alone without the presence of the destructive *miasm* originates a contagious disease, but that once the virus is introduced, filth favors its propagation and stands as the great barrier against successful treatment and exter-

mination; so that the contagion finds its most numerous victims, the question of individual receptivity for the present excluded, where there is filth to favor its spread, and an indifference to, and a lack of, hygienic precepts and sanitary regulations and surroundings. It will be seen that sanitation and cleanliness, as applied to the mass, approach to the sense of being practically synonymous, for, as sanitarians, we are compelled, under existing circumstances everywhere, to constantly connect the two. But it must be observed that cleanliness does not consist simply in keeping the "outside of the platter clean," while within is disease, pollution; with poison continually introduced from without—in a word, morbid conditions—physically and spiritually; but it consists in clean air, clean food, clean drink, clean premises, clean thoughts, clean acts, clean exercises, clean habits.

Another fertile field for successful work is in the public schools. So many of the ills from which children suffer are traceable to faulty school life. The school teacher should be a practical sanitarian; and it would be well to utilize the sententious educational discourse of Ralph Waldo Em-

erson by emphasizing the fact that there is too much of the "What shall I study?" and not enough of the "With whom you study." The location, plan, construction, seating, lighting, ventilating and warming of school buildings demand the direct attention of the sanitary boards; the surroundings, "sunshine and shade," wells or water supply, receptacles and cellars, should be practically inspected at short intervals by this board, and all unsanitary conditions of every description, reported upon carefully in writing, and caused to be remedied. A physician skilled in sanitary science should be on the school board, if not, then on the sanitary board, and in smaller towns where this is impracticable, one should be engaged to visit periodically and advise as to the sanitary condition of the school buildings and premises; consult with the teachers as to the ability of the different pupils to pursue the regular course of studies; to suggest in regard to management and discipline where methods of stimulation or restraint are found to interfere with the sanitary welfare of the pupils; and strive to impress on teachers and school authorities the importance of teaching both by principle and by example elementary sanitary precepts. In the interests of the public health and morality practical provision should be made for instructing intelligently all pupils, in every school in the land, in physiology and hygiene with special reference to the development, and habit-forming periods physically, as well as spiritually, morally and mentally. And the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics generally upon the human system.

"Slops and garbage." Why do flies congregate about our back doors?

They are there because there is filth there, and germs known as disease germs are there. It is said by some that germs are there to eat up the garbage, and that flies are there to eat up the germs. However this may be, it is assumed that we can ascertain this fact by the microscope. "Notice the fly when he alights on the table. We used to wonder what the fly was about when brushing down his wings with his hind feet. We thought he was making his toilet. You will notice that after he has brushed off his wings and body and each separate leg, that he rubs his feet together and then puts something in his mouth. If you put that fly under the microscope you will see that all parts of his body are covered with little hairs and spines, and among the hairs and spines are gathered large numbers of germs. These are floating through the air and the fly knows where they are; he soars about and catches the germs, and then alights and brushes them off and eats them. There is something more than sentiment in the old nursery rhyme about not killing the fly. He is a scavenger, a sort of sanitary sheriff; ought we not protect instead of kill him? Don't be too fast; pretty soon that fly comes along and puts a punctuation mark on a morsel of food you are about to eat. The microscope shows that the punctuation mark has those veritable germs in it; so you have to eat them after all. It has been found that the eggs of tape worms and other parasites are distributed in this way. Whenever there are a great many flies about, there is something wrong. Why don't they gather around the front door as well as around the back door? The reason is plain; it is because the back door is the depository of decomposable matter; the germs

thrive in it, and the flies come there to eat the germs. If you keep your premises clean, the flies will not trouble you. Flies are most numerous in August, because then we have more of this decomposable matter than at any other season of the year. The dews in the night start up whatever decomposition has been stopped in the day time by drying, and the flies have a fine feast. Notice the sanitary condition of an ordinary house. The slops are thrown out around the back door. You know by the color of a certain spot of ground that it has been the depository of slops, and perhaps there is a garbage heap besides. If your eyes had microscopic power you would see the air all about filled with germs. You have been shut in a dark room and noticed a ray of light passing through a small opening in the shutter, and motes floating in it. Some of these motes are particles of dust and some of them are germs, and you can see how full the air is of them. If you could see the air about the place in the yard where slops are thrown, you would find it fuller than the most populous sunbeam you ever saw. It is completely filled with germs. Suppose the wind blows toward the house; all the air in the house will be contaminated, and it is no wonder if people have sore throats and diphtheria."

Without extending this important subject of "slops and garbage" further, the question will properly be asked, if the ordinary way of disposing of them is not the right way, how shall we do? Dr. Baker answers this question completely by saying, don't have any. But, says one, we do have slops and garbage. True, but the greater portion can be disposed of as food for domestic animals if properly

prepared and used at the proper time. Some portions can be burned. The watery portion, of course, can be thrown on the soil, provided you use a certain area one day and another portion the next, etc., so as not to saturate any one portion, but secure oxidation at the surface. Of course this has no reference to house excreta, which in every case must be disposed of independently of the slops and garbage, and independently of the excrements of the healthful.

Nor is this all, Telluric poison, commonly termed malaria, or the removable condition favoring its development, should receive prompt and efficient attention. While cholera is always found at the mouth of the Ganges, typhus fever at the mouth of the Thames, and the harbor of Havana is the recognized habitat of yellow fever, so the Mississippi river bottom between 37 and 29 parallels, or from Cairo to New Orleans, or to the Gulf Coast, a distance direct of about five hundred miles, and by the river of one thousand miles, including an area of thirty-two thousand square miles, is the true habitat of all malarial diseases. And yet we find just here in our beautiful valleys, simply classic in arrangement and contour—we find increasing malarial fevers. This is due mainly to the use of surface water through dug-wells or seepage from irrigation, the undrained condition of certain localities, decomposing vegetable organic matter, want of oxidation at the surface, thin sheets of stagnant water exposed to the direct rays of the sun, marshes resting upon an impervious substratum, as clay, etc. All such conditions favorable to the development of the bacillus malaria, especially those conditions which are manifestly removable, demand prompt attention. Streams hav-

ing their source in, or which flow through malarial districts, cannot be said to appreciably affect us here. Nor can winds, sweeping over malarial districts, be directly chargeable to any great extent. Marshes which have dried up, and the exposure of alluvial soil by excavations, need scarcely to be mentioned here as factors, except in isolated and limited cases. It is proper to observe here that while there are more forms, types and varieties of malarial fever than have generally been recognized, it is a fact of no small moment that there is vastly less of typhoid fever than some have been led to suppose. The substance of these last statements is significant—namely, but little typhoid fever, which is a miasmatic contagious disease, and hence preventable except, as sporadic cases, and though increasing forms, types, and in some exceptional localities, varieties also of malarial fever, they arise from removable causes, and thus come within the legitimate scope of the sanitarian.

The prevention, restriction and management of communicable diseases become an important part of the work of a Board of Health, for epidemics should be prevented; endemics arising from the establishment of permanent sources of the disease, especially of the communicable division, must never be allowed; prompt notice of outbreaks of a disease should be secured; communicable diseases should be restricted; cases of diseases which endanger the public health should be recorded; much sickness and many deaths from ordinary causes and diseases should be prevented; nuisances of every description should be abated; sanitary information should be disseminated among the people.

“But,” says one, “what can be

done in a small city to secure effective sanitary work?”

One of the first requisites is a Board of Health, backed to the full extent of their powers by the City Council. An ordinance relative to nuisances and contagious diseases should be passed, and administrative work at once begun. This ordinance should empower and require the board;

1. To meet at stated intervals for the transaction of immediate business, etc., and call conventions for eliciting information on general as well as special sanitary subjects; discuss methods and means for the prevention, restriction and management of contagious or infectious diseases; enquire into the causes of diseases incident especially to this locality; the relation of filth to epidemics and endemics; contaminated water; epizootics and enzootics; telluric poison, etc., etc.

2. To make suggestive regulations for the general guidance of citizens in relation to buildings, conveniences, wells, or water supply, enclosures, and other structures private and public, in order to guard against the introduction or establishment of causes of disease, sources of filth, and all unsanitary conditions.

3. To make diligent enquiry with respect to all nuisances of every description and all unsanitary conditions within the limits of their jurisdiction which are or may be injurious to public health, and cause the same to be abated.

4. To enter upon or within any place or premises, where nuisances or conditions dangerous to life and health exist, and cause proper inspection and examination of the same for the suppression and removal of all such conditions.

5. To guard against the introduction of contagious diseases by the exercise of proper medical inspection and control of all persons and things arriving within the sanitary limits of the city from infected places, or which from any cause are liable to communicate contagion.

6. To make general and special regulations for the management and restriction of contagious or infectious diseases; including isolation or domestic quarantine; prohibition and non-communication with or use of infected persons, premises, places, and things; disinfection and cleansing of infected premises and things; and, in

case of epidemics requiring it, emergency hospitals for the reception and regular treatment of infected persons; requiring individuals to report promptly every case of contagious or infectious disease arising, and to give proper notice to the public of the existence of communicable diseases whether of the acute or miasmatic contagious class on their premises.

7. To prescribe sanitary regulations for burials, or transportation of bodies of persons who have died of infectious diseases.

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THE REVERENT IRREVERENCE OF CHILDREN.

A LITTLE motherless girl of five years, who was left in my care four years in New Orleans, was one Sabbath morning busy over her doll's wardrobe, when I reproved her by saying:

"Lily, God is not pleased while you play with your doll to-day."

She looked seriously into my face and said:

"Mrs. R —, God has nothing to do with me. Jesus takes care of little children!"

She was in a Sunday school at Trinity church.

A small boy, also in my care, was found one Sunday playing steam cars with his blocks, etc. It was in Maiden, prior to the advent of horse-cars.

I made a similar remark to the one above, and his reply was, in pure innocence:

"Does God keep 'em all up there to hisself to-day?"

This reminds the listener of a story brought home from Sunday school last

Sunday by the children of a family of his acquaintance. It sounds a little bit irreverent, but as it was told by a highly-esteemed clergyman, and in Sunday school, too, it is presumably tellable in print. A little girl, walking in the public garden on Sunday with her mother, began to play upon the grass, and was instantly restrained, to her chagrin.

"Why can't I run on the grass, mamma?" she exclaimed.

"Because the policeman will make you go off if you do. Don't you see the policeman over there? Besides it is Sunday, and God doesn't want you to play."

"Oh, dear," said the little girl, "if it wasn't for the policeman and God what nice times we would have!"

The clergyman made point that he did not want to have the children "think of God as a chief of police."

But the listener did not learn whether he would have the little girl play on the grass in the public garden on Sunday.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J. H. PARRY & Co., *Publishers.*

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY, 1888.

THE VALUE OF BOOKS.

AT THE late conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, held in this city June 2 and 3, the themes most urgently dwelt upon were the establishment of libraries in the various villages and settlements of the Territory, and the creating of habits of reading and study among the young people, with suggestions for courses of reading. These subjects have been frequently discussed in these columns, as we deem them, from one standpoint at least, surpassing in importance any other subject connected with the growth and development of our people, and they cannot be too frequently brought before the public.

That mental development so necessary to the growth of a great people, will ever be lacking where a taste for reading and studious research is not fostered and encouraged. A proper development and indulgence of the reading habit will lead to study, and will produce thinkers and intelligent free men, and not dumb, unreasoning followers of men and principles.

The greatest fault of the world, among all classes, in all nations, is the lack of thinking, reasoning men, men who follow principle because they understand it and love it for itself, and not because others follow it, and it happens to be popular to do so. The early history of our country bears abundant evidence of the

power that thinking men can wield when united in the accomplishment of a just and great cause. The success of the struggle for independence was not due so much to the efficient leaders the colonists had, as to the fact that the whole people understood the principles for which they were contending; and understanding them, they could give such a good reason for the faith that was in them as to convince the whole world that they were in the right. Even the mother country was convinced of this fact long before her armies were defeated. Foremost among the men who were the making of America were the thinking, well read and well informed men, who, by long habits of study and research, were able to lead the people not only to victory, but what was better, to the founding of the best government on the earth. Herein is the greatest difference between the American and the French revolution, which followed soon after. One was guided by intelligence to peace and greatness, and stability of government; the other was led by ignorant anarchists to deeds of such violence as to make one's blood curdle at the mere recital of them, and the government which evolved from the chaos has been for nearly a century the most uncertain and unstable in Europe.

By intelligent and persevering study and self-improvement, backed by an

indomitable will, Benito Juarez, the Washington of the Mexicans, although born of Indian parents, rose to be worthy of the highest station in the gift of his people, and while there maintained against great odds the independence of his country, and effected the overthrow of the power of the Church of Rome, which held his people in greater thralldom than the foreign yoke of the Spaniard.

The greatest difficulties in the way of the emancipation of the Irish, of the Russians, and other oppressed peoples, are the lack of intelligence, of forethought, and of the knowledge that comes from reading good books. These difficulties removed, intelligent and patriotic leaders will be able to lead them out of bondage by other means than through anarchy and bloodshed. But ignorance prevails and evil men take advantage of it, and are to-day sowing the seeds of discord by the circulation of pernicious literature which will bear similar fruit to that which followed the French revolution.

That people does not exist who cannot be made better by the cultivation of studious reading habits. No matter what pursuit a man may be engaged in, reading will help him to better himself, to better his work, and, if properly directed, will often be the incentive to greater efforts and the accomplishment of greater good in life. Yet many there are in every community who not only starve their own minds, but the minds of their families, liberal perhaps in everything else, but in books and literature the most penurious. If people could be convinced of it, no house is so poor as not to afford a few good books for the perusal of its inmates, both young and old; and no village is so poor as

to be unable to provide at least a small public library, free and open to all. Nothing will conduce so much to the elevation and refinement of a community as a daily intercourse with the best books. And on the other hand, nothing is so pernicious and entails so many evil effects as does contact with bad books, of which the world has too many.

The questions arise in every town of our land, what shall we do with our hoodlums? What shall we do with our idle boys and girls? The best suggestion we can think of is to establish libraries and reading rooms in every town, and place good books within the reach of every boy and girl, and offer every inducement possible to get the people to read. It is not enough to get the books on the shelves of the library, it is often quite a labor even then to get people to read. Great pains are necessary to cultivate a healthy taste for literature under the best of circumstances, but the labor is well rewarded when the liking for literature is once established in the family or community.

The success of the Salt Lake Stake Library ought to be taken as an encouraging example by all who would like to see similar institutions established and successfully conducted in other localities. What has been done here can with the same patient and persevering efforts be done elsewhere. With little incitement to begin such an enterprise, except the great need of such an institution, the promoters of this library held a few meetings to devise plans to create public interest in it; raised by subscription a few hundred dollars; purchased a small but choice collection of books, and subscribed for a few of the leading newspapers and magazines, and with

these opened up a library that is destined soon to become one of the best in this region. Its success is already assured; many of our leading citizens

have become interested, donations of money and choice books are being constantly received, and public interest and patronage are increasing daily.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN YANKEE.

II.

THE Chillano is the Yankee of South America, the most active, enterprising, ingenious, and thrifty of the Spanish-American race, aggressive, audacious, and arrogant, quick to perceive, quick to resent, fierce in disposition, cold-blooded, and cruel as a cannibal. He dreams of conquest. He has only a strip of country along the Pacific coast, so narrow that there is scarcely room enough to write its name upon the map, hemmed in on the one side by the eternal snows that crown the Cordilleras and on the other by 6,000 miles of sea. He has been stretching himself northward until he has stolen all the sea-coast of Bolivia, with her valuable nitrate deposits, all the guano that belonged to Peru, and contemplates taking actual possession of both those republics soon. He has been reaching southward by diplomacy, as he did northward by war, and under a recent treaty with the Argentine Republic divided Patagonia with that nation, taking to himself the control of that valuable international highway, the Strait of Magellan, the unexplored country between the Andes and the Ocean, and thousands of islands along the Pacific coast, whose resources are unknown. By securing the strait, Chili acquired control of steam navigation in the South Pacific, and has established a colony and fortress at Punta Arenas, by which all vessels must pass. Re-

posing tranquilly now in the enjoyment of the newly acquired territory along the Bolivian and Peruvian border, and deriving an enormous revenue from the export tax upon nitrate, the Chillano contemplates the internal dissensions of Peru, and waits anxiously for the time when he can step in as arbitrator, and, like the lawyer, take the estate the heirs are silly enough to quarrel over. It is but a question of years when not only Peru, but Bolivia, will become a part of Chili, and the aggressive nation want to push her eastern boundary back of the Andes and secure control of the sources of the Amazon, as she has of the navigation of the strait.

Although Argentine is making more rapid strides toward national greatness, there is no doubt that at present, in all the conditions of modern civilization, the Chillanos lead the Southern continent and are the most powerful of all the republics in America except our own. Their statesmen are wise and able, their people are industrious and progressive, and have that strength of mind and muscle which is given only to the men of temperate zones. There is a strong similarity between the Chillanos and the Irish. Both have the same wit and reckless courage, the same love of country and patriotic pride. Wherever a Chillano goes he carries his opinion that there never was and never can be a better land than

that in which he was born, and although he may be a refugee or an exile, he will fight in defense of Chili at the drop of the hat. There is something refreshing in his patriotism, even if it be the most arrogant vanity. Our people are becoming ashamed of their Fourth of July, and the Declaration of Independence is the butt of professional jokers. The Chillano will cut the throat of a man who will not celebrate with him the 18th of September, his Independence Day, and there is a law in the country requiring every house to have a flagstaff, and every flagstaff to bear the national colors on a banner by day and a lantern by night, on the anniversaries of the republic. All the schools must use text-books by native authors, all the bands play the compositions of native composers, and visiting opera and concert singers are compelled to vary their performances by introducing the songs of the country. It is said that a Frenchman can never be denationalized. The same is true of the Chillano.

There has not been a successful revolution in Chili since 1839, and although there is nowhere a more unruly and discordant people, nowhere more murders and other serious crimes, in their love of country the haughty Don and the patient peon, the hunted bandit and the cruel soldier, are one.

Many of the leading men of Chili are and have been of Irish descent. Barney O'Higgins was the liberator—the George Washington—of the republic, and Patrick Lynch was the foremost soldier of Chili in the late war. The O'Learys and McGarrys and other Chillano-Irish families are prominent in politics and war and trade. There is a sympathetic bond between the sham-rock and the condor, and nowhere in

South America does the Irish emigrant so prosperously thrive.

As a soldier the Chillano is brave to recklessness, and a sense of fear is unknown to him. He will not endure a siege, nor can he be made to fight at long range; but as soon as he sees the enemy he fires one volley, drops his gun, and rushes in with his "curvo." His endurance is as great as his courage, and no North American Indian can travel so far without rest or go so long without food or water as the Chillano peon, or "Roto," as the mixed race is called. As the "Cholo" in Peru is the descendant of the Spaniards and the Incas, so is the "Roto" in Chili the child of the Spaniard and the Araucanian Indians, the race of giants with which the early explorers reported that Patagonia was peopled—"menne of that bigginess," as Sir Francis Drake reported, "that it seemed the trees of the forests were uprooted and were moving away." They have the Spanish tenacity of purpose, the Indian endurance, and the cruelty of both. Each soldier, in the mountains or on the desert, carries on his breast two buckskin bags. In one are the leaves of the coca plant, in the other powdered lime made of the ashes of potato skins. The coca is the strongest sort of a tonic, and by chewing it the Chillano soldier can abstain from food or drink for a week or ten days at a stretch. The Chillano soldier is not easily subjected to discipline, and outvanders the vandals in the destruction of property, as the present condition of Peru will prove. He burns and destroys everything within his reach that has sheltered an enemy. No authority can restrain his hand. The awful scenes of devastation that took place in Peru have nothing to parallel them in the annals of modern warfare. On the battle-fields nine-

tenths of the dead were found with their throats cut, and the Chillanos took no prisoners, except when a whole army capitulated. They ask no quarter and give none. The knowledge of this characteristic, and the fear of the Chillano knife, was a powerful factor in the subjugation of the more humane Peruvians.

While the Chillanos are quick to learn and have much native mechanical ingenuity, they cannot be trusted as machinists. The magnificent cruiser *Esmeralda*, one of the finest ships of war afloat, was built in England for the Chili government at a cost of \$1,500,000, but she had not been in the hands of native engineers six weeks before her engines needed repairs and her boilers were ruined. She has since been sold to the British government,

with her two torpedo boats, for the original cost, and is now manned by British officers and seamen. The Chillanos have a line of steamers running from Valparaiso up and down the coast. They are the finest ships on the Pacific, built on the Clyde, with all modern improvements, but the engineers and captains are Englishmen or Scotchmen. The government owns and manages the railroads in the republic, but the locomotive drivers are foreigners. Every three or four years, usually before a Presidential election, these men are discharged and natives employed in their stead, but until election is over and the old engineers are restored to their places there is a carnival of accidents, and passenger travel is practically suspended.

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed June 15, 1888.

MONDAY, May 21, the Manti Temple was dedicated with very impressive ceremonies. The services were repeated on the two following days. This is the third temple completed in Utah, and is the finest structure erected in the Rocky Mountains. Its entire cost will be near \$1,000,000.

MAY 26, Apostle Erastus Snow died at his residence in the 18th Ward of this city. He was born in St. Johnsbury, Caledonia Co., Vermont, Nov. 9, 1818, and was one of a family of seven sons and two daughters, the children of Levi and Lucina Snow. He was the first Apostle to open up the mission of the Gospel to Scandinavia, from which so many thousands of Latter-day Saints have come. In the pioneering and building up of Southern Utah, much is due to the indefatigable labors of Apostle Snow, who spent nearly thirty years in the labor of building up and establishing colonies in the south.

JUNE 5, the National Democratic Convention assembled in St. Louis, and amid much enthusiasm nominated for President Grover Cleveland, and for Vice-President Ex-Senator

Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio. Greater unanimity was never before shown at a nominating convention. No other candidates were presented and there was not a dissenting voice in making the nominations. The principal feature of the platform adopted by the convention was that advocating the reform of the tariff, and it is upon this question that the coming contest will stand.

JUNE 12, the Emperor Frederick III. of Germany began to decline rapidly, and died June 15, at 11 o'clock a. m., after long and grievous suffering. His son, the Crown Prince, ascends the throne as Emperor William II.

THE Emperor William II., of Germany, was born January 27, 1859. He was married to Princess Augusta, daughter of the Grand Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, by whom he has four children, all of them sons. William II. is a fiery, dashing, young cavalry officer, whose active military spirit gives little assurance of a maintenance of the peace policy to which his father and grandfather were latterly devoted. Among the German people the new Emperor seems to be regarded, in point of

firmness of [character, of intelligence, and general aptitude, as much superior to his father, and his accession to the throne of the empire is hailed by the majority of the German people with rejoicing. Emperor William is, besides, very popular with the army, a hard worker as an officer, and a great favorite with Von Moltke, a great admirer of Prince Bismarck, who has inculcated his son, Count Bismarck, the present Secretary of Foreign Affairs, with his diplomatic views and principles. Emperor William will doubtless retain the Bismarcks as his confidential counselors. William II. is short and slight, and although military training has given him a certain *hauteur*, he lacks the kingly dignity

don World's Fair. He was fascinated by the youthful graces of Victoria and compared her to one of the saints in a painting by Titian. Much was done by the families of both the young people to strengthen their kindred feelings, and the seeds thus sown were allowed to spring up during the prolonged military service of the Crown Prince in Potsdam and Breslau. In 1855, he, with the consent of his parents repaired to England and formally requested the hand of the Princess in marriage, which was granted with the promise that she should not be told until she had grown older. But the impetuosity of the youth overrode this, and, in true romantic style, the Prince offered himself to her during a walk across



EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY.



VICTORIA, EX-EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

and impressive eyes of his equally small-sized ancestor, Frederick the Great. One of his arms is unsymmetrical with the other, a deformity which is carefully concealed by the tailors' art, and although a contrast to his grandfather in appearance, is similar to him in mental characteristics.

VICTORIA Adelaide Mary Louisa, wife of Frederick III., the late Emperor of Germany, is a daughter of Queen Victoria of England, and was born November 21, 1840; she was married January 25, 1858. The first acquaintance of the young couple dates back to the year 1851, when the Crown Prince, then a young man of twenty, was visiting the Lon-

don World's Fair. He was fascinated by the youthful graces of Victoria and compared her to one of the saints in a painting by Titian. Much was done by the families of both the young people to strengthen their kindred feelings, and the seeds thus sown were allowed to spring up during the prolonged military service of the Crown Prince in Potsdam and Breslau. In 1855, he, with the consent of his parents repaired to England and formally requested the hand of the Princess in marriage, which was granted with the promise that she should not be told until she had grown older. But the impetuosity of the youth overrode this, and, in true romantic style, the Prince offered himself to her during a walk across

the flowering heather of a Scotch hillside; but the wedding was put off until the Princess had attained her eighteenth year. They were married in St. James' Chapel, London, and, after spending a few days at Windsor, proceeded to Berlin. The Princess is one of the most gifted of the English Royal family, and was early trained in political measures by the Prince Consort, who allowed her to read much of his diplomatic correspondence. Apart from this she had the services of the most thorough masters, the whole making her education even more complete than would be supposed. Apart from her political knowledge she has a decidedly domestic character, and her house is one of unity and happiness.

SALMAGUNDI.

WHY are women extravagant in clothes?—Because when they buy a new dress they wear it out on the first day.

SPIGGS: "Was it not disgraceful, the way Smiggs snored in church to-day?" STIGGS: "I should think it was. Why, he woke us all up!"

YOUNG MAN (in restaurant): "Er—waiter, I don't like the appearance of this napkin." WAITER: "That napkin was fresh this morning, sir."

A.: "WELL, old fellow, it's all settled; I am going to be married in two months. You will be one of the witnesses, I hope?" B.: "Count upon me; I never desert a friend in misfortune."

ST. LOUIS MAN (witnessing "Julius Cæsar"): "Do you notice, my dear, with what stately grace Brutus moves about?" WIFE: "Yes; and he is in his night-gown too. It's wonderful!"

YOUNG WIFE (just home from cooking-school): "I feel so encouraged! I was complimented on my progress to-day. But poor Miss Smith—I am really sorry for her! She tries hard; but she doesn't seem to get on at all." YOUNG HUSBAND: "You must remember, my dear, that Miss Smith has no one to practice on."

WOMAN (to tramp): "And if I give you a nice plate of hash, you promise to saw some wood?" TRAMP: "Yes, 'm." WOMAN (doubtfully): "I don't know whether I can put confidence in you or not." TRAMP (reproachfully): "You ought to ma'am. I have confidence enough in you to eat the hash."

TWO VIEWS OF A RECENT ARRIVAL.

(6 P. M.)

THY lot in life is very small—

One foot one inch thy portion—

And yet thy calls upon my heart

Smack strongly of extortion;

For centred in thy tiny self,

A concentrated treasure,

There's love which e'en the universe

Is much too small to measure.

(6 A. M.)

And hie thee, Babe, when day is o'er,

And thy sweet voice through midnight
air deploys,

I think thou likewise art the centre

Of more than universal noise.

MISTRESS (to applicant): "Have you any followers?" APPLICANT: "Purty well, mum, for a gur-rl phats been landed but six months."

BROWN: "I see that your watch, Robinson, is about an hour ahead of sun time." ROBINSON: "Yes; I don't see what's got into the sun lately."

A STATIONER'S traveler, having had a run of bad luck in prosecuting business, received from the "boss" the following wire—"If you can't make expenses, come home at once." The reply was, "All right. Can make plenty of expenses, but no sales."

ENTHUSIASTIC DAUGHTER:

"I like his voice, so soft and clear—
And then it has an honest ring."

GRATIFIED MAMMA:

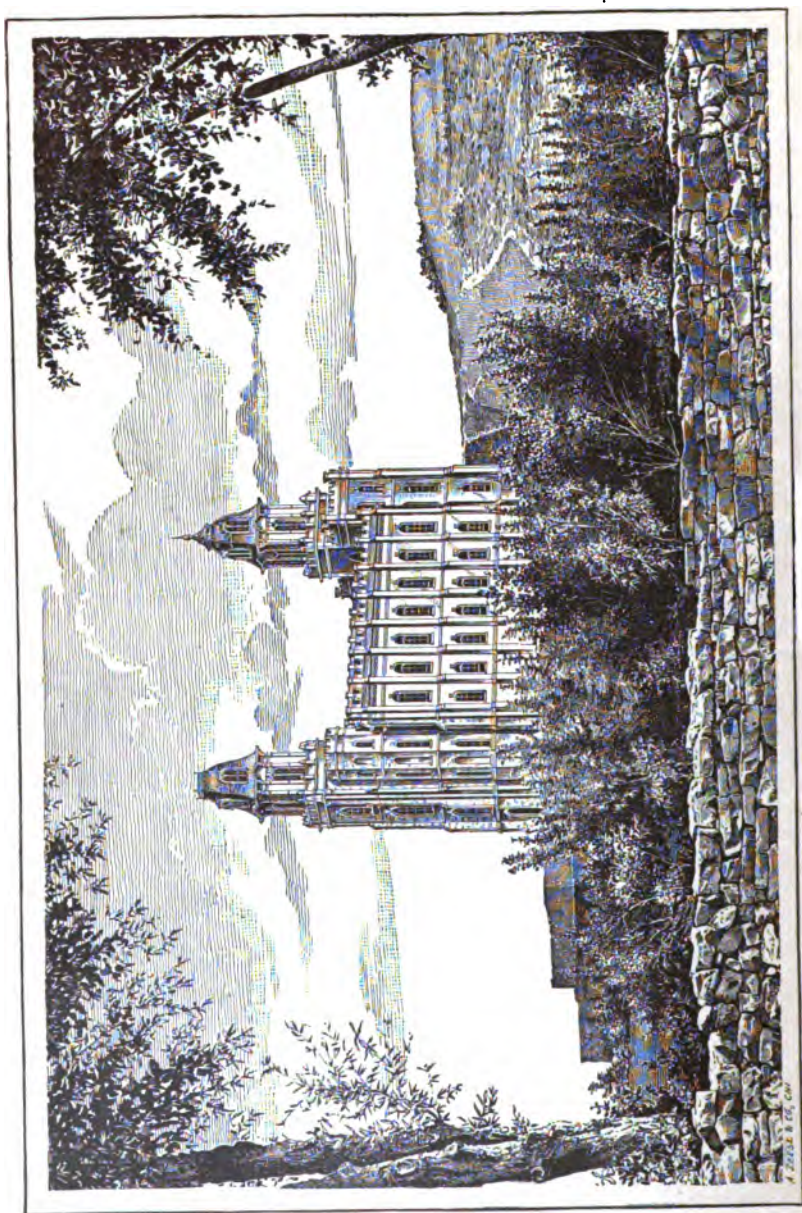
"I've noticed that myself, my dear—
A sort of an engagement ring."

"WHAT pretty children you have!" said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Tell me, my little dear"—taking a little girl of five upon his lap, "are you the oldest of the family?" "No, sir," responded the little miss, with the usual accuracy of childhood, "my pa's older'n me."

"So YOU have got a wife," said Jones to a newly-married man. "Don't know—don't know," replied the man, with evident hesitation; "sometimes I think I've got her, and sometimes I think she's got me. You see, I've been married only a few months, and I can't tell you just yet how the combination is going to turn out."

"A BARBER is a philosopher," said a German barber who is often quoted. "You don't belief dot? Vell, den I vill make you a bresent of a leetle philosophy about a man's hair. Der higher up vot a man barts his hair, der more consequence it is. Indeeft, if a man barts it oxaactly on dop—in der mittle—it begomes more imbortant as he is himself."

MRS. FITZ-NICKLE aspires to be as fashionable as any of her "swell" neighbors. She was telling a lady visitor the other morning that she had just engaged a very efficient, experienced, and high-priced French cook. While her friend was congratulating her upon her new acquisition, the French cook inserted her head within the doorway, and asked, "Shure, missus, an' shall I pale the praties or bile 'em wid ther jackets on?"



THE MANTI TEMPLE.

[See p. 436.]

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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PERSIA ILLUSTRATED.

II.

TEHERAN.



PROBABLY there is no country north of the equator which does not look at its best in the month of May. But though the plain in which the capital of Persia stands is green in May and brown in November, the color of the city always remains that of the

plain in the latter month. Teheran is a mud-built city, and is uniformly of the color of mud. No gilded dome rises above the walls of Teheran, as at Meshed and at Koom. There are in the landscape four domes dressed with colored tiles, of which one has been mentioned as covering the tomb of Teki Khan, and there are a few minarets, some scarcely visible, as they are of mud color, and others glittering when the sun shines upon the blue and yellow tiles with which they are faced. But there is no aspect of a great city on approaching the capital of Persia. The flat roofs, the few domes and minarets, the plane trees of the gar-

dens of the city, are seen against a splendid background of mountains, exhibiting every color, from the snow-white peak of Demavend, a volcano whose ashes have long been cold, to the deep purple of the distance, and the red of the ironstone so easily to be obtained in the neighborhood of Teheran. The city itself is of the monotonous color of the plain. Strings of camels and donkeys are frequently entering and leaving the city. Much of the daily food, all the firing, and all foreign produce consumed in the city is so conveyed.

The gates of the city appear to advantage in illustrations. Reality is superior however in the coloring. These gates have reminded some travelers of the wood-work known as Tunbridge ware. There is some want of strength, and, as in Tunbridge ware, every part has an independent coloring. The gates are built of bricks, of which the outer surface is glazed and is of red, blue, green, or yellow, sometimes brought together in patterns, and always with more or less harmony in general effect. But the gates of Teheran are by no means substantial defenses against artillery. A battery of ten-pounders would knock them into dusty fragments in a quarter of an hour. And there are no walls sur-

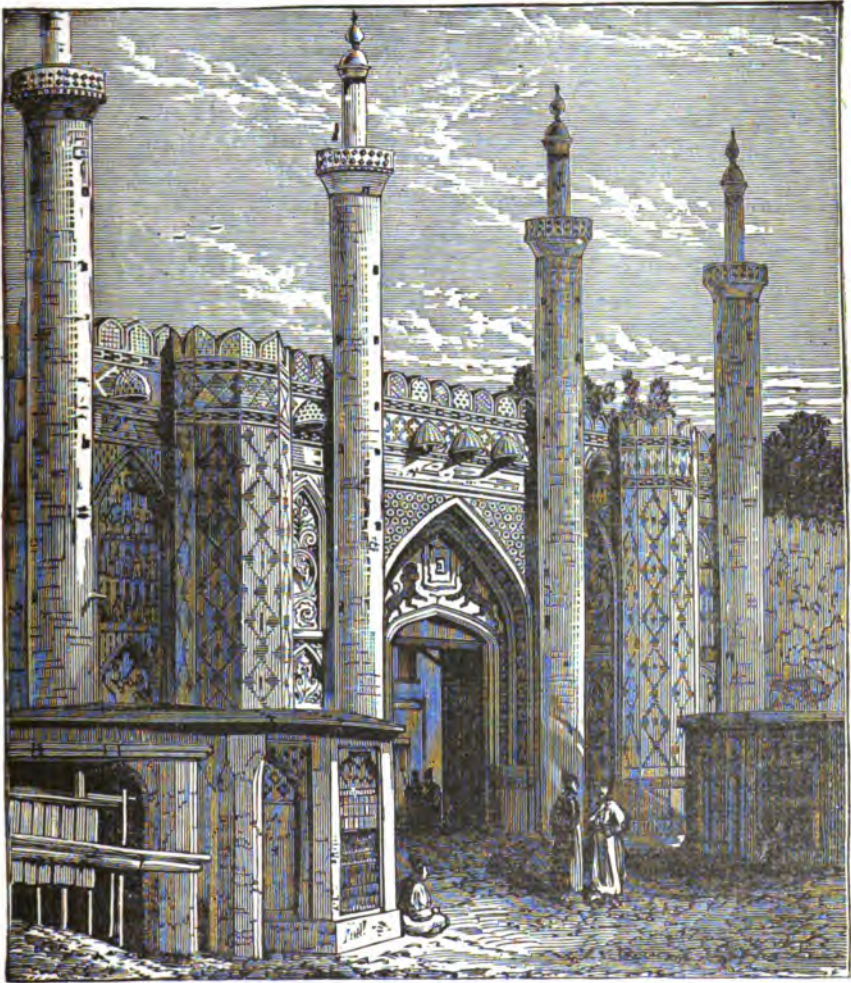
rounding the Persian capital. Between one gate and another there are heaps of earth, and the open irregular trenches from which it has been taken, and that is all. Teheran possesses the defensive strength which earthworks on open plains must always have; but there are hills within range of modern artillery from which it could be commanded, and could be destroyed. It must be said that, apart from the loss of life and wealth which such destruction must involve, the world would lose no memorial of interest, no ancient or modern buildings of great archaeological value. Except, perhaps, the British Embassy, there is scarcely a building of much solidity. No European can enter the gates of Teheran for the first time without a feeling of intense disappointment; the city appears so insignificant in area and elevation. One sees at first nothing but wide, dusty spaces, broken occasionally by a mud wall of precisely the same color as the road. When one does get into what passes for a main street of Teheran, it is bounded on either side by walls of mud, broken only at every twenty or thirty yards by an iron-bound door, the solitary sign that this erection is the outer wall of a row of habitations. In the street of highest fashion—that which leads from the Grand Place to the British Embassy—the only difference is that the twelve-foot wall is panelled, and the mud cement is covered with fine plaster and washed with blue, upon which are scrolled decorations moulded in the same plaster.

The mosques and palaces of Teheran look well in pictures, because the outlines and proportions are artistic and harmonious. But the execution is wretched. One of the principal sites in the city is occupied by

the *taziah*, or theatre, in which religious representations are given of the sufferings and death of Hussein. The front of this building is a good specimen of modern Persian architecture.—gewgaw, pretentious, vulgar, and ephemeral, erected in those places of amusement only to be seen by the glare of artificial light, and to last but a few seasons. The *facade* is shaped like a small transept of the Crystal Palace, and is covered with coarse and florid decorations in plaster; with beadings composed of bits of bad looking-glass, and with coloring of bright blue, red, yellow, and green thickly laid on the plaster, with very bad effect in realization, but which it is easily understood would blend into something delightful in a picture. Near this is the Shah's palace, the most interesting of all the buildings of Teheran. But between the "*taziah*" and the palace there is the wall of the "*arg*," or citidel of Teheran, within which the palace stands. The gate leading to this enclosure is of the same character as the external gates of Teheran. But the arches adjoining are different, in that they are filled with extravagant representations, in tiles of the coarsest colors, of the triumphs of legendary heroes of Persia. The excessively grotesque in these monstrous and glaring mosaics gives them a certain curious interest. The most ancient Persian art—to be seen at Persepolis—has certainly one characteristic in common with the most modern, and it is in the repetition upon the same space of an identical figure. In the time of Darius the soldier carved in the hardest syenite, of which the outlines are clear and sharp to this day, is repeated on the same frieze ten or fifteen times, and so it is upon the inner side of the gateway of the "*arg*"

of Teheran. But with what a difference and descent! It is here that one sees to what a low level Persian art has fallen. The ornaments of the central gate of Teheran are representations of Persian soldiers, such as they are to-

yellow, is very effective. There is not in all Persia a public building which is not more or less disfigured for want of repair, and reparation does not seem to be the business of any person or department. Passing through the



GATE OF TEHERAN.

day, with scarlet tunics and black infantry hats.

There is no grand mosque in Teheran; but the ornamentation of the exterior of some of the mosques with glazed brick, chiefly of light blue and

palace buildings, we come, before reaching the bazaars of Teheran, upon a long open space, in which the notable objects are a huge cannon, said to have been captured at Delhi, and brought in triumph by Persian victors, and two

large tanks at which camels, horses, mules, and donkeys may be seen drinking at almost any hour. The bazaars of Teheran are very much like those of Constantinople.

Tourists in Teheran are extremely few and far between. The European officials do not visit the bazaars, partly from considerations of personal dignity. They regard the "shoving about" to which one must, if unattended, submit in the narrow ways of the bazaars as compromising to their importance, and the ladies of the Foreign Embassies never venture into this most interesting part of Teheran. The sight of unveiled women has a tendency to make Persians use language which cannot but be taken as offensive, and if Englishmen in their company are acquainted with Persian slang, they are likely to have a serious quarrel or two on hand in passing through the bazaars. In Persia no man of rank moves in the streets without attendants, and in practice rank is denoted by the number of followers. If, then, such a person enters the bazaars, the way is ruthlessly cleared for him by attendants, who are regardless of the rights of other passengers in pretty exact proportion to their master's position.

PERSIAN WOMEN.

In no other country do women live in such seclusion, and in none are they so strictly veiled, as in Persia. Europeans who have spent six months in that country, and have passed through every one of the large towns, may never have seen the face of a Persian woman. In Turkey the *yashmak*, or veil, is often diaphanous; and commonly it is only thick muslin. On the steamboats of the Bosphorus, or at Sweet Waters, it is not uncommon to see a Turkish woman remove her veil

and smoke a cigarette. Nothing of the sort happens in the presence of a European in Persia and the veil is always composed of perfectly opaque cambric, with a small piece of delicately woven "insertion" about the eyes. This cambric mask is usually long enough to fall below the waist. It is tied around the head with tapes on quitting the house, and the "chudder," a loose envelope of dark blue cambric, or of black silk, is afterwards thrown over the head and person. Every woman in Persia wears, out of doors, large trousers of the same material, confined at the ankles, so that her appearance in the street is that of a bundle of indigo-colored cambric or of black silk, the face being invariably covered with white cambric. It is not possible to conceive a less graceful or perhaps a more disguising costume. No domino at a fancy dress ball, no painted mask, could so surely prevent recognition as the outdoor dress of a Persian woman. It has doubtless been adopted and is enforced by Oriental fashion, for the reason, that it is the nearest possible approach to the defeat of coquetry. It is against the teaching of the precepts of Mohammed for a woman to wear in public any dress which displays her shape. The Persian costume is fully obedient to that rule. In Turkey there is a diversity of color. A bevy of Turkish ladies seated on the ground, are as gay as a flower-bed, or as a set of harlequin teacups. But in Persia, fashion inexorably limits women to a choice of two colors—indigo and black.

The indoor costume of a Persian lady, concerning which a European can speak from the testimony of his countrywomen, appears indelicate. In the "anderoon," which is the women's quarter of a Persian house,

the full dress of a Persian lady much resembles that of a ballet girl, with, however, the exception that the Persian lady's legs are rarely covered. In the anderoons of Persian palaces, the princesses are thus attired, or rather unattired, and the strict fashion is for the short skirts to stand out after the manner of the *corps de ballet*. In Persia, obesity is considered charming, and, beside the invariable use of "khenna" to die their toes' and fingers' ends deep red, the faces of

women is very strict. In a visit of ceremony no man approaches the anderoon, and he is also careful to avoid the slightest reference to the ladies of the household. Conversation always opens with complimentary inquiries as to the health of the visitor, together with formal compliments, all of which he is expected to reciprocate. But though a wife might be at the point of death it would be a breach of decorum for the male visitor to press inquiry in that direction. The same



TOWERS OF SILENCE—PARSEE BURIAL PLACE NEAR TEHERAN.

grandes dames are usually painted, not with tints, but with patches of red and black. The use of hair dye is so common with both sexes in Persia that it is never remarked. But sometimes it has occurred to travelers that in Persia hair is but of two shades—the blue-black of the raven's wing, or the red of "khenna." It may be said with tolerable safety that there is no such creature as a visibly grey-haired Persian from the Caspian Sea to the confines of India.

The Persian etiquette concerning

custom prevails in letter-writing. A Persian letter or dispatch always opens with compliments. In place of our "Dear Sir," a Persian gentleman would commence somewhat in this way:—"To the exalted in dignity; to the glorious companion of honor, Mr. Jones! I write to enquire after your health, and am deeply anxious that all your days shall pass happily, for you are good and perfect." This is so much a matter of form in all Persian writing, that in *Blue Books* containing dispatches from the *Ameer*

of Afghanistan, which are usually written in Persian, it may be noticed that every one begins with the words "After compliments," which is sometimes abridged to "A. C."—the irreducible minimum of this Oriental fashion.

In no Mohammedan country are domestic slavery and polygamy so general as in Persia. Of course without a large immigration or importation of women, polygamy cannot in any country become universal, and so it happens in Persia that polygamy promotes the appropriation of marriageable women by all but the poorest.

PERSIAN COSTUMES

In Persian streets and in travel, the women are in the landscape what the black-coated and chimney-potted Europeans are in the street scenery of the Western continent. In Persia it is the men who give the beauty of color to the scene, clothed most gracefully in those delicate tints of green and blue, of red and yellow, which the improving taste of Europe has learnt to love and to adopt. In the towns the traveler recognizes in the people the characters of the tales of "The Arabian Nights." There is the handsome, stalwart porter, scratching his bald head, with panting, sunburnt breast, ready for any summons, including that of the veiled and always mysterious lady in blue or black envelope. There is the merchant from Bagdad or Tabriz, wearing the respectable turban of a pilgrim, or some other mark, to show that he has a right to be greeted in the market place as "hadji." His green or white turban is spotless and ample, a cloak of fine cloth or cashmere, gold braided, hangs from his shoulders, and his tunic of purple or green is bound with

a costly silken sash of red and yellow, in which, probably, the case containing his reeds and ink-horn for writing is thrust like a dagger. Everywhere is seen the priest, or molah, mounted, when he can afford to ride, with all the airs of a superior person, upon a white donkey. The tradesmen, all picturesque, sit smoking a "kalian" or reading the Koran upon the front planks of their stalls in the cool—or in winter the bitterly cold—bazaar, without any more apparent interest in their business than if it were a mere cloak for the supernatural concerns of their life in such another world as that in which moved the genii of those wonderful tales. Even without magic art there are in Persia always two mysteries. These are the veiled lady and the walled-up house. No foreigner may see even the eyes of a Persian woman of the middle and superior classes except by accident. She moves through the streets and bazaars, on her white donkey, or on foot, in complete disguise. In all her outdoor life she is a mystery. She may be young or old, white or black, fair or ugly—on a mission of sin, or upon an errand of mercy—no one knows who she is as she shuffles along upon red or yellow shoes which it is difficult to keep upon her feet, because the upper leather ends about the middle of the foot, and the heel is not confined. She, or her attendant slave, raises at some mud-walled house an iron knocker upon a door like that of a fortification, is admitted, the door is closed, and there is no window from which the women, the children, or slaves of that house can communicate with the outer world. It is a despotism within a despotism. Each one of these mud-walled houses is the seat of a sovereignty, practically irresponsible.

HOSPITALITY IN PERSIA.

From the confines of Greece to those of China, if a stranger were to call for food without specifying what dish he would have, the chances are ten to one that the native mind would suggest "pillau"—that is, boiled rice, made more or less coherent with greasy gravy, and mixed with pieces of muscular rather than succulent mutton, or with the *debris* of a slender fowl. In Persia, plates are invariably used; knives and forks are not seen, even in the best society, except at the Europeanized dinners at the Court and of the Ministers. At a morning reception, the one provision which is invariable and inevitable is the water-pipe, or, as it is always called in Persia, the "kalian."

It is customary when distinguished visitors are approaching a Persian town to send forth to meet them, and this, which is called "istikbal," is a precise indication of the regard in which they are held. A Minister of the Shah, riding, say, to his palace, would be filled with chagrin if the "istikbal" did not number a hundred horsemen. Of these at least three would be pipe-bearers. No matter what the weather might be, there would dangle and jangle beneath the horse of one of the troopers an iron pot of live charcoal; another would furnish the bowl and the tobacco, and a third the stem and mouthpiece. All would be arranged after meeting, while the troop continued in motion. The chief pipe-bearer would take the first pull when the water-bowl was carefully adjusted on his saddle, and finding all was right, would ride up to his master, who would suck the mouthpiece, and then pass it on to the visitor. After the visitor had inhaled as much

as he pleased, or as much as the movement of his horse would permit, the pipe passes away to any mouth in the troop, either of the "istikbal," or of his own attendants. Some Persians do not like to put their lips to a pipe after a Christian, though few are thus particular. But it is not a bad practice for Europeans to decline the pipe, because there are Persians who, in receiving Europeans, provide themselves with a second mouthpiece, which they can slip on to the tube of the pipe for their solitary suction.

Indoors, the ceremonial refreshment commences always with the pipe, and consists of sherbet—which it is usual to take with beautifully-carved spoons of lancewood into cups or glasses—weak tea, which in Persian is called "chie," and very thick coffee in cups no larger than egg-cups.

A Persian dinner-party is a more serious matter. The language of the Koran is not positively prohibitive against intoxicating drinks. The Koran itself, like the Bible, contains condemnation only of excess. After the alleged revelation of the Koran was concluded, Mohammed found difficulty with his followers, and then issued positive commands against any use of intoxicating liquors. This is generally considered binding by the Sunni Mohammedans, but not universally by the Shiah. In the holy cities of Persia—Meshed and Koom—intoxicating drinks are not sold. But although numbers of Persians abhor strong drinks, there are very many who will drink arrack and wine when they can get them. And some of the wine of Persia is very good—especially that of Shiraz.

At a Persian dinner-party, the ladies of the house are not seen. They may perhaps be heard, if there should be a

chink or a grating through which they can look and laugh at the company. The dining-room will generally have a domed ceiling, worked perhaps in stalactites, or covered with fine plaster, upon which gay patterns have been painted. The walls are also plastered, and are always sufficiently thick to have recesses, adorned with china or earthenware. In the centre of the floor there is one of the beautiful carpets of which so many are now brought to England. Pictures interesting in execution, but ludicrous in perspective, are sometimes upon the plastered and painted walls. These are frequently recognizable by Christians as Biblical illustrations—scenes from the life of Moses or of Joseph. Round the wall, extending three or four feet into the room, is laid a thick “nummud,” or felt, upon which the arriving guests take their seat. When they assemble, there is perhaps a twanging of music from two or three musicians seated in an alcove. Persian bread is flabby, and is baked by laying it in large flaps on the exterior of an oven. It is about an eighth of an inch thick, and is suggestive of, though somewhat softer than, leather. Every one has heard of kabobs. These are small

pieces of meat, never in the fresh state more than an inch square, deliciously cooked by suspension on a skewer over live charcoal, eight or ten being cooked upon one skewer. A Persian dinner often begins with a course or two of “kabobs,” which are laid upon and covered by flaps of bread, the under flap resting on a plate. The guest lifts the upper flap when the plate is handed by the servant, takes a “kabob” with his fingers, and if he pleases tears off a piece of the flap of bread. The dishes of “pillau,” roast meats, fruit, sweetmeats, and sherbit are brought in, and are either laid on a cloth spread on the carpet, or the dishes are carried in upon a table round which divans are ranged, and the guests sit on their heels and begin the serious business of the feast. The greasy rice of the “pillau” disappears in handfuls. It eludes the finger and thumb and is taken in boluses. But fruit is the luxury of life in Persia. Melons and water melons, pomegranates, figs and stoneless grapes, which a short exposure will dry and harden into the raisins called “sultanas;” these are abundant, and, according to European ideas, are dirt cheap.

ARTHUR ARNOLD, M. P.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT.

THE following excellent article, bearing upon the liquor traffic, is from *The Voice*, the national prohibition paper, and deals with the subject so tersely that we give it place in our pages:

Mr. Thomann, who compiles “to order” the pamphlets and books desired by the Brewers’ Literary Bureau, has made an attempt to offset the recent reports published by the Bureau

of Statistics at Washington. In doing so he is forced to credit to alcohol 10 per cent. of the insane, 10 per cent. of the idiots, 40 per cent. of the paupers, and 40 per cent. of the criminals, and he then strikes a balance, as follows:

DEBIT.	CREDIT.
To expense of maintaining 185,313 paupers, insane, and criminals,	By Federal licenses, taxes, and local licenses,
... \$17,419,422.	... \$136,000,000.

This, he triumphantly declares, shows a balance in favor of alcohol of \$118,580,517, and *The Brewers' Journal* complacently reproduces the figures, and cries out that "altogether, Mr. Thomann has much the best of the controversy." A more cold-blooded calculation we don't remember ever to have seen. The superintendent of a street-car line, in making up his ledger account, could not be more heartless in considering the profit and loss occurring from the number of horses that had been killed. Our traffic has used up 185,000 of these animals called men, women and children, says Mr. Thomann in effect, but it has paid in more than it cost to bury them, imprison them, and confine them in asylums, and who can find fault? Nobody, of course! So long as there is money in the business, who can complain? That heart-broken mother from whose life the light has gone out; that father with bowed head and trembling hand—don't they understand that there is money in this traffic that has sent their son to a felon's cell? Why don't they cheer up? Why doesn't some one tell that widowed wife and her orphaned children that the ledger account shows there is money in it, and thus bring back the smiles that fled so long ago? For the sake of humanity, carry to them M. Thomann's figures and the comments of *The Brewers' Journal*. Spread the joyous tidings around among the hovels of our great cities—the ledger account shows there's money in it. Let wasted cheeks renew their bloom, and the pinched lips that have called for food for heaven knows how long, sing songs of praise, and the weak fingers that ought to be chubby cease tugging at the dress of the heart-broken mother, for Mr.

Thomann says there's money in it! Great God, what a mockery! The most heartless slave-driver that ever corralled human beings into a pen on the coast of Africa never committed a greater one. And yet, let us be just to Mr. Thomann. He but voices what millions of his fellow-citizens, many of them professed members of Christ's church, are saying in their secret hearts—there's money in it. When the councilmen of Erie, Pa., the other day petitioned the judge to grant all licenses applied for, because of the high fee now imposed in that State, they did so because there was money in it. When Mr. Duffield, of Detroit, the unworthy son of a worthy father, pleaded with the people of Michigan to defeat prohibition, and continue the saloon, he based the strongest part of his argument on the fact that "there's money in it." "It helps to pay our taxes," cried thousands of business men in Ohio a few years ago, "and so we'll vote for the saloon." "There's money in it," cries the advocate of high license, and what more can be said?

* It is a lie. There is not even money in it—not a cent nor a mill. For every dollar of the millions that are counted up as profits in the public treasury comes from—whom? From the people of the commonwealth. The traffic has created not one cent of wealth. It has destroyed millions of bushels of grain and tens of thousands of human beings at the end of every year, and all it has done has been to transfer money from the pockets of the people to the treasury, keeping two dollars for every one transferred. Where is there money in it?

FAIR TRADERS — Leap Year wooers.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

THOUGH splendor and beauties surround us,
Though kings pay us homage, forsooth;
Yet something it never throws round us,
The joys and the pleasures of youth.
The halo of bliss and enchantment
That lights up the young buoyant mind,
Grows lesser, and fainter, and darker,
As years pass and vanish behind.

How joyous the group that assembled
Around the old hearth long ago;
The spirit of childhood ne'er trembled
At dreams of life's sorrow and woe.
My heart cannot keep down its sobbing —
The tears of emotion will start,
To think of that loving "home circle,"
For that was the home of my heart.

The home has lost all its attractions,
Save those that in memory lie;
Yet these cast a thousand refractions
That never, no never can die.

Yes, death has stepped into the circle;
That group is no longer complete;
And we, the sad relics of childhood,
Find life has more bitter than sweet.

To meet with the bright smiling faces
Of those who have crossed o'er the way,
To be clasped in loving embraces
To hearts that can never decay —
To live in the smiles of the loved ones —
No longer 'mid strangers to roam —
To bask in the sunshine of glory,
Oh, this once again would be home!

And when we cross o'er the dark river
And land on that beautiful shore,
And mingle with millions that never
Taste anguish or death evermore:
We will form another "home circle,"
Where death cannot sever the chain,
And drink through the years of forever
The pleasures of Eden's domain.

JAMES F. STEARNS.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN YANKEE.

III.

IN TRADE the Chillano is a Yankee. At market or in the native shops the buyer is not expected to pay the price first asked. He is expected to enter into a *negocio*, and the seller is disappointed if he loses an opportunity to show his shrewdness in the barter. There is no regularly established price for any article.

Most of the hotel-keepers are women whose husbands are engaged in other occupations, but all the servants, including the cooks and chamber-maids, are men. There are better cooks and better classes of food than in other South American countries, and one seldom fails to find a good inn even in the country villages. The markets of Chili, too, are better; the beef, mut-

ton, and other meats have the flavor that is only to be found in temperate climates, the fish are not so rank and coarse as those caught in tropical waters, and while vegetation is not so prolific, the fruits of the earth have a finer taste. There are oysters equal to those of New Orleans or Mobile, clams and lobsters, and plenty of shrimps, called *camarons*.

Another oddity is the milk stations. Every few blocks on all but the principal business streets is a platform upon which a cow is tied, and milked to order by a dairy-maid whenever a customer calls. On a table near by are found measures, cans, and glasses, and often a bottle of brandy, so that a thirsty man can mix a glass of punch if he likes. In the morning these stands

are surrounded by servants from the aristocratic houses, women and children with cups and buckets, awaiting their turn, while as fast as one cow is exhausted another is driven upon the platform.

In Chili as in all other Spanish-American countries, every man and woman is named after the saint whose anniversary is nearest the day on which they were born, and that saint is expected to look after the welfare of those christened in his or her honor. These names sound fine in Spanish, but when they come to be translated into unpoetic English, there is an oddity, and often something comical, about them. For example, the name of the recent President of Chili is Domingo Santa Maria, which being interpreted means "Sunday St. Mary." The name of the President of Ecuador is Jesus Mary Caamaño (apple), and that of the Governor of the province of Valparaíso is "Sunday Bull" (Domingo Torres). The use of the Savior's name is common, even upon the signs of stores and saloons in cities, and in the nomenclature of the streets. I met a girl once whose name was Dolores Digerier (Sorrowful Stomach).

The Cæsus of South America is a woman, Doña Isadora Cousiño, of Santiago, and there are few women or men in the world richer than she. Her property consists of millions of acres of land, flocks and herds that are numbered by the hundreds of thousands, coal, copper, and silver mines, acres of real estate in Santiago and Valparaíso, a fleet of ships, smelting works, potteries, and other manufactories, a railway or two, and other trifles of productive value, which are all under her own management, and yield an income of several millions a year, that she tries very hard to spend, and under the cir-

cumstances succeeds as well as could be expected.

The struggle between the liberal element and the Catholic Church which has been going on for a number of years in Chili, as in other South American republics, is now at its height. There has so far been no confiscation of property, as in some of the other states, and at the capital there are still two thousand monks and nuns. The Jesuits were expelled several years ago, but the other monastic orders were allowed to remain and conduct the political policy of the clerical party. The liberal party has a majority in Congress, and has passed laws by which the authority and power of the priests have been seriously crippled. The archbishop was banished for representing these measures, and the appointment of the bishops has been given to the President instead of the Pope by act of Congress. Free non-sectarian schools have been established, and the rite of civil marriage only is recognized by the courts. At the last Presidential election, which occurred in June, 1885, Balmaceda, the liberal candidate, was elected, although bitterly opposed by the priests, who realized that his success would be their permanent discomfiture, and there were riots attended with much bloodshed and many fatalities. A decree of banishment has been issued against all priests who refuse to recognize the civil marriage act, and the confiscation of church property will probably be the next step. It is said that fully one-third of the real estate in the country is owned by the church, and the most of it, by a curious custom, is held in trust for the saints to whom it was presented or bequeathed by their devotees. Saint Dominic, for example, is almost as rich as the widow Cousiño, and has an enor-

mous income from his estates, which are ably managed by the order of Dominican Friars.

Protestantism is making more rapid progress in Chili than elsewhere in Spanish America, which is due to the increase of education among the common people, and the missionary work of Dr. Trumbull and his associates under the direction of the Presbyterian Board. There are several missions throughout the country, a number of self-supporting churches, and protestant schools, a college, a theological seminary for the education of native preachers, and a young ladies' seminary. But the great majority of the people still cling to the superstitions of the Dark Ages, and believe in miracle-working images that are set up in the churches and used to extort money for the priests.

Farming in Chili is conducted on the old feudal system. The country is divided into great estates, owned by people who live in the cities, and seldom visit their haciendas, as they are called. The tenants are permanent, and have retainers in the form of little cottages and gardens, for which they pay no rent. If the landlord requires their services, they are always subject to his call, and are paid by the day or month for whatever labor they perform, generally in orders upon the supply store or commissary of the estate, where they can obtain food, clothing, and other articles, and rum—especially rum. They are given small credits at these stores, and as the law prohibits a tenant from leaving a landlord to whom he is in debt, the former is never permitted to settle his account. The peons never get ahead. They live and die on the same estates and in the same cabins where their fathers and grandfathers lived and died, and

know nothing of the world or the conditions of men around them. Although they are badly treated in most cases, they are always loyal to their masters, and take their peonage as a matter of course. The war with Peru had a demoralizing effect upon the agricultural population, from which the army of Chili was recruited, and it will require many years to recover from it. When they returned from the war it was found almost impossible to get the men back to the *estancias*. They were enamored of military life, and had got a taste of city dissipation, and a large proportion of the army, when it was mustered out, became thieves, beggars, and highwaymen. There is not enough labor in the country to work the farms, and the lack has not only caused higher wages to be paid, but has done much to break up the old system. Immigration is encouraged, labor-saving machinery is being introduced from the United States, and new conditions are promised. But the *estancieros* who adopt labor-saving machinery have to get some immigrant to operate it, as the native can seldom be induced to do so, and when he does, usually smashes the implement at the first trial.

He who wishes to make the journey from Chili to the Argentine republic has a choice of routes. He may go by vessel through the Strait of Magellan, or may climb the Andes on the back of a mule. Either journey is delightful in the summer season. By land it takes five days, three of which are spent in the saddle, amid some of the grandest scenery in the world. The highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere is Aconcagua, which rises 22,415 feet above the sea, and is in plain view from both Valparaiso and Santiago when the weather is clear. Chimborazo was un-

til recently supposed to be the King of the Andes, and in geographies published thirty years ago was described as the highest mountain in the world. No one has ever reached the summit of either monster, but by triangulation Aconcagua has been determined to have an advantage of 2,000 feet over old "Chimbo" in stature. When the city of Mendoza, on the Argentine side of the Cordilleras, is reached, one can make the rest of his journey to Buenos Ayres in a Pullman car.

The road over the mountain is always dangerous, and trained mules only can be used. There are some bridges to be crossed whose construction does not commend itself to the timid. They

are made of braided cowhide, stretched across the chasm after the manner of modern suspension-bridges, and a floor of poles laid, just wide enough for one mule to pass. The oscillation of these slender structures, which often overhang gorges thousands of feet deep, is very great, and the sensation of the novice in crossing is not repeated for pleasure. It is remarkable that so few accidents happen, and when they do, it is usually from the carelessness of the traveler. The route is historical, and has been in use for centuries. There is not a mile without some romantic association, scarcely a rock that some tradition does not cling to.

WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS.

From The Quiver.

THE FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND BLIND OF CHINA.

AGAIN and again we read how men selected for some special great work were summoned from their plow, their sheep or their nets, and were irresistibly led to obey the Voice which called them to unknown duties. In our own generation a willing worker has been as manifestly called, from a Scotch saw-mill, by an accident which deprived him of one arm, and so compelled him to seek employment as a colporteur in Glasgow. While there he was so much interested in seeing blind men come to purchase books in embossed type that he set himself to learn both Moon's and Braille's systems of reading and writing for the blind; and when, in course of time, he was sent as agent for the National Bible Society of Scotland to North China, and there saw the lamentable number of miserable blind beggars who go about in gangs of a dozen or more—literally "the blind leading the blind"

he was at once struck by the idea of endeavoring to reduce the Chinese language to blind symbols for their benefit. The language of which Mr. W. H. Murray set himself to prepare for their benefit is probably the most difficult of all the products of Babel, and it is represented in print by 4,000 most intricate characters, the whole of which must be committed to memory ere a Chinaman can read his own books—a process which few can accomplish under six years of study. Mr. Murray toiled all day long at his work as a colporteur, with such good success in creating a demand for his goods that in the course of sixteen years he sold upwards of 100,000 copies or portions of the Holy Scriptures. But during all these years he devoted the evenings to puzzling out a system which should enable the blind also to read, and at the end of eight years his patience was rewarded, by

finding that he had evolved a method so simple that any blind Chinaman of average intelligence can now learn to read fluently in less than two months. The art of writing has been made equally easy, as has also that of writing music from dictation, which his students can now do so rapidly that in little more than half an hour they can write out any two of Moody and Sankey's hymns in four parts, and then each can read off his own part, rarely making any mistake. Some of the more musical boys have now been trained to play the harmonium in various chapels; many are efficient assistant colporteurs, and one whose talents seemed specially to fit him for the ministry has been sent to a training college to be prepared for that sacred calling. But as yet this good work has been crippled for lack of funds, its development having been limited to what could be accomplished by the self-denying toil of one man, working in extra hours, and support-

ing his indigent students on what he could save from his own slender salary. It is now greatly to be desired that he may be enabled to train many teachers gifted with sight, who may be employed by the various missions in all parts of the empire. One such sighted head-teacher in each district could there found a blind school and train Chinese Scripture-readers and others, and thus the work may be ceaselessly extended till it overspreads the whole of the eighteen great provinces like a network. This new mission will certainly appeal as no other has yet done to two of the strongest characteristics of China's millions, namely, their reverence for pure benevolence and their veneration for the power of reading. To see foreigners undertaking such a work of love for the destitute blind will go far towards dispelling prejudices against Christians and their Master, and will prepare the way for the workers of all Christian Missions.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

IN SPEAKING of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own ;
Remember, those with homes of glass
Should seldom throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried ;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults — and who have not?
The old as well as young ;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And one that works full well :
I try my own defects to cure,
Ere I of others tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know,
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those who little know.
Remember, curses, sometimes, like
Our chickens, "roost at home."
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own.

PETTY SUPERSTITIONS.

EACH new generation asks, When will the world have done with its superstitions? Why should people cling to strange beliefs in evil influences, beliefs which, for the most part, had their rise in delusions of heathenism, centuries after the Christian religion has had full sway in the civilized world? We know that many strange and bloody superstitions have faded away in the past two centuries. "Witches" are no longer put to death, and incantations are no longer practiced in civilized countries; but a thousand petty beliefs in lucky and unlucky things survive these darker superstitions; and these, though they are proved false every day, continue to influence the minds of people of no little intelligence.

In some parts of the country the receipts of the railroads are smaller on Fridays than on other week days, because so many people fear some harm if they start on a journey on that day. Very many people, who would be ashamed to confess that they are influenced by this notion, hide it under some pretence, and perhaps convince themselves that they are guided by some other reason, in refraining from traveling on Friday, than their superstition; but the proof is plain that the influence of the day is feared.

A great many people have a fear of certain numbers, and a belief in the luckiness of other numbers. If they stopped to think about it, they would be ashamed to be influenced by so unreasonable a feeling. They do not, however, stop to think. Superstition is simply a form of letting very ignorant people, who lived long before us, do our thinking for us.

Many men, who are incredulous about most things, have little tricks to bring about good fortune, such as turning a chair around before they sit down, carrying coins with holes in them, keeping a certain coin as a "pocket-piece," to bring good fortune, or a horse chestnut to "keep off the rheumatism." Inasmuch as rheumatism is a disease of the blood, it is impossible to understand how a nut carried in a pocket could "keep it off."

The distinguished archæologist, Dr. Henry Schliemann, is said by his friends to possess many superstitions, one of which leads him to be very careful always to put his left stocking and shoe on before the right. to put his left leg first into his trousers, and his left arm first into his coat-sleeve.

His practice is the opposite of that of a great many people, who believe that it is "luckiest" to put on the right stocking and shoe first. People who are superstitious would find much trouble, probably, to make their own superstitions agree with other people's.

One superstition which influences many is the fear of changing or turning a stocking which has been put on wrong side out. If the stocking has once been put on that way, it must be left or else it will make the day unlucky. If the stocking possessed intelligence and power enough to bring people bad luck under any circumstances, it should do so when it is not turned, in indignation at being left wrong side out!

One of the most extraordinary individual superstitions of the present time is that of an Italian marchioness, who carries about with her a bottle in

which is imprisoned an insect of the sort called a "multiped"—a wood-worm with many feet.

This lady, who is not considered insane by those who know her, never does anything involving risk without taking out this bottle and holding it in her hand. This is simply the fetichism of the African negroes, and nothing more nor less.

Among the French it is considered dangerous to talk of railroad accidents while on the trains, for fear that the talk will bring on another accident. If this superstition were founded on a reason, it must be because the locomotives and cars do not like to hear their misdeeds and mistakes spoken of!

A custom which prevails in Europe is the covering of all pictures and mirrors with cloths while a burial is taking place from the house.

The hundred small superstitions, such as fear of evil consequences from the spilling of salt, from the breaking of a looking-glass, from the howling of dogs at night, and many more such trifling circumstances, are passing away, no doubt, but they still have a strange power over many people who do not *believe* in them, but who are thoughtlessly influenced by them through a sort of habit. Such a habit may be destroyed by a little serious thought when one is tempted to yield to a foolish impulse of the sort, and by really following out certain cherished "signs," and ascertaining whether they came true. A little faithful study of these signs, on one's own account, without taking the mere word of others, is pretty sure to convince of the falsity of all superstitions.

From the Electrical World.

PLANETS AND STARS NOW VISIBLE.

FOUR planets and four bright stars may now be seen near the ecliptic or sun's path in the heavens, the broad curve almost spanning the sky. The planets are Jupiter, Mars, Uranus, and Saturn. The stars are Antares, Beta Scorpii, Spica, and Regulus. Observers may easily trace these shining mysteries for themselves on clear, starlit nights, for they are all, with the exception of Uranus, easy to find, and, when once found, will be a source of satisfaction to those who have learned their names and traced out their position in the heavens. They will appear to rise about four minutes earlier every night on account of the earth's motion in her orbit, so that by the middle of May the starry circlet may be seen as soon as it is dark enough

for the stars to come out. An observer who would see the celestial exhibition must command an unobstructed view of the sky from the southeast to the northwest horizon. If he commences his observations about half past nine o'clock in the evening on a clear night, he will find a radiant star looming above the southeastern horizon. This is Jupiter, the prince of planets, the largest and brightest of the 3,000 stars visible in the firmament. He will be closely followed by a red star, Antares, the leading brilliant of Scorpio, while near on the northwest shines a yellow star of the second magnitude known as Beta Scorpii. Jupiter, Antares, and Beta Scorpii form a group of surpassing brilliancy. If, now the observer glance to the northwest of the

first group, near the meridian, he will see a large white star with a silvery tint. This is Spica, the leading brilliant of Virgo, while northwest of Spica and near to it gleams the red planet Mars, superb in tone, tint, and martial aspect, having just passed opposition. A practiced eye will be required to detect the planet Uranus, about 4° west of Mars and 1° south-west of Theta Virginis. Uranus shines as a star of the sixth magnitude, and is barely visible to the naked eye. A telescope will quickly bring him to view as a tiny sphere of a delicate green tint. If the eye be turned still farther to the northwest, beyond the meridian, Regulus will be seen, the next star in the curve or arc and close to the ecliptic. He will readily be recognized as the bright star in the handle of the Sickle. The planet Saturn forms the eighth and last star in the curve. He is the first bright star northwest of Regulus, shining with a soft, serene light that distinguishes

him from a fixed star, and following in the wake of the twin stars Castor and Pollux, who are still farther northwest. Saturn will set about half-past one o'clock in the morning, and until that time the eight stars and planets will remain an unbroken curve. The order of observation may be reversed, beginning with Saturn and ending with Antares. The fixed stars apparently never change their places. The planets are always on the move, thus adding variety to the celestial pictures that on clear nights reward the upturned gaze. Planets and stars retain the same order during April, but in May a change comes, Mars overtakes and passes Uranus, and Jupiter overtakes and passes Beta Scorpii, almost grazing the star as he passes. The following is the order of position of the eight planets and stars that shine like golden beads on and near the ecliptic: Antares, Jupiter, Beta Scorpii, Spica, Mars, Uranus, Regulus, and Saturn.

From Wide Awake.

THE LITTLE CHAPLAIN.

EARL RICHARD, one of Britain's peers,
Is lord of many a mile
Of thrifty English soil, and lives
In proud baronial style.
He has his castle, famed in song,
His parks and gardens fair;
And every Sunday in his hall
His chaplain kneels in prayer.

No earl am I I have no lands:
A man of low degree,
No liveried servants doff the hat
And bend the knee to me.
And yet, though boasting no estates,
And though my purse is light,
I have my chaplain too, and he
Prays for me ever night.

He is a little fair-haired boy
That scarce five years hath seen,
With dimpled cheek and melting eye,
Fond voice and winsome mien.
And when he dons his robe of white,
Ere lying down to sleep,
He folds his sinless hands, and prays
The Lord my soul to keep.

My little chaplain! None but God
Knows how I love the boy.
Each day that dawns, each night that falls,
He floods my heart with joy.
Oh! I have been a better man
Since he to me was given;
His simple trust and guileless ways
Have drawn me nearer Heaven.

CHAS. FOLLEN LEE.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I.

THE WAYS OF THE HOUSE.

THE English House of Commons is full of old ways, peculiarities, rules and traditions. It does everything according to some strict and antique regulation.

The chamber in which it meets is not a very imposing one to look at, and is not in its arrangement like any of the United States legislative chambers that I have seen. The House of Commons of the Canadian Parliament is modelled after it, but in the Dominion House of Commons each member has a seat allotted to him. No member of that assemblage, therefore, is under the fear that, if he be late in coming down to take his seat, he may find no seat for him to take.

But in the English House of Commons an ordinary member who is late on an occasion of interest has not merely a fear on the subject; he has the absolute certainty that he will find no seat. The House of Commons is built to accommodate only about half of its nearly seven hundred members.

It is an oblong chamber, looking like an ordinary board-room. At the head of the chamber is the great chair, like a throne, in which Mr. Speaker sits arrayed in a great gown and a huge court wig; in front of him is the table on which the historic gilt mace is laid—the famous bauble which Cromwell once peremptorily ordered to be taken away.

From the side walls on either side of the Speaker slope down the benches of the members. Those on the Speaker's right are the benches of the men who support the government;

those on his left the benches of the opposition. As the members sit, they face each other, ministerialists and opposition, with their side-faces to the Speaker's chair. A broad floor divides them.

Any observer who looks down from one of the galleries will see that the two sides are divided in themselves each by a narrow passage that runs up from the floor to the wall; this passage on either side is called "the gangway." The gangway has a political meaning in the House of Commons. Those who sit above the gangway on either side, that is, nearer to the Speaker's chair, are understood to be thick-and-thin supporters of the party to which they are attached; those who sit below the gangway are not so positively pledged; they are called the independent members of the ministerial or opposition side.

But now about the difficulty of getting a seat. I do not mean of being elected to the House of Commons; I suppose that operation over, and our man elected. He is now a member of the House; he has been introduced formally by two other members; he has given in his credentials; he has taken the oath; he has signed his name in the great vellum-leaved book; he has shaken hands formally with Mr. Speaker; he is a member of the House just as much as Mr. Gladstone or Lord Hartington.

But he has to fight for his seat every day all the same. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington and a few other men who are not in office do not have to fight for their seats any more than the members of the government. It is their privilege as privy councillors to

have seats always reserved for them on the front bench of the opposition, the bench nearest to the Speaker's chair and table. The front bench on the right of the Speaker is called the Treasury Bench, and is for the members of the government.

But the ordinary member has to fight for his seat. The rule of the House is that a man who is "in his place," as it is called, when prayers are said may keep, for the rest of that evening and for no longer, the seat in front of which he stood while prayers were repeated. Prayers are said on most days at three o'clock in the afternoon. It is evident that all the members of the House cannot be at prayers, for the good reason that there are not places to put them in.

Who then are to attend prayers and thereby secure a seat and who not? It is arranged in this way:

A man comes down to the House as early as he pleases, and he puts his hat on any seat which he likes and which is not taken, and he has then the right to have that place kept for him up to prayer-time, provided he does not leave the House meanwhile. If he brings with him a second hat, and puts it on and goes out of the House for a walk in the streets, and the fact is discovered, he forfeits all right to the seat. He therefore wisely stays in the House all day, writes his letters, reads in the library, lounges on the terrace until the Speaker's shrill electric bell sounds for prayers, then he goes into the chamber, listens to prayers, and then, and not until then, is he entitled to write his name on a card provided for the purpose, and put this into a little framework on the back of his seat, and there is his place secured for the night.

If, after waiting all day, he were to

be late for prayers he would have forfeited his place, and any one happening to come in during prayers and wanting a place could take it.

The putting one's hat on an empty seat is merely a matter of first come first served. Come down early and take a good place; come down a little later and you must put up with a bad place; come down a little later still and you will have to do without any place at all. Therefore, when anything of interest is coming on, members rush down early to secure places. Twelve o'clock, noon, is late for getting the chance of putting your hat on a good seat; and then you have to wait until four in the afternoon to secure it. On a really interesting occasion one who cannot come down at ten or at nine has little chance.

On the day when Mr. Gladstone introduced his Irish Home Rule Bill, I came down to the House at seven o'clock in the morning and found every seat already taken. But for the courtesy of a young member, who gave me up his own place, I should not have had a seat for that great occasion.

Members came down that morning while the skies were still dark as midnight and waited until five o'clock, when some doors of the House were quietly opened to admit the cleaners of the rooms; and then they got in and took their places. But they had to remain in the House until afternoon in order to secure the possession of the seats.

Members of Parliament usually wear their hats unless when making a speech or crossing from one part of the chamber to another. The members of the House of Lords may not wear their hats when they sit in the Peers' gallery of the House of Commons.

Nor may we, the members of the Commons, wear our hats when in the gallery assigned to us in the House of Lords.

The House of Lords are less strict in their rules, oddly enough, than the House of Commons. The Peers allow their messengers and attendants to pass up and down the chamber delivering notes and telegrams very much as is done in the Capitol at Washington. But in the House of Commons no attendant nor messenger dare pass beyond what is called the bar. A messenger stands at the bar with letters or telegrams until some member comes and takes them from him and passes them on to their rightful owners.

I do not know what great advantage we in the Commons gain by this old usage; but it is an old usage, and so it is kept up. It is like the Speaker's robes, and the mace and the wigs and gowns of the clerks at the table, and the uniform of the serjeant-at-arms, and the garb which one of the subordinates of the treasury puts on when he has to deliver a royal message, and the manner in which the chaplain has to walk down the floor of the House backwards after prayers are over.

This latter performance, I may say, always seems to me particularly ridiculous, for every member of the House rushes out the moment prayers are said and he has secured his seat—there is a short interval before actual business begins,—and there you see a stream of men all rushing out in the ordinary manner, looking the way they are running, and in the midst of the stream one mild gentleman in clerical garb, who is trying to walk backwards down the floor in the same direction, with the chance of collision

against some fugitive who is just struggling to the front.

But the House of Commons loves to keep up old ways. Every night when the sitting is over, a stranger in the great lobby will see one of the officials of the House rush wildly out into that same lobby, and will hear him shout, at the highest pitch of his voice, the mysterious words, "Who goes home?"

What may that portend? It came about in this way: Long ago Westminster, where the Houses of Parliament stand, was well isolated from London proper, and the roads were bad, and there were footpads and highwaymen of all sorts abundant, and it was the practice for members to make up parties and ride together with their servants for common protection.

Now Westminster and London have run into one another, indistinguishable to ordinary mortals, and the streets are safe, and the highwaymen rides on his raid no more; but we keep to the old performance still, and there is never a close of a sitting of the House without the official plunging into the lobby and shouting his meaningless demand, "Who goes home?" He never gets an answer; he never expects one; he would be utterly bewildered if any member were to reply.

A "COUNT-OUT."

One of the rules of the House of Commons is that if at any time during a debate there shall happen to be less than forty members present, and the attention of the Speaker be drawn to the fact, he shall at once proceed to the preliminaries of the performance which is known as counting the House.

He sounds his electric bell, which

thrills and jingles through every room in the precincts of the Commons, and the members are allowed three minutes to return to their places in the House itself—not too long a time, by any means, in that vast building, with its libraries and smoking-rooms and its long stretch of terrace.

After the lapse of that interval, the doors are closed and the Speaker proceeds to count the number of those in the House. He counts them, pointing his cocked hat at one after the other, and if there are forty, the moment he arrives at the fortieth he ceases to count, the required number being reached, and the business goes on in its ordinary way. If there are not forty, but only, let us say, thirty-seven, the moment he reaches the number thirty-seven, he announces that "the House do now adjourn." The sitting is over.

The Speaker will not of himself take notice of the fact that there are not forty members in the House. His attention must be called to it by some member. A "count-out," as it is termed, never takes place on a government night, for the good reason that the government takes care to have a number of its supporters always in attendance, so as to secure it against any sudden attempt to bring the sitting to a premature close.

Certain days in the week are set apart for government business, and on these days there is no chance of a count. A count is never attempted on a government night, except, indeed, as a sort of practical joke. There are two or three members who love to indulge in a joke of this kind.

In the House of Commons we have no regular dinner hour, no interval set apart during which the business is suspended, and one may go and dine in

peace. You dine when you can; when you think you have a chance; when there is nothing going on in which you feel any keen interest; when there is no immediate likelihood of anything being put to the vote.

But, as a rule, members dine between half-past seven and nine in the evening; and those who take much part in the business of the House usually dine in one of the dining-rooms of the House itself, where the sound of a division bell can reach them.

About eight o'clock the House itself, the debating chamber, is nearly empty. Some member of little account is making a speech; perhaps half a dozen men are in their places. Most of the members have gone into the dining-rooms to enjoy their dinner. Then the joke is to call the Speaker's attention to the very obvious fact that there are not forty members present.

The Speaker has no choice. He must ring his bell and summon members back to the chamber, and oh, the agonies of government supporters in the dining-rooms when they hear that dreadful bell!

A man has perhaps just taken one spoonful of his soup; is at the very beginning of his dinner. He is very hungry, but the bell, rings and he must go; he dare not refuse to obey that summons. He knows only too well that many members less burdened than he with a sense of responsibility have ventured to go home to dinner, or to go out to dinner; and if there are not forty on the spot the government will lose a day of business. He knows that members who belong to the opposition will not distress themselves very much to "keep a House," as it is called.

There is a friend who belongs to the

opposition sitting at a table near him, and this friend is going on with his dinner composedly, and, indeed, says complacently to our unfortunate ministerialist: "It's only a count, you know; needn't trouble." But our poor ministerialist does trouble, and must trouble.

He scurries off, rushes along dreary corridors, flies panting across the broad lobby, gets into the House itself, is counted among the rest by the Speaker, the required number is found, the House empties and he goes back to his chilled soup.

Perhaps, before he has got to his fish, there is another ring of the electric bell: some other member has invited the Speaker's attention to the fact that once again there are not forty members present; and our hapless ministerialist has to jump from his chair, fling down his napkin, and race along the corridors again.

One night in the week is set apart for the benefit of members who are not in the government. On such nights independent members, as they are called, bring on their motions, and the government has no particular interest in having the sitting kept on. Indeed, most of the supporters of the government would rather have the House counted, in order that they might have a night free.

The poor man, for example, who had his dinner spoiled for him by repeated efforts at a count the night before, would naturally like to be allowed to go home and dine in comfort there and not come back. On the night given up to private members, therefore, the chances of a count are many to one.

Members bring on their motions according to a precedence obtained by ballot; and on a particular night some terrible bore may have got the first

place, and some man with a wild crotchet may have got the second place; and who wants to stay for them? Therefore the man is rash indeed who fondly believes that he can hold the House by his eloquence on one of these nights.

Many men, however, are thus fond. I have known a member who secured the first place on one such a night, and who actually got some of his friends to come to his rooms a few days in advance to hear him rehearse for them the speech with which he intended to electrify the House of Commons.

The expected night came, and the orator began the speech which was to make him famous. He had not got many sentences into it when he noticed an appalling diminution in the number of listeners. He saw members beckoning other members out of the House. He could not fail to observe, even while he spoke, that whispered consultation was going on.

The appalling idea was brought home to him that a "count" was being got up. Who could be eloquent, with all this taking place before his very eyes? He stammered, and grew hot and feverish, and he tried to go on with his argument. The whole scene swam before his eyes. It was almost a relief to his agony when he saw a member go quietly up to the Speaker's chair. In a moment the Speaker rose to his feet, and the bell was rung. The Speaker's attention had been called to the fact that there were not forty members present. After the required interval the House was counted; there were not forty; the well-rehearsed speech was never delivered.

The Speaker must count, if his attention is called to the absence of the needed number.—called by any member of the House.

Now observe what that may mean. I once knew a pompous and pretentious member, who had secured by ballot the first place on one of the nights for private members, and who came down prepared to deliver an elaborate harangue on a very tiresome subject.

He appeared in the House with a whole library of books piled on the seat beside him, from which he intended to read appropriate extracts. He began his speech, and the House grew thin. He went on, and it grew thinner. He became angry that so great a speech and so important a subject did not attract a greater audience. He gave vent to his anger.

"Mr Speaker," he indignantly ex-

claimed, "I think it is not much to the credit of the House of Commons that a question of this magnitude should have to be introduced in a House with not half-a-dozen members present!"

Poor man! Unhappy utterance! He had done it, he had called the Speaker's attention to the number present. The Speaker rose to his feet, cried, "Order! Order!"—the words always used when the Speaker intervenes—and sounded his bell. The House was counted; not forty attended. The sitting was over. Our poor orator's chance was gone for that session. He had, in that sense, committed suicide; he had counted himself out.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

SANITATION.

IV.

As to the importance of such a board neighboring epidemics and still more neighboring endemics fully attest. And it is also declared that "The public health, the welfare and safety of the community, are matters of paramount importance, to which all the pursuits, occupations, and employments of individuals inconsistent with their preservation, must be secondary." As to the character of the Board of Health, Billings observes: "As physicians have their attention more frequently and forcibly called to the evil results of a bad sanitary condition of the people, they are usually the first to urge legislation on the subject." But, as Mr. Eaton remarks, "The moment we attempt to exercise politi-

cal power for sanitary purposes, that is, to use the government for compelling citizens to observe the general condition of public health, and to pay the penalty of the infringement and the cost of the redress, we must not seek our official force wholly from any one profession. No single profession has either the knowledge or the power to accomplish such a work, and although it may be hoped that, in a good time coming, the health official will combine in one person the special knowledge of the physician, the lawyer, the engineer, and the chemist, yet for the present, members of each of these professions must unite to secure good work."

As to the management of contagious diseases, Richardson observes: "The accidental perils which beset the

young in the seed-time of health, and which we accept as evils which sanitarians are bound especially to combat, those serious perils which spring from the exposure of the body to the poisonous particles which produce disease by contagion or infection, come next before us for removal. We call these perils contagious diseases; we know the number of these diseases; we know that their number is limited; that it is confined to thirty at the most, and practically to a little over half thirty. We know that the members of this class of diseases have different periods of incubation, that is to say, of periods intervening between the reception of the poison and the development of the symptoms produced by the poison. We know that the symptoms of the diseases once developed run a regular course. We know that some persons are more susceptible to them than others. We know that, to a certain extent, one attack of suffering from many of the diseases is a cause of exemption from future attack. We know that the diseases assume an epidemic or spreading character, and that each of them has its season in which its spread is so remarkable that its general course may be charted or outlined as connected with the times of weeks, or months, or years. And if, regarding the nature of the poisons which produce the diseases, we know least and are most divided, we have, at all events, this precious knowledge, that the poisons themselves are removable and destructible, so that they lie within the range of human control."

And it has been truthfully observed that "Panic is born of a vague terror of the unknown, and has no relationship to that clear comprehension of a source of possible danger, and the means of avoiding it which

promotes calmness and justifies confidence." As to Nuisances, Dr. John Simon says: "Among causes which injuriously affect the public health, considered as a total, certain diseases operate only in particular districts, as, for instance, some large adjacency of water-logged land, or some prevalent injurious industry; while others, though no doubt in widely different degrees, appear to be of general, perhaps nearly universal, operation. Foremost in the latter class, and constituting, in my opinion, objects which claim earliest attention in the sanitary government, two gigantic evils stand conspicuous:—

First, the omission (whether through neglect or through want of skill) to make the due removal of refuse matters, solid and liquid, from inhabited places; and secondly, the license which is permitted to cases of contagious, dangerous, infectious diseases to scatter abroad the seeds of their infection."

In certain very important cases, injury—immense injury—accruing to the public health arises from a co-operation of these two evils; arises, namely, through the special facility which certain forms of local uncleanness provide for the spreading of certain specific infections; and the influences which uncleanness almost necessarily exerts in that way against the public health, makes so large an addition to the influence it exerts in other ways, that, in total power uncleanness must, I think without doubt, be reckoned as the deadliest of our present removable causes of disease.

As to State Medicine, Dr. Parkes observes: "Pure air is a necessity for health; but an individual may have little control over the air which surrounds him, and which he must draw into his lungs. He may be powerless

to prevent other persons from contaminating his air, and thereby striking at the very foundation of his health and happiness. Here, as in so many cases which demand the regulation of the conduct of individuals toward each other, the State steps in for the protection of its citizens and enacts rules which shall be binding upon all. Hence arises what is now termed 'State Medicine,' a matter of the greatest importance. The fact of State Medicine being possible, marks an epoch in which some sanitary rules receive a general consent, and indicates an advancing civilization. Fear has been expressed lest State Medicine should press too much upon the individual, and should too much lessen the freedom of personal action. This, however, is not likely; as long as the State acts cautiously, and on well assured scientific grounds, and as long

as an unshackled press discusses with freedom every step."

As to the application of statistics to public health, the death rate, and more especially the sickness rate, as well as the classification of diseases and meteorological exhibits, etc., Dr. Parkes further remarks: "The fact that in modern times, the subject of hygiene generally, and State Medicine in particular, has commenced to attract so much the public attention, is undoubtedly owing to the application of statistics to public health. It is impossible for any nation, or for any government, to remain indifferent when, in figures which admit of no denial, the national amount of health and happiness, or disease and suffering is determined.

MILTON H. HARDY, M. D.
Provo, Utah.

From the Christian Union.

SELF-EDUCATION: HOW TO GET IT.

What can a busy man or woman do to keep the results of his school education and carry on the process still further? In school we acquire either facts or principles; in life we must learn how to apply those facts and principles in practical affairs, or they are useless both to us and to others. * * How, in a busy life, can we get knowledge and apply knowledge? * * By observation. Life is all the time talking to us. He will be always learning who keeps his eyes open and ears open. Some men are too busy, others too lazy, and still others too self-conceited to hear what life has to teach them. We have two eyes, two ears, and two nostrils to acquire information, and one tongue with which to give it. He

is a wise man who understands the proportion which this fact indicates, and devotes six times as much energy to filling up as to giving out. * * Good companions are great teachers. The living teacher is better than the dead one. Every man knows something better than you know it, and will be willing to tell you if you are willing to listen to the telling. Most men like to impart knowledge; but there is a choice of teachers—that is, of companions. The wise man will pick out companions wiser than himself. He will seek companionship that is educative and stimulating, not merely that which is alluring and enjoyable. The advantage of school or college is largely the advantage of intellectual compan-

ionship. * * In the long run, companions mold character. A man is made as well as known by the companions he keeps. He who lives with pigs will learn to wallow; he who lives with birds will learn to fly. The graduate of the billiard-room or bowling-alley or pool-room learns nothing in its companionship. Do not ask, Will this do me any harm? Ask, Will this do me any good? The companionship of much of what we call "society" is little or no better. Small-talk is the smallest of all microscopic subjects—a Sahara of sand to a grain of gold.

The best place to find companionship ought to be at home. The first duty of the father and mother is to furnish helpful companionship in the home. But there are many homeless people and many homes that are not educative, and no homes that can furnish all the education that our sons and daughters need. Where shall we spend our evenings? * * If there is no literary life in the village set some literary life a going. Find at least one companion who will read with you, then a second; there are enough to make a sympathetic circle. Church prayer-meetings are not always alluring; not always, even, unfortunately, instructive; but they furnish, at least, better companionship than the street corners. * * Reading is an educator; whether it is a good or a bad educator depends on

what you read. * * Read good literature. No man in this year of our grace 1888, who lives in America, needs to be without a good library. The best books are within the reach of the most meagre purse. You can get a good companion for as little cost as a good cigar. * * Your trouble is perhaps not want of money, but want of time. No! We all have time enough to learn if we have wisdom enough to use the fragments of our time. Henry Ward Beecher used to read between the courses at the dinner-table, and when he got interested in his book would take it for his dessert. Hugh Miller lay prone before the fire studying while his companions were whiling away the time in idle jests and stories. Schliemann, as a boy, standing in queue at the post-office and waiting his turn for letters, utilized his time studying Greek from a little pocket grammar in his hand. He is a wise economist who does not waste more than half an hour a day in idle gossip, useless conversation, frivolous amusement, or mere vacuity. Half an hour a day is three hours a week, a hundred and fifty in a year, twenty working days. net! The man who uses his fragments of time has nearly one month more in the year than his neighbor who is wasteful of the precious commodity.

LAICUS.

KIND WORDS.

As we journey down life's pathway,
Speak a kind word when we can;
Give a smile to cheer the weary,
Brighten heart of child or man.

Kindly words oft lighten sorrow,
That with gloom our path enshrouds;

Let the sunshine of our gladness
Break through all its stormy clouds.

Help—yes, help—for one another,
In this daily toil of life;
Lend a hand to aid a brother:
Peace will reign, instead of strife.

BERTHA HEAVEY.

AMERICAN INDIAN JUGGLERY.

THE feature of the evening at one of the late meetings of the Washington Anthropological Society was a paper by Col. Garrick Mallory on "Algonkin Glyphs on Bark and Stone." The paper also dealt briefly with some related subjects, and will form a part of the annual report of the Bureau of Ethnology. The following is a brief chapter on "Indian Jugglery," extracted from this paper:—

"Paul Beaulieu, an Ojibwa of mixed blood, present interpreter at White Earth Agency, gave me his experience with a Jossakeed, at Leech Lake, about the year 1858. The reports of wonderful performances reached the agency, and, as Beaulieu had no faith in the jugglers, he offered to wager one hundred dollars, a large sum, then and there, against goods of equal value, that the juggler could not perform satisfactorily one of the tricks of his repertoire to be selected by him (Beaulieu) in the presence of himself and a committee consisting of his friends.

"The wager was accepted, with the result to be described.

"A medicine lodge was made. Four strong poles were planted deep in the ground, rising to an elevation of at least ten or twelve feet; one of them having the branches remaining and rising a little beyond its fellows, this being the indication of a Jossakeed as distinguished from a Mede' lodge. The interior diameter was less than four feet. The frame, which was inclined to the centre, was then filled in with intertwined twigs, and covered with blankets and birch-bark from the ground to the top, leaving an orifice of about a foot in diameter open for the ingress and egress of spirits and

of the objects to be mentioned, but not large enough for the passage of a man's body.

"At one side of the bottom wrapping a flap was left for the entrance of the Jossakeed or Shanam.

"A committee of twelve was selected to see that no communication was possible between the Jossakeed and confederates. These twelve men were reliable people, one of them being the Episcopal clergyman of the reservation. The spectators were several hundreds in number, but stood off, not being allowed to approach.

"The Jossakeed then removed his clothing, until nothing remained upon his person but the breech-cloth. Beaulieu then took a rope (of his own selection for the purpose), and first tied and knotted one end about the ankles; the knees were then securely tied together; next the wrists; after which the arms were passed over the knees, and a billet of wood passed under the knees, thus securing and keeping the arms down motionless. The rope was then passed around the neck again and again, each time tied and knotted, so as to bring the face down upon the knees.

"A flat river-stone of black color—which was the Jossakeed Manedo, or amulet—was left lying upon his thighs. The Jossakeed was then carried to the lodge, placed inside upon a mat on the ground, and the flap covering restored so as completely to hide him from view.

"Immediately loud thumping noises were heard, and the framework began to sway from side to side with great violence; whereupon the clergyman remarked that this was the work of the evil one, and it was no place for him:

so he left, and did not see the end. After a few minutes of violent movements and swaying of the lodge, accompanied by loud inarticulate noises, the motions gradually ceased, when the voice of the juggler was heard telling Beaulieu to go to the house of a friend near by, and get the rope. Now, Beaulieu, suspecting some joke was to be played upon him, directed the committee to be very careful not to permit any one to approach while he went for the rope, which he found at the place indicated, still tied exactly as he had placed it about the neck and extremities of the Jossakeed. He immediately returned, laid it down before the spectators, and requested of the Jossakeed to be allowed to look at him, which was granted, but with the understanding that Beaulieu was not to touch him.

"When the covering was pulled aside, the Jossakeed sat within the lodge, contentedly smoking his pipe, with no other object in sight than the black stone Manedo.

"Beaulieu paid his wager of one hundred dollars. An exhibition of similar pretended powers, also for a wager, was announced a short time later at Yellow-Medicine, Minn., to be given in the presence of a number of army people: but at the threat of the grand medicine-man of Leech Lake bands, who probably objected to interference with his lucrative monopoly, the event did not take place, and bets were declared off.

"At Odanah, on the Bad River Reservation, and at Bayfield, both in Wisconsin, I obtained some variants of the above performance as seen at different times and places and by several witnesses. For instance: the Shaman at one time was tied up much as before mentioned, but with all of his clothes on; a fish-net, however, being

tied above his clothes, enveloping the whole person; and horse-bells were attached to his body, so as to indicate any motion. When examined afterwards, the clothing had been entirely stripped from his person, the nets and ropes and bells placed in a separate pile in the lodge, and the clothing itself was found by direction under a designated tree a mile off; the Indians of the committee, one of whom was my informant, running from the lodge at their highest speed to the tree, and there finding the clothing, and stating the impossibility of its being transported by any human agency in advance of their arrival. In another case, occurring at night, two lodges were built about twenty feet apart. About a hundred Indians surrounded the space occupied by the two lodges with lighted torches giving the brightness of day, and a line of bonfires was built and kept in flame over the space intervening between the two lodges. The levitation in this case was by the bound Shaman in one lodge being found unbound in the other.

"It should be noted that these stories relate to a time some forty or fifty years ago, before the tricks similar to those of the Davenport brothers had become known to the civilized portions of the United States. It is a still more important fact that the French missionaries in Canada, and the early settlers of New England, describe substantially the same performances when they met the Indians, all of whom belonged to the Algonkin stock. So remarkable and frequent were these performances of jugglery, that the French, in 1613, called the whole body of Indians on the Ottawa River, whom they met at a very early period, 'the sorcerers.' They were the tribes afterwards called Nipissing, and were

the typical Algonkins. No suspicion of jugglery in the sense of deception appears to have been entertained by any of the earliest French and English writers. The severe Puritan and the ardent Catholic both considered that the exhibitions were real, and the work of the Devil. It is also worth mentioning that one of the derivations of the name 'Mic-mac' is connected with the word meaning 'sorcerer;' so that the known practices of this character having an important effect upon the life of the people extended from the Great Lakes to the extreme east of

the continent. It was obvious to me, in cross-examining the various old men, that the performances of jugglery were in each case an exhibition of pretended miraculous power of an individual, whereby he obtained a reputation above his rivals, and derived subsistence and authority by the selling of charms and superhuman information. The charms of fetiches, which still are sold by a few who are yet believed in, are of three kinds,—to bring death or disease on an enemy, to lure an enemy into an ambush, and to create sexual love.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

THE MYSTERY OF GOOD BREEDING.

SUBTLE, fragrant, indescribable, but all-pervading is that lovely thing we call good breeding. As subtle and as indescribable, but by no means fragrant, is its ungainly opposite. Keenly conscious of the absence of the former, but unable to exactly specify and define when present, we know and feel, but cannot analyze nor tabulate—save in cases of exceptional sweetness and refinement, when we can touch the exact action and repeat the commanding word which governed all. So with ill-breeding. We can scarcely say where it was, unless the misdemeanor was as deep as a well and as wide as a church door; but there it was; and we felt and knew whether we were able to define or not. No one can describe discord nor harmony. No one can make you understand an unknown perfume or an unheard piece of music. The famous account of Rubinstein's "pianner" is a capital bit for an afternoon recital; but no one ever came away from the hearing with

a clear idea of the piece played, nor even how it was played. Birds singing up aloft and thunder crashing through the sky—a cottage here and a running rivulet there—are all very well as suggestions more or less onomatopoeitic; but they are no nearer to the fact than mere suggestions.

So with the mystery of good breeding—the subtle harmony and passing flavor of true politeness. It is heard in an intonation—an inflection—in the choice of one word over another seemingly its twin, but with just that difference of application, rather than meaning, which creates the essence of good breeding. The almost microscopic recognition of a stranger—the specialized attention of an unobtrusive kind—is its evidence; the careless neglect of an apparently insignificant form is its death-warrant. To be the only stranger in a roomful of intimates, and to be unintroduced and neglected, is an act of ill-breeding specially British. If by chance one more kind-

hearted to begin with, and more polished by friction to go on with, takes pity on the poor social waif and stray, and offers any attention, or reels off the thread of a conversation, that person has this marvelous charm we call good breeding, in which all the rest have been deficient. When you enter a room and are presented to the hostess, her reception of you proves her good breeding or her bad. The way in which her children meet you—the way in which, at any age beyond the merest babyhood, they speak and hold themselves—is so eloquent of their gentle training or ungente as is a correct accent or a provincial.

No idiosyncrasy mars the real essence of good breeding, and all the excuses made for lapses and lesions are futile. A well-bred person may be as shy as a hawk, and her limbs may be as awkwardly hung together as so many crooked sticks badly pinned. All the same her good breeding will be evident, and neither her shyness nor her awkwardness will tell against it. Though it costs her the well-known agonies to sustain a connected conversation, and though by the very fact of her shyness her brain will run dry, she will sustain it with the most consummate politeness, if not always with the most flawless fluency. She will put a restraint on herself and talk her best, bad as that best may be, because she is versed in the art and mystery of good-breeding, and thinks of others rather than herself. But an ill-bred person, if shy, is simply boorish, and takes no trouble to conquer the dumb demon within him, but gives way to it and lets it conquer him at its pleasure. You feel that the excuse made for him—or her—by those who want to smooth over asperities with varnish—that excuse of being so “dreadfully shy”

is no excuse at all. For you know by experience how sweet and anxious to be supple and at ease—for all the pain it costs her—can be that well-bred bundle of nerves and fears, who is as timid as a hare and as sensitive as a mimosa, but also who is as thoughtful for others as the boor is disregarding. Good breeding is the current coin of society. He who is bankrupt therein ought not to take rank with the rest. The defaulting Lombard had his bench broken in full conclave, and was chased out of the street where his better endowed brethren carried on their business. What the old money changers and money lenders did with defaulting members society ought to do to the ill-bred—to the people who oppose all you say for the mere sake of opposing you, and not for anything approaching to a principle; who contradict you flatly, and do not apologize when they are proved in the wrong; who tell you home truths of a bilious complexion and vinegar aspect; who repeat ill-natured remarks made in their presence, or repeated to them, making you feel that you are scorned and despised you know not why, and villified without the chance given you of self-justification; who abuse your known friends, and ascribe to them all the sins of the Decalogue; who brutally attack your known principles in religion, morals, politics; who sneer at your cherished superstitions and fall foul of your confessed weaknesses; who take the upper hand of you generally, not counting your susceptibilities as worth the traditional button. Such people as these—and there are many of them masquerading as ladies and gentlemen of good position and irreproachable credentials—but, no matter what their lineage or fortune, they should be cashiered; and society

would be all the sweeter and more wholesome for the want of them. Contrast these spiny hedgehogs, these aggressive thorn-bushes, these stinging mosquitoes and ramping tarantulas with their opposites—the well-bred and gentle folk who never wound you, never tread on your corns nor offend your susceptibilities in any way, and who carefully carry out of sight all their own private little flags which may be your red rags. This is not want of courage, but it is good breeding. It is not in any way necessary that we should be always testifying, blowing trumpets in the market place for all men to listen, crying Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! we think so and so, and there-

fore must you consent to hear, whatever the pain to your own prejudices. There is no virtue in contradicting, in telling truths of a bilious complexion and vinegar aspect, in plucking the peacock's feathers from your crow, and showing him to be a very dingy little blackbird and no royal king as he made himself appear. We all have to see and hear things we feel we could "show up" if we had a mind; but if we are well-bred we leave our friends to their faiths uninvaded, and only if we are boorish, blatant, and ill-bred, do we take it in hand to be the clumsy Ithuriels who will show them the truth, and make them wince with the finding.

A CHILD'S COMPANY MANNERS.

"Sit down, will you, please, and wait a minute till my mother comes?" said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her mother.

"And will you give me a glass of water, Edith?" asked one of the ladies.

"With pleasure," answered Edith, and she presently came back with two goblets of water on a waiter.

"Oh, thank you," said the other lady; "you are very thoughtful."

"I am glad to serve you," said Edith, in her gentlest tones.

When Edith went out of the room one of the ladies said,—

"That little girl is one of the loveliest children I ever met."

"Her manners are very sweet and obliging," said the other.

Let us go into the next room and see. Edith went back with the waiter.

"Me dink! me dink!" cried Bobbie, screwing up his rosy lips.

"Get out, Bob!" cried Edith, "Go to Bridget for water."

"Don't speak so to your little brother," Bridget said.

"It is none of your business what I say," cried Edith!

"Edith!" That is grandmother calling from the top of the stairs.

"What?" screamed Edith.

"Come up, dear."

"I don't want to."

She, however, dragged herself up stairs. Unwilling feet find it hard to climb.

"Edith," said grandma, "will you try to find my specs? I am pretty certain I left them in the dining-room."

"No, you didn't," cried Edith, in a cross, contradictory tone; "you always lose them up here;" and she rummaged round the chamber, tumbling things over dreadfully.

"No matter," said the dear old lady,

seeing she would have much to do to put things to rights again; "no matter, Edith; they will come to hand;" and she quietly put down the newspaper for by and by. Edith went off pouting.

Oh, dear! where are Edith's civil, obliging manners? Why, those are her company manners. She puts them on in the parlor and puts them off

when she leaves it. She wears them before visitors and hangs them up when they are gone. You see, she has no manners at home; she is cross and disobliging and rude and selfish. She forgets that home is the first place to be polite in—in the kitchen as well as in the parlor. There is no spot in the house where good manners can be dispensed with.

From Harper's Weekly.

UNCLE NATE'S FUNERAL.

'Twas not at all like those you see of ordinary men;
'Twas such as never could occur, excepting now and then;
For Uncle Nate had studied hard upon it, night and day,
And planned it all — while yet alive — in his peculiar way.
"I've managed other men's remains," he said, with quiet tone,
"And now I'll make a first-class try to regulate my own."
And so, a month before his death, he wrote the details down,
For friends to print, when he was dead, and mail through all the town.

The paper said: "I've figured close, and done the best I knew,
To have a good large funeral, when this short life was through;
I've thought about it night and day, I've brooded o'er the same.
Until it almost seemed a task to wait until it came,
Especially as my good wife has wandered on ahead,
And all the children we possessed have many years been dead;
And now I'll tell you what I want my friends and foes to do —
I'm sorry that I can't be here to push th' arrangement through:

"I do not want to hire a hearse, with crape around it thrown:
I'm social like, and am not used to riding round alone.
Bring my old wagon, into which the children used to climb,
Until I've taken on a drive full twenty at a time:
We've loafed along the country roads for many pleasant hours,
And they have scampered far and near, and picked the freshest flowers:
And I would like to have them come, upon my burial day,
And ride with me, and talk to me, and sing along the way.

"I want my friend the minister — the best of preacher-folks,
With whom I've argued, prayed, and wept, and swapped a thousand jokes —
To *talk* a sermon to the friends, and make it sweet but strong;
And recollect, I don't believe in speeches over-long,
And tell him, notwithstanding all his eloquence and worth,
'Twon't be the first time I have slept when he was holding forth.
I'd like two texts; and one shall be by Bible covers pressed,
And one from outside, that shall read, 'He did his level best.'

"And any one I've given help — to comfort or to save —
Just bring a flower, or sprig of green, and throw it in the grave.
Please have a pleasant, social time round the subscriber's bier,
And no one but my enemies must shed a single tear.

You simply say, 'Old Uncle Nate, whatever may befall,
Is having probably to-day the best time of us all !
He's shaking hands, two at a time, with several hundred friends,
And giving us who stay behind good gilt-edged recommends !' "

They tried to follow all the rules that Uncle Nate laid down:
When he was dead, they came to him from every house in town.
The children did their best to sing, but could not quite be heard;
The parson had a sermon there, but did not speak a word.
Of course they buried him in flowers, and kissed him as he lay,
For not a soul in all that town but he had helped some way;
But when they tried to mould his mound without the tears' sweet leaven,
There rose loud sobs that Uncle Nate could almost hear in heaven.

WILL CARLETON.

HOW POPES ARE CHOSEN.

AN ENGLISH writer on "The Constitution of Papal Conclaves," gives some curious information as to the mode in which the Cardinals elect a Pope. Upon the death of a Pope, one of the Cardinals, whose duty it is to represent supreme authority during the interregnum, proceeds with a gilt mallet to knock at the Pope's door; and then to tap the forehead of the deceased with a small mallet. The great bell of the Capitol is then tolled to summon the conclave; but nine days must pass before the actual meeting, to give all time to arrive. On the ninth day the Cardinals meet in the Church of St. Sylvester, and walk in procession to the Quirinal Palace, where they are, three hours after sunset, closely locked up until an election is made. Each Cardinal has his cell, and is supposed to fix his choice, in perfect solitude, free from all external influence. But their eminences are not shut up alone. Each Cardinal may have with him two conclavists, or confidential secretaries; and these have sometimes been able to play an important part in the Papal elections,

their practice having been more than once as successful as those of our own "log-rollers." Besides the conclavists, there is a population of confessors, physicians, etc., down to barbers, carpenters and sweepers. These being locked and barred in, the Cardinals vote each day until an election is accomplished. A simple ballot is taken in the forenoon, and, if no election is made, a second is taken in the afternoon, but only to transfer votes to either of the names voted for in the morning. If there is still no election, the ballots are thrown upon the fire in the chapel, and the smoke from the chimney announces to the people that the church is still without a head. The strictest precautions are used to prevent fraud, but not always with success. Even Cardinals have been known to resort to tricks. Betting on a Papal election was prohibited by a bull of Pius IV., yet cardinals would send out by the turning wheel used to introduce their meals, instructions for putting numbers in the lottery,

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J. H. PARRY & Co., *Publishers.*

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST, 1888.

LIBRARIES AND READING CIRCLES.

AS AUTUMN approaches we are reminded that the Improvement Associations will soon be reorganized and set in operation again for the winter. These associations have now been organized for many years; nearly every town and village in Utah and the adjoining Territories has its improvement association, with its membership made up of the youth of both sexes, and much good has been achieved by their weekly sessions, held during the winter. That their future work may be more effective, and result in greater good, measures should be taken early in the season to establish libraries and reading circles in connection with each organization, so that the long evenings of winter may be more profitably employed than they frequently are. Too often all consideration of the utility of libraries or the usefulness of reading circles, is deferred till it is too late in the season to establish them, and an effort should be made as soon as the associations are organized to appoint an efficient library committee who will commence at once to procure means for beginning a library, or, should there already be one, for bettering and making it more attractive.

We can think of no reason why there should not be a good library in every town and village in the country. Nearly every family is represented in the improvement associations, which

already have the support and sympathy of the community, and with properly directed efforts, backed by tact and energy, these organizations can insure the success of a good library wherever an exertion is made in this direction.

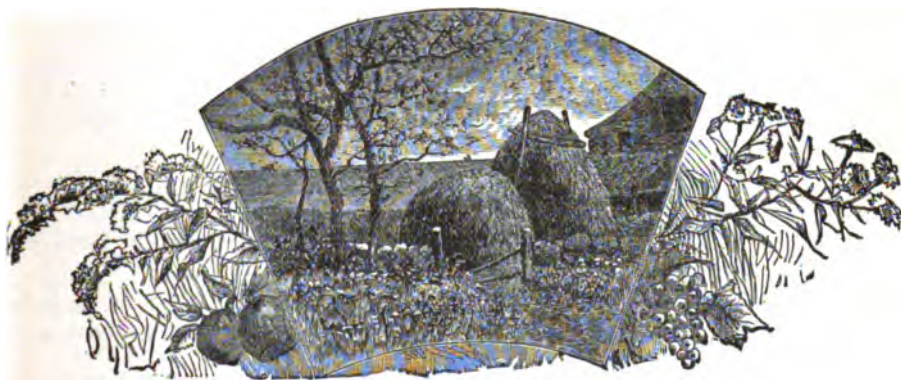
The books being obtained, a suitable place should be secured for taking care of the library, if possible in some public building, and it should be placed under the care of a competent and trustworthy person, and every inducement offered to the citizens of the place to subscribe to the library funds. Public interest in the library should be kept up by every legitimate means, and the "Committee on Library," to make its success lasting, should be a standing committee, a part of the permanent organization of every improvement association.

Where it is convenient to do so, a reading-room should be connected with the library, and the public made welcome to it, and every means possible be taken to make the library a popular resort, especially for the youth, who are often at a loss to know how and where to spend so much of their spare time. In localities where a public reading-room can not be had, reading circles should be organized, and its members meet every week, or more frequently. These can be made a great auxiliary in the work of improvement among the young, and will

prove a source of recreation and amusement as well.

The improvement associations have it in their power to do much toward fostering and establishing the habit of reading, not only among members but in the community at large, and they should not be slow to avail themselves of every influence within their reach to get people to read. Few have any idea of the woeful lack of reading men and women in almost every community; whoever therefore does anything in the way of awakening an interest

in literature among his fellow men is a public benefactor. The taste for reading, contrary to the popular idea, is more than a source of amusement and pleasure, it is the means of diffusing general intelligence among the people, and of making every citizen more useful, happier and better. His children will grow up surrounded with intelligent influences, that cannot fail of having great weight in the formation and development of character.



CONTENTMENT.

NE'ER murmur at your lot in life,
Look upward, be a man!
Away with discontent and strife,
And do the best you can.
What though you have no broad green lands,
No coffers filled with gold?
You've health and strength, and honest
hands
Containing wealth untold.

Though cares are on life's pathway set,
And sorrows reign around,
Remember, oft where rank weeds' grow
A flowret fair is found;
And if 'tis cherished, watch'd with care,
The weeds all cleared away,
That one may bud, and others spring,
Beneath the sun's warm ray.

And thus with man: the baneful seeds
Of envy, hate and strife,
Fix in the heart, producing weeds
That choke the flower of life;
Then pluck them forth, and o'er the heart
Let love and kindness wave—
Though poverty is now your lot,
It ceases with the grave.

Far better have the joy that fills
The honest workman's breast,
The sleep that o'er his senses steals
When Nature asks for rest,
Than lead a life of idleness,
Though riches may surround it;
Then, be content, and leave the world
Something better than you found it.

THE MANTI TEMPLE.

THE Manti Temple, of which our frontispiece gives a very fair representation, was completed and ready for the service for which it was built in May last, and was dedicated on Monday May 21st with impressive ceremonies. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Apostle Lorenzo Snow.

The ground was broken by President Brigham Young. Assistant Church Architect W. H. Folsom supervised the construction of the building, and Edward L. Parry, Esq., was the master mason. W. C. Morris Esq., of this city, is the designer and artificer of the interior decoration of the building.

The Temple is constructed of finely cut stone, which was quarried from the adjoining hills, and is built upon a high hill or spur of the mountain on the north-east of Manti City, and commands a magnificent view not only of Manti City, but of the entire Sanpete Valley.

The cost of the building will be near \$1,000,000, which was contributed by free-will offerings by the Latter-day Saints. It is a building of which the people may be proud, as it is undoubtedly the most magnificent house of worship in America.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed July 15, 1888.

THE Chinese side of the Chinese question is given by the Marquis Tseng in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*. While denouncing the unfair treatment his people have received in other countries, he says that China is not "under the necessity of finding an outlet abroad for a surplus population." Most of the emigrants are those impoverished by public calamity, such as the recent rebellions, or the Honan floods. Under ordinary circumstances, few of them would seek service abroad, preferring to develop the great resources of their own country.

JUNE 19, the Republican National Convention met at Chicago. No candidates for the nomination were considered till the third day — after the committees had reported and the platform had been adopted. On the first ballots Sherman led by a large majority, but a steady vote was cast for Blaine, and it was charged that the Blaine men were manipulating the convention in behalf of their favorite. A final despatch from Blaine, at Edinburgh, Scotland, put a stop to all further use of his name. Much confusion prevailed and on the eighth ballot Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, was nominated for President. Levi P. Mor-

ton, of New York, was then nominated for Vice-President.

THE main plank of the Republican platform is that upon the tariff question, and reads as follows :

"We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection; we protest against its destruction proposed by the President and his party. They serve the interests of Europe; we will support the interests of America. We accept the issue and confidently appeal to the people for their judgment. The protective system must be maintained. Its abandonment has always been followed by general disaster to all interests except those of the usurer and the sheriff. We denounce the Mills bill as destructive to the general business, the labor, and the farming interests of the country, and we heartily indorse the consistent and patriotic action of the Republican representatives in Congress in opposing its passage. We condemn the proposition of the Democratic party to place wool on the free list, and we insist that the duties thereon shall be adjusted and maintained so as to furnish full and adequate protection to that industry.

"The Republican party would effect all

needed reduction of the national revenue by repealing the taxes upon tobacco, which are an annoyance and burden to agriculture, and the tax upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes, and by such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives employ-

system at the joint behest of the whisky ring and the agents of foreign manufacturers."

The following statement of Democratic tariff-reform principles, was made by President Cleveland in a letter to the Tammany Society of New York in answer to an invitation to be present at its Fourth of July celebration:—



GROVER CLEVELAND, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT.

ment to our labor, and release from import duties those articles of foreign production (except luxuries) the like of which cannot be produced at home. If there shall still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the government we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective

"Our government belongs to the people. They have decreed its purposes; and it is their clear right to demand that its cost shall be limited by frugality, and that its burden of expense shall be carefully limited by its actual needs. And yet a useless and dangerous surplus in the national treasury tells no other tale but extortion on the part of the

government, and a perversion of the people's intention. In the midst of our impetuous enterprise and blind confidence in our destiny, it is time to pause and study our condition. It is no sooner appreciated than the conviction must follow that the tribute exacted from the people should be diminished.

The theories which cloud the subject, misleading honest men, and the appeals to selfish interests which deceive the understanding,

men, by the cry that their wages and their employment are threatened. They advocate a system which benefits certain classes of our citizens at the expense of every householder in the land—a system which breeds discontent, because it permits the duplication of wealth without corresponding additional recompense to labor, which prevents the opportunity to work by stifling production and limiting the area of our markets, and which en-



ALLEN G. THURMAN, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

make the reform, which should be easy, a difficult task. Although those who propose a remedy for present evils have always been the friends of American labor, and though they declare their purposes to further its interests in all their efforts, yet those who oppose reform attempt to disturb our working-

hances the cost of living beyond the laborer's hard-earned wages. The attempt is made to divert the attention of the people from the evils of such a scheme of taxation, by branding those who seek to correct these evils as free-traders, and enemies of our workmen and industrial enterprises. This is so far

from the truth that there should be no chance for such deception to succeed. It behooves the American people, while they rejoice in the anniversary of the day when their free government was declared, to also reason together, and determine that they will not be deprived of the blessings and benefits which their government should afford."

JULY 14, the Emperor William II of Ger-

sisters of the German emperor. This understanding between the emperors will involve a settlement of the Bulgarian question. The Czar's proposed solution is outlined in his invitation to the Emperor William, which was read to the German cabinet July 6. The Czar asked that Prince Bismarck should accompany the emperor to St. Petersburg, where M. de Geirs would formally present a proposal for a nominal Russian protectorate in Bul-



BENJAMIN HARRISON, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT.

many started to make a formal visit to the Russian Czar. The significance of this meeting of the emperors is that it is designed to complete the negotiations now pending for a Russo-German agreement on European questions. It is even rumored that the Czarevitch the Grand Duke Nicholas, will marry one the

garia. The proposal does not involve the occupation of the country by Russia. A candidate for the Bulgarian throne is to be appointed by an ambassadorial conference, to be held at either Vienna or Constantinople. If these terms be accepted, the Czar will order the army corps mustering on the Austrian and

German frontiers, back into the interior. Prince Bismarck stated these proposals to the cabinet, and said that he believed they offered a chance for a peaceful solution of the question, and that he intended to respond by going to St. Petersburg, provided the Austrian government acquiesced in the proposed settlement. Negotiations with Austria and Italy have begun.

tution forbade a president's holding office for two consecutive terms. In 1884 he was again elected president, and during his second term the constitution was changed to permit his re-election as his own successor.

AN ENGLISH blue book has just been issued which gives the number of vessels contained



LEVI P. MORTON, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

THE Mexican elections have been held, and have resulted in the re-election of President Porfirio Diaz. Members of Congress and three members of the supreme court were elected at the same time. In 1876 Diaz succeeded in overthrowing President Lerdo, and making himself chief magistrate. He was succeeded in 1880 by Gonzales, as the consti-

tion forbade a president's holding office for two consecutive terms. In 1884 he was again elected president, and during his second term the constitution was changed to permit his re-election as his own successor.

in the navies of the different maritime powers of Europe as follows : Battle ships—England, 49; France, 30; Italy, 21; Germany, 13; Russia, 9. Cruisers—England, 87; France, 67; Germany, 29; Russia, 25; Italy, 21. Torpedo vessels and boats—England, 176; France, 140; Italy, 138; Russia, 97; Germany, 96.



THE BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LOOKING NORTH-WEST. (See page 473.)

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NO. 12.

From the Youth's Companion.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

II.

AN "ALL-NIGHT SITTING."



THE House of Commons usually meets at four o'clock in the afternoon.* The exceptions are Wednesdays, when it meets at twelve noon, and is, according to standing orders, obliged to bring the sitting to a close at six o'clock, and Sat-

urdays, when, unless in the case of very pressing business, or toward the close of a session, the House does not

sit at all. On the Wednesdays it is an easy thing to talk any measure out, if only a number of members keep the talk going until the time for adjournment.

I remember an instance of this, some years ago. A bill was set down for a certain Wednesday, and an Irish member, not living now, was opposed to the bill. He had no one to back him up, however, and the House thought the bill would get through quite easily.

Its promoter made a short speech; some one on the part of the government promised to give it their support. It was not yet one o'clock. Up rose our terrible Irish member, and proceeded to set forth his reasons for opposing the bill. He talked on and on and on; there was no way of stopping him; even the rules that now prevail for

* During the present session of Parliament, new rules have been adopted which render such practices as are described in this article impossible. The House of Commons meets at three o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and the session is brought to a close at one o'clock on the following morning. Moreover, it is no longer true that a member may speak as often as he pleases "in committee,"—and both his privileges of speaking and his right to make motions are limited when the purpose is evidently obstruction. The presiding officer decides without appeal whether or not obstruction is the object.

It will be well to say further that any measure fails which is under discussion when a sitting of the House of Commons comes to an end, if it has not been passed, and if no time has been set for its further consideration. This fact explains two points in this article: first, that a single member by talking until the hour of adjournment defeated the measure, "talked it out," so that it was no longer before Parliament; and, secondly, that as a session on any other day save Wednesday did not terminate at a fixed hour, measures could be talked out only on Wednesday.

checking mere obstruction did not exist then. The Speaker could do nothing but sit, and look as if he were listening.

The hours went by, and our friend was still talking. At last the hands of the clock drew close to the fatal hour, six. The orator glanced up, and saw that he had nearly accomplished his purpose.

"And now, Mr. Speaker," he calmly said, "after these few preliminary observations, I shall proceed more directly to explain my objections to this bill." Another sentence or two brought him to the moment when Mr. Speaker rose and declared the sitting at an end.

On the ordinary days the House begins its business at four. There is no settled time for bringing the sitting to a close. It often sits until three or four in the morning; rarely, when real business is on, rises before two o'clock in the morning.

Is not, then, it may be asked, every sitting an all-night sitting? In one sense, yes, indeed, but not in the House of Commons' sense. What we mean by an all-night sitting is a sitting purposely protracted over the whole of the night and deep into the following day. We have had sittings kept up during two nights and two days.

An all-night sitting is usually kept up because the government want to force on some measure which a small but resolute body of members are determined to resist as long as they can. We had several such sittings while a former government were endeavoring to pass coercion measures for Ireland.

When the House goes into committee, as it is called, on the details of a measure, every member can speak as often as he likes. The House in committee is just the same House as before;

only that it is presided over by the chairman of committees, and that, as I have said, every member can speak as often as he likes. That is a good time, therefore, for staying the progress of a measure.

It soon becomes known from the attitude of the opposing party that they mean an all-night sitting. The government take measures accordingly. They divide their followers into batches, and arrange that each division is to stay in the House for a certain time, during which the others may go home and sleep, and then come back to the House when their time is up and relieve their weary comrades.

Now the followers of the government in those days were more than a majority; and, besides, the government had for that special purpose the support of the whole English opposition who were willing with the ministerialists to take their part in the night-watches. The supporters of the Coercion Bill were so numerous, therefore, that they could make the business of watching quite light and pleasant.

But our poor fellows! we were at that time not more than twenty all told, so we had not much chance of dividing our forces so as to make the struggle easy.

On this occasion the struggle came suddenly on us and we had not time to make an arrangement of any kind, except the general agreement to keep in our places as long as we could. Our business was to keep on talking on each particular amendment to a clause in the bill, and when we found we could talk no more, to challenge a division on something. A division in the House takes up about fifteen minutes, even where the numbers opposed to each other are almost equally

divided; but in our case we were twenty men against the whole House, and the division took up a much longer time than usual.

A division in the House is taken by the "ayes" going into one lobby, and the "noes" into another, each set being counted in each lobby. A division, therefore, gave us a precious interval of rest, for lungs, tongue and thought; and we varied the entertainment by a great many of these divisions.

Sometimes one of us suddenly moved the adjournment of the debate, and we divided on that. Then another of us moved the adjournment of the House itself and we divided on that. When these motions were defeated we set to the general debate again. Some of our men had a wonderful capacity for pouring out unending talk with all the air and manner and style of speakers who were so full of matter that they were really trying to condense as much as possible, and had no desire but to stick closely to the subject and avoid waste of time.

Meanwhile the night waned. The gray morning began to steal in through the windows. The House seemed to put on a gaunt, unkempt and dismal appearance. Very few men were in the chamber itself. Many were happily asleep in the library arm-chairs and on the benches in all the various lobbies. The division bell would wake them up if a division were to be taken; and, meanwhile, what need had they to be in the chamber of debate? They did not want to debate; nobody wanted to debate but the Irish National party. We wanted to debate because we wanted thereby to put off to the last the passing of each stage of the Coercion Bill; but no one else wanted discussion.

The government hardly ever favored

us with any answer to our arguments. At rare intervals we could succeed in goading some minister to get up and attempt to reply on us, or, at all events, to get up and denounce us. Either course would do for us. Either gave us a fresh start and a new subject; we could all get up in turn, man after man, and reply to the minister or denounce him, or reply to him *and* denounce him. We were greatly embarrassed for the most part by the fact that we had nothing to reply to; that ministers and their friends would not say anything; and that we had to do all the talking ourselves, each one enforcing the arguments of his honorable friend who has just sat down.

We, of course, had to keep a considerable contingent of our members actually in the chamber of debate itself, for if any pause in the speech-making took place, the particular clause would be put to the vote at once, and all our previous struggle would have gone for nothing. The sun came up, and slumberers arose and had a wash, and went into one of the refreshment rooms and had breakfast—and, oh, I have never known a breakfast taste more delicious than such a meal under such conditions! Still the speaking kept on and on; the same men over and over again. New regiments of government supporters came to relieve the watchers of the night, and our defiant little band always greeted these arrivals with what are called "ironical cheers."

Some of us got snatches of sleep when we could, but we were not able on this occasion to systematize our arrangements so as to give any one a really satisfactory interval of rest. On and on went the debate, some independent member on either side of the House appealing now and then,

sometimes to the government and sometimes to us, to come to a compromise, and let the House adjourn.

No, the government would not give in, and no more would we. The day wore on, and dinner-time came, and we dined when we could; and the watchers of the evening relieved the watchers of the day, themselves to be relieved later on by the watchers of the night, and we greeted these arrivals always with our burst of ironical cheering.

The night came, and wore itself through, and the morning came, and brought with it our leader, who had been over in Ireland for a day or two, but had hurried back, and kept telegraphing to us from various stations along the line of railway between Holyhead and London, to let us know that he was coming.

He made his appearance in the House of Commons in the gray, ghastly, early morning of the third day of battle, and we greeted him with an exulting cheer, such as might have welcomed Sheridan when his ride was accomplished. We all woke up to

new vigor and alacrity, and I suppose the government thought it was hopeless to try to do anything with us, now that our leader had come. About six o'clock that evening the government conceded some point to us, and we allowed the debate to close.

I remember very well Mr. Gladstone pointing out to the house, in perfect good-humor, that the government were really making a concession which they need not have made if they did not like; for, as he explained, although that was Wednesday,—we had now got to Wednesday evening,—yet the House was not bound to adjourn at six, according to regular habit.

Although as a matter of fact and almanac, the day was Wednesday, yet, in the parliamentary sense it was still the Monday's sitting; the sitting which began on Monday remained to its close the Monday's sitting, and was not touched by the rule applying to Wednesday. The House shuddered at the hideous possibilities thus suggested of a sitting going on forever, and we were all of us glad to get into the open air and freedom.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M, P.

Written for Parry's Monthly Magazine.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

The robin sang in the locust tree
 With the twilight just begun;
 And when the sun was westerly
 He sang till the day was done;
 While the weeks went by
 'Neath a cloudless sky,
 And a scorching summer sun.

But lo! one noon when it seemed no rain
 Could fall from the brazen sky,
 The robin flew to the tree again
 And perched on a twig most high;
 And he sang so loud
 That the passing crowd
 All paused and marvelled why.

And only the poet knew the song
 And the words of the robin's lay;
 For, he said, "The weather will change ere long
 And the drought will pass away."
 For the robin has learned
 That the weather has turned,
 And will bring us a shower to-day."

For man may be wise in many things
 As he hopes and trusts together;
 But the robin's a prophet while he sings
 At noon of the changing weather;
 For 'tis always soon,
 When he sings at noon,
 That the rain will follow ever.

JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND.

THE ELEMENT OF COURAGE IN HUMAN LIFE.

HUMAN nature has seldom shown itself deficient in these qualities which make up the element of courage required upon the field of battle. Out of the commonest material it has always been possible to train an army which, like Wellington's soldiers in the Peninsula, would go anywhere and do anything. The larger part of the armies of the world have been necessarily composed of the comparatively poorer classes of humanity, yet when occasion has come they have flung life away as if it had been of little value. The deeds of such men have been celebrated in history and song, as if it were by their actions that the most illustrious triumphs of mankind had been won. But without detracting from the merits of those who have shown courage in battle, it is evident that the unwritten history of human life might disclose instances that are even more illustrious. It is probable that the noblest examples of courage are shown in the silent endurance of misfortune or suffering, in opposing the customs and beliefs that long usage has made sacred in the eyes of the majority, in withstanding popular clamor, and in fidelity to convictions, when such fidelity brings social, political, or religious ostracism. The courage of convictions, while not rare, is not the most common form that courage assumes, but it is altogether the noblest, and it is to this that the world is indebted for its greatest triumphs. The fact is that all human life is a field for the display of courage. Its temptations are so severe, its responsibilities are so many, and misfortune so certain of overtaking us at some time that no other quality serves

a man so well. The possession, or the lack of this element of character, marks the dividing line between the noble and ignoble portion of mankind. With his character fortified with a calm and serene courage, a man may be beset with difficulty and overtaken by misfortune, but he need not be overcome. It is one of the main purposes of the Christian religion to instill this quality into human character. To bear the responsibilities of life as brave men should, to be patient when overtaken by its inevitable misfortunes and sorrows, to be at all times true, faithful, and just, and to withstand the seductions and enticements of evil at whatever momentary cost, are among the lessons the teaching of which Christianity has most at heart. The Anglo-Saxon is a brave race, its courage attested now by a thousand years of conflict, during which its energies have been exerted in every field of human endeavor. It was a brave race when it first appeared in history, sailing across the German Ocean, and beginning that career which has resulted in the establishment of a great empire on every continent. It has still strange problems to solve, the gravest that man has ever been called upon to face, and it has need of all its ancient courage. The sphere of its conflict has been changed from the battle-ground to the broader field of political, social, and religious thought, and brought to the still severer test of endurance in the practical concerns of daily life. Whether it shall be overcome or not is a question of individual courage. Democracy has given the individual greater significance than he had in earlier times, and the opinions and

actions of each one have now an influence that they never had before. If our decisions upon questions upon which we are permitted to pass judgment, and the action based upon them, are in accord with our own highest ideals, we shall do our part toward the perpetuation of a race that so far has been of incalculable benefit to mankind. That it requires courage to do

this, to withstand current opinions when they are manifestly wrong and to do the just and true thing because it is right, no one who knows the prevailing influence of life will doubt. The many wrong decisions and actions, that are daily made in political, social, and religious life are not owing to intellectual or moral blindness so much as to the lack of courage to do right.

AN ELECTRIC TORPEDO BOAT.

ELECTRICITY has been called in to render the dreaded torpedo-boat still more formidable. An American, Professor Tuck, has built an electric submarine torpedo-boat, which looks at a little distance very much as if it had been constructed by laying a large row-boat upside down on top of another large row-boat, fastening them together and painting them both sea green. The shell of the new boat is of iron. The boat is 30 feet long, is ballasted with lead, so as to sink to the water's edge, and her displacement is 20 tons. In the centre of what may be called the deck is sunk a well hole. By a simple air lock arrangement, it affords a passage between the interior and exterior of the vessel, even when the vessel is wholly under water. It is also the captain's look-out station, and is capped with a dome of heavy glass, so that, if he chooses, he can exclude the water and stand in the pit with his head and shoulders above the top of the boat, or he can leave the glass off and stand there in a diving suit. Close to his hand is a signalling steering apparatus, which transmits his orders to the helmsman down below. The boat has three rudders, one an or-

dinary vertical rudder at the stern, and the other two horizontal blades on the port and starboard quarters. These last help to govern the boat's movements up and down. To sink her, water is pumped into her compartments; to raise her, air is pumped in, and the water is forced out. Compressed air is stored aboard in 6-inch pipes. There is also an apparatus for reoxygenating air that has already been breathed. Moreover, there is a simple arrangement by which the ends of two rubber tubes can be floated up to the surface of the water and opened to the supply of fresh air up there. An electric motor, driven by force from storage batteries, runs the propeller. The interior, which is arranged for a crew of four or five men, is lighted by incandescent lamps. An indicator shows the distance of the boat beneath the surface. The estimated speed of the boat under water is eight knots. The torpedoes are to be carried outside the vessel; one at the prow and one at the stern. They are to be held there in iron cylindrical sheaths by electro magnets, which will release them when the current is cut off. They are ballasted with cork, and, after placing

one of them, the torpedo boat retires to a distance, unreeling as it goes two wires, by which, at a proper distance, the torpedo is fired. On a recent trial near the Delamater Iron Works, New York, a crew of three men went aboard her, and a test was made of the elec-

tric engine. It drove the boat several miles up and down the river at the speed of ten knots, when she answered her rudder well. She will soon be tried under water. The lead ballast proved insufficient to sink the boat below the water.

From the Youth's Companion.

NEGLECTED EDUCATIONS.

WHOSE education has not been neglected? There are high school graduates whose spelling is wofully defective, and graduates of famous universities who know nothing of the two languages in which much of the most advanced knowledge is now written, French and German. The most learned men lament the great gaps in their knowledge of which they are frequently reminded, as John Quincy Adams was when he visited a manufactory in St. Petersburg.

"I ought," said he, "to visit a factory once a week, to keep myself in mind of my ignorance."

As we may all say with truth that our education has been neglected in some respects, so we must all pursue similar methods in supplying the defects of our knowledge.

Mere reading will never suffice for the needs of an uneducated mind. The mental food which really nourishes us cannot be imbibed through a glass tube, while we sit luxuriously in an easy chair. Every one has to work for an education. The food of the mind has to be earned, masticated, digested, and assimilated, before it does us much good.

Reading, it is true, has its important office in education, and, besides, there are various ways of reading. I knew a business man in New York who,

though he could not get more than half an hour a day for reading, seemed to me to get a liberal education out of one book, Grote's "History of Greece."

He sat down before this great work with such a keen appetite for the knowledge it contained; he read it so slowly, so carefully, and with so much reflection; he got so many side-lights upon it from other sources, and talked about it so much with his friends, that he became, in the course of the two years during which the book occupied him, a truly learned man in all that appertains to the history and literature of Greece. Other readers will dawdle over books from youth to hoary age, and remain to the last ignorant and uniuformed.

Franklin's example instructs us on this point. When he left school for good, and went apprentice to his brother James, the printer, he was but twelve years of age, and nearly all he had in the way of education was a hunger for knowledge.

At first, he did little but read. He spent all his money in buying books, as well as all his spare time in reading them. But he soon found that reading alone would not make him an educated person, and he proceeded to act upon this discovery in a very rational man-

ner. He took the very method which is both easiest and best for boys of the present day.

At school he had been unable to understand arithmetic. Twice he had given it up as a hopeless puzzle, and finally left school almost wholly ignorant of the subject. But he had no sooner taken hold of business as a printer's boy than he found his ignorance of figures extremely inconvenient.

When he was about fourteen he took up for the third time the "Cocker's Arithmetic" which had baffled him at school, and ciphered all through it with ease and pleasure. He then mastered a work upon navigation, which included the rudiments of geometry, and thus tasted the inexhaustible charm of mathematics.

He pursued a similar course in acquiring the art of composition, in which, at length, he excelled most of the men of his time. When he was but a boy of sixteen he wrote so well that the pieces which he slyly sent to his brother's paper were thought to have been written by some of the most learned men of the colony. Indeed, he edited the newspaper when he was sixteen years of age, while his brother was confined in prison for a libel.

He committed one great error in his self-education — he half-starved his body to buy food for his mind, making his dinner of a few raisins and a piece of bread. No one more needs abundant and nourishing food than he who is doing mental labor.

No doubt young Benjamin picked up some good meals at his father's house during the week, or he could not have accomplished what we know he did accomplish in self-education. Half the students who "break down" owe their failure to a system of nour-

ishment which is either erroneous or insufficient.

Many other noted men of the United States have pursued Franklin's plan of uniting study with reading. Henry Clay was a case in point. His mother being left a widow with seven children, could send this promising boy only to a common country school, where he learned to read, write, and cipher a little. That was the whole of his schooling.

But while he was serving as copyist in the office of the clerk to the Virginia Court of Chancery in Richmond, he became a genuine student. Besides studying law, he toiled hard to acquire the art of oratory, to which he owed his future eminence.

Late in life, when he was addressing a class of law students, he told them that he owed his success in his profession to a habit which he had formed at Richmond, when he was little more than a boy.

He would read a passage in a book of history or science, and then, retiring to some solitary place, he would declaim the substance of what he had read in the form of a speech. He did this every day for years. Many an hour he passed every week standing in the middle of a corn-field, in a forest, or in a barn addressing the oxen and horses on subjects of high import.

Mr. Clay declared to the young men, that to this early practice in speaking he was indebted, first for the education of his own mind, and, besides that, for his power to sway and influence the minds of others.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Clay derived his plan of self-instruction from reading "Franklin's Autobiography," and as Franklin enjoyed the great advantage of conversation with the wise men of Boston, so Henry Clay

had the inestimable blessing of the advice and example of Chancellor Wythe. A person intent upon supplying the defects of a neglected education will not have to go far in any part of this land to find competent and kind advisers.

I would urge those who desire to get knowledge upon subjects of which they are quite ignorant, to begin with the easiest primary school books, and go on from them to the more advanced, just as children do. Many of our primary school books are prepared with great tact and skill for unformed minds, and they are as good for older as for younger pupils.

How could any one ignorant of the wonderful things in nature around us have a better introduction to natural knowledge than the little book by Paul and Madame Bert, called "First Steps in Scientific Knowledge?" It is a work which Charles Darwin would have read with pleasure, and yet it is well-suited to the needs of beginners.

A modification of this method which may be confidently recommended, we may call the plan of Abraham Lincoln, whose education beyond the rudiments was wholly his own work.

We see how he proceeded with the few books that he could borrow in the wilds of Indiana. He was not satisfied with merely reading them, but copied large portions of his favorite chapters in his fine handwriting, and kept on reading and copying until the book was wholly his own.

The first book that greatly kindled his mind was a very foolish one, "Weems' Life of Washington," a book full of childish fictions; but by reading it and copying from it in this laborious and painstaking manner the boy got more education out of it than many boys do from a well-selected

school library; besides training his mind, it fired his patriotism.

When he was nineteen years of age, he could "spell down" the whole county in which he lived; he had acquired an excellent handwriting; he could compose very good newspaper essays on politics; and had acquired a general idea of the history of his country, and some notion of the leading sciences.

This knowledge and these accomplishments he had obtained while working hard for his living in the rudest labors of the Western wilderness. He continued his education by studying law, and, as we all know, he obtained, while still a young man, a high rank at the bar of his State.

Many other examples could be given without going beyond the borders of the United States. Fully one-half of the Americans who have acquired distinction in politics, in literature, in science, and in business, have been in great part self-educated. Many of them have worked their way through great difficulties to college, and through college.

Others have pursued knowledge with no aid except from books and the advice of educated persons within their reach. The essential point is to have a thirst for knowledge that nothing but the acquisition of it can assuage. This love, this thirst, no school no college can supply, but when it exists it will force a way through all obstacles to its gratification.

Sometimes the desire for knowledge arises suddenly in the mind. John Bartram was a young farmer near Philadelphia when Franklin was a rising printer there. One hot day, while he was giving his plough horses a rest under a tree, he picked by chance a

daisy, as he sat on the grass, and began to examine its structure.

He was amazed to discover what an elegant and dainty thing it was, and he felt a pang of shame at his total ignorance of the marvels of nature among which he had passed his life.

That very day he rode one of his plough horses to Philadelphia in quest of a book that could explain to him the structure and growth of plants. He could find but one, a great folio in Latin, of which he knew nothing. He bought it, nevertheless, and with it a Latin grammar and dictionary, all of which he brought home on his horse, and in three months he began to be able to grope and struggle his

way to the meaning of his big Latin book.

Bartram became the leading botanist of America, spent all his days in the study and culture of plants, founded in Philadelphia a botanic garden which Washington visited and Franklin admired, and served his country by introducing from other lands and zones the plants and trees he could hear of that promised to thrive in the climate of the United States.

Seldom has there been a man who lived a lovelier or more useful life. He reared a son also who continued his work and wrote his history. And it all began with picking a daisy to pieces under an apple tree!



BEGGARS ALIKE.

A BEGGAR stood at a rich man's door —

"I'm homeless and friendless, and faint and poor."

Said the beggar boy as the tear drops rolled
Down his thin cheeks blanched with want
and cold

"Oh! give me a crust from your board to-day,
To help a poor beggar boy on his way!"

"Not a crust, not a crust," the rich man said,
"Be off, and work for your daily bread."

The rich man went to the parish church,

His face grew grave as he trod the porch,
And the thronging poor and untaught mass
Drew back to let the rich man pass.

The service began, and the choral hymn
Arose and swelled through the long aisles
dim,

Then the rich man knelt, and the words he
said

Were, "Give us this day our daily bread!"

THE ADVENT OF GENIUS.

THE opinions of friends and neighbors as to a man's powers are rarely of any value. Sometimes they ridiculously overrate him and push some donkey forward into a conspicuous position, where the length of his ears as defined against the background of the horizon may be accurately and publicly ascertained. But more frequently—and especially in the case of a man of real genius—they are inclined to undervalue one whom they have come to regard as one of themselves. That there should suddenly be a great booming of cannon and flying of colors in honor of Tompkins, for example, is quite in the ordinary course of nature, because Tompkins is a part of the great unknown outside world from which heroes are constantly emerging. But when your friend Jones, let us say, whom you thought you had fully weighed and measured, and whose mental tonnage you had placed rather below your own—when Jones suddenly slips out of the narrow and crowded channels of every-day life into the wide, lonely sea of genius, you are likely to be surprised, you may even be a little displeased.

"The advent of genius," says the wise and witty Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, "is like what florists style the breaking of a seeding tulip into what we may call high-caste colors—ten thousand dingy flowers, then one with a divine streak; or, if you prefer it, like the coming up in old Jacob's garden of that most gentlemanly little fruit, the seckel pear, which I have sometimes seen in shop windows. It is a surprise; there is nothing to account for it." Montaigne tells us in his "Essays" that his attempt to be-

come an author was laughed at in his own province, and even after he had won his fame he found that "at home he was obliged to purchase printers, while at a distance printers purchased him."

Balzac's family were sarcastically indignant at his presuming to believe that he could write, and visited his first three failures with the usual exasperating "I told—you—so."

When Swift introduced Parnell to Lord Bolingbroke and to the world, he made this entry in his journal: "It is pleasant to see one who hardly passes for anything in Ireland make his way here with a little friendly forwarding."

Daniel Webster in the very height of his fame, just after his famous Bunker Hill speech, took a run down to his native village, which he had not visited in so many years that he found himself quite unrecognized by his former cronies. Accosting an old friend of the Websters, he gradually, after due discussion of the weather and the crops, turned the conversation upon his own family. Thereupon his companion burst out into enthusiastic encomiums upon the virtues and abilities of Daniel's elder brother Ebenezer, who had died young and whose early death he fittingly deplored. Daniel slipped in a modest query as to whether there was not a brother named Dan. "He never was much account," said the old gentleman, with a shake of the head. "I believe he went up to Boston and became some kind of a lawyer."

Anderson has allegorized his own forlorn and unappreciated youth in the story of the Ugly Duckling which

turned out to be a swan. This story is a favorite with Bismarck. "I was an ugly duckling myself," he once told a friend: "my poor old mother never would believe that there was any good in me."

Isaac Barrow's parents conceived so mean an opinion of his temper and parts when he was a boy at the Charterhouse School, that his father used to say, if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, the least promising.

Adam Clarke's father was equally uncomplimentary to his own flesh and blood when he proclaimed his son to be "a grievous dunce."

Sheridan's mother presented him to a new tutor as "an incorrigible dunce."

Poe at West Point was a laughing-stock to his school-mates.

Byron at Harrow was in no wise distinguished above his fellows.

Napoleon and Wellington in their schooldays were distinguished only for dullness.

From Harper's Bazar.

THE LONELY SOUL.

THERE is something almost tragical in the thought of the loneliness that accompanies each individual of human kind, or of any other kind, for that matter, in his or her course through life. Born alone, living alone, dying alone, although surrounded by those we love or who love us the whole while, yet really and at the root of things we are as utterly alone as if we were lost in a desert. Each being of us is like a star wrapped in his own atmosphere, following his own sun, rolling in his own orbit; we see other stars, comets dash by, our orbits intersect, yet we never touch, and we never reach the sun. We fancy that we are in the midst of people when we are in our deepest solitude; perhaps other people fancy that they see us when it is only the outside shell which salutes the eye, far in the inmost cells and involutions of which shell the real soul of us abides. And though at times we might struggle to reveal ourselves to some one chosen lover or friend, no one of us but would become conscious that the effort left the real veil undrawn.

And who of us, in spite of that occasional struggle, actually wishes for other than this spiritual solitude, except in moments when the full realization of it appalls us? Do many of us strive to make ourselves seen in our little worlds? Do we not rather hide under all manner of disguises, do we not try to seem better, kinder, more innocent, purer, wiser, wittier, than we are? Do we show to everybody the testiness of our temper? Do we go about admitting freely that we told an untruth this morning; that we have been guilty of listening to what was not intended for our ears; that we ate a gluttonous meal; that we hurt the feelings of all the family by our malicious speech; that we slandered an acquaintance; that we took more than our share of the day's pleasures, the best chair, the first reading of the daily paper; that we snubbed our dependents, and were rude to our superiors, and were altogether unlovely? No; we carry the blandest expressions that we know how to wear, on the side toward the world, portraying the best disposition that we know how to coun-

terfeit; we turn up our eyes in horror at the person who tells untruths; we speak with scorn and old saws of people who do listen to what was not meant for them to hear; we wish aloud that we had more appetite, for we eat no more than the girl in the fable, with her grain of rice; we despise gossip and slander; we rise from the comfortable chair when mamma comes in—if there is any one to see us do it; we air the paper for grandma without so much as glancing at it; we speak with a voice of silver to our inferiors: so far as our unconscious power of imposture goes we appear to be altogether too sweet and good for human nature's daily food.

It is, in fact, our aim to seem so much better than we are that it amounts to seeming what we are not, to an actual disguise, and if one who thinks he knows us well should ever chance to meet our soul wandering the No Man's Land of the other life, he will certainly not have the least idea that he has ever met that soul before.

You fancy that you are inseparable from your husband, your wife, your child. Yet, after all, how near one another are you? Apart you are by all the breadth and spaces of individuality. You sit before each other, and if you were walled up alive and alone you could hardly be more inaccessible to each other, more remote from each other. Have you the least idea of what is passing in that brain before you?—what memories, in which you have no share, at this moment sweep through it; what old sorrow, glooming again at some chance encounter of sound or scent, casts its shadow over the eye for an instant, and you have no sympathy with it; what old joy makes the heart beat more quickly,

and you know nothing of it! With the best desires for union, for complete knowledge of each other, for absolute confidence, for life melting into life, a thousand inextricable, inexplicable little threads catch and hold you in their meshes, imprison you, lead you and keep you apart.

The mother, too, who thinks her little daughter is utterly at one with her, has never a thought unshared with her, might find, could she but penetrate the recesses of the child's heart, a life as distinct from the outer one, lived all unconsciously, but a necessary fact of identity and individual development and growth, as the ripening seed is distinct from the corolla of the flower.

Many of these souls desire and long to approach each other, to be known, to become a part each of the other, to lay aside this loneliness. But yet it is in loneliness they must tread the wine-press of their sufferings, only in less loneliness must drink their draught of joy—a loneliness that can only be laid aside with life, if even then. And the most awe-inspiring fact of all this loneliness is the loneliness of death at last, the going down alone into the depths of the dark river, the proof of its cold waters, the moment when neither pitying faces nor loving lips nor helping hand can reach us, the entrance into the unknown; alone but for the trust that as we came into this world only to be met by loving arms, it is loving arms again that shall meet us there; alone unless a great hope walks with us, a hope which must also have walked with us here if we would have its companionship when the waters close round us, without which the loneliness is indeed appalling, but with which it ceases to be known, or to be felt, or to exist.

POWER TO CHARM.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIME, according to Shakespeare or Marcellus, no witch has power to charm, so hallowed and so gracious is the time. There is perhaps no chapter of history more painful or more astounding to our modern notions than that devoted to witchcraft.

The delusion was not like one of those sudden outbreaks of fanaticism which spring up, nobody knows how, and die away as suddenly; it was regarded as a lasting evil to be punished with the severest penalties of the church and of the state. And for the most part the people who perished under this reign of terror were women. They were generally old and ugly, and had familiar spirits to do their errands; but sometimes young and fair women suffered on the rack and at the stake under the terrible imputation of witchcraft. To be accused of this crime was in most cases to be condemned for it, and, indeed, there seemed little chance of an escape, for the tests to which the accused persons were put in order to try their innocence generally proved fatal. To throw an old woman into the water, and, if she sinks, to save her character at the expense of her life, is hardly kind to the old woman. And there was no pity for the sufferings of witches, for the people were taught to believe that witches who had given themselves to the devil felt no pain upon the rack. Almost any cause sufficed as a reason for burning old women. Two, for example, were burnt at Constance as the supposed authors of a great storm, and another for destroying a ship at sea by means of spells. They were never burnt, we believe, without a con-

fession; but then it was the custom to torture them till they did confess.

One notable form of witchcraft, which has been admirably turned to poetical account by Rossetti, was to form a waxen image of some person, obnoxious to the witch, and as this image was gradually melted by the fire so it was supposed would the victim's life fade away. Of this form of sorcery Eleanor Cobham, wife of Duke Humphrey, was accused; and Hollingshed relates that she was condemned to do open penance in the city of London, and afterwards to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the Isle of Man. A kind of sorcery similar to that for which Eleanor Cobham suffered led to the execution, in 1618, of two women in Lincoln, who were said to have bewitched Lord Rosse to death by burying his glove; and "as that glove did rot and waste, so did the liver of the said lord rot and waste."

It is stated that tens of thousands of victims have suffered for this imaginary crime. In the diocese of Como a thousand were burned in a year at the beginning of the sixteenth century; at the same time five hundred perished in Geneva in three months. In 200 years 30,000 witches are said to have been destroyed in England; and as recently as 1716, when the town was enjoying the wit and satire of the "Queen Anne men," a woman and her child nine years of age were hanged at Huntingdon.

Addison, with a mind that wavered between superstition and good sense, said he could not forbear believing "in such a commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft," while, at the same

time, he could "give no credit to any particular modern instance of it."

Scotland, which is regarded as an enlightened part of the empire, held with the utmost tenacity its faith in witchcraft. The Scotch, a vigorous people, put their hands to the work heartily. It was easy to find victims, since, as we have said already, they were tortured until they confessed. It is calculated that 2,000 persons were burned in Scotland in the last forty years of the sixteenth century. A century later a witch epidemic broke out in the village of Mohra, in Sweden. A number of children were said to be bewitched, and familiar with the devil, who was described as wearing a gray coat, red-and-blue stockings, a red beard, and a high-crowned hat. The witches kept this exacting personage supplied with children, and if they did not procure him a good many, "they had no

peace or quiet for him." The poor wretches were doomed to have no more peace or quiet in this world. Seventy were condemned to death, and twenty-three were burnt in a single fire at Mohra.

It is noteworthy that a belief in this frightful superstition, which destroyed more innocent persons than the so-called Holy Office, was held by men of great intellectual power — by Erasmus, Bacon, and the judicious Hooker; by Sir Edward Coke, Sir Thomas Browne, Baxter, and Sir Matthew Hale. And the old belief is not yet extinct in country districts. Only recently a man at Totnes, accused his father of bewitching, or, as a "white witch" called it, "overlooking" his daughter, so that she suffered for months from disease in the arms; and the people who live in remote villages may often hear of similar cases.

HIS REAL WORTH.

THE fact that the wearing of "cloth of gold" or "cloth of frieze" has nothing to do with a man's real standing is one which often receives public recognition. There are so many clear-sighted people in the world, that the true gentleman is, in the majority of cases, preferred to the pretender.

A well-dressed young woman recently entered a street-car which was pretty well crowded, and mostly with men whose appearance was indicative of having done a hard day's work. In a moment one of the men was on his feet with the remark:

"Here is a seat, miss."

"Oh, you are very kind, sir," she said, "but I would much rather stand; I am not tired, and I know you must be; so please keep your seat."

"I can stand better than you can," persisted the man; "so please take the seat."

The young woman looked as though she disliked to offend the man by refusing to accept the seat, and seemed undecided as to what she should do.

A flashily dressed fellow standing beside her said:

"Go on; take the seat. That old sport is only a laborer in some brick yard. Sit down; don't mind him at all."

Giving the fellow a look that showed her extreme disgust, she replied:

"He may be a laborer, but he is a gentleman, sir, and you might follow his example with profit," and turning to the workingman, with "Thank you, sir," she took the proffered seat.

THE PAINS OF FEAR.

IT WOULD be an interesting bit of statistics, could it be drawn up, which should show how many poor creatures have died of an epidemic and how many of fright, giving themselves the disease through the very fear of taking it. Is there not an Eastern apologue which tells how the Angel of Pestilence was questioned as to the ten thousand victims he had slain? And did he not answer, "Nay, Lord, I took but a thousand; the rest were slain by my friend Panic?"

How many, too, have sunk into the deep waters of the black river and been floated on to the ocean of eternity, for very paralysis of hope when the evil hour was upon them and they had just wetted their feet on the brink! They could, and they would, have stepped back to the solid shore; but they had no courage for the attempt, no energy to strike out to the land. The waters closed over their bowed head, and they sobbed away their breath in the very supineness of terror, the very lethargy of hopeless fear. Death is like everything else—a foe to be fought, a wild beast to be kept at bay. They who contend with the most spirit live the greater number of days. The will to live and the determination not to die make the most efficacious antidote against the poison of the "lethal dart." The hopelessness of fear is that poison itself.

So is it with the torment of fear during a financial crisis. There are men, and women too, God bless them! who, when the wolf prowls round the house door, open that door wide, issue boldly forth, and do battle with the hungry beast of poverty with any weapon that lies handy. * * And these always succeed in the long run. The

pluck that braves danger and the energy that overcomes difficulties are the two pots of gold on which the rainbow rests. But the hysterical despair which folds its hands and weeps when a crash comes and the wolf howls near and ever nearer, which takes to bed with the fever born of anxiety, with the softened fiber, the paralyzed nerves, also born of anxiety—what can you do with it? What can you say of it? * * Fear and Hope—there they stand, the two presiding deities over men's minds. To the pessimist the former straddles all across the highways of life, formidable as Apollyon when he met, assaulted, and sought to destroy Christian; to the optimist Fear sinks into a dusky shadow of non-terrifying aspect, while Hope sings like a lark and shines like a star above his head. The pessimist, standing stock-still in his own past, sees naught but evil in every change of public feeling or private custom that has taken place since Plancus was his counsel; the optimist forgets himself and looks both before and after, and before because he looks after. He sees where humanity stands to-day, and where it stood when the paleolithic man chipped his flints and learned to keep himself upright. He contrasts the times of the great Pharaoh, when slaves were held as machines, and not treated with so much humanity as we treat our beasts of burden, and says: "The term has not been reached. What has been will be, and those dead selves ever lie as stepping stones for higher things." The pessimist gives up all as lost when society seeks to readjust old conditions in accordance with new developments. He seeks a reign of terror in every associa-

tion of discontented have-nots, planning how to lift themselves into the charmed circle of the haves. Madened with terror, he calls aloud for staves and grapeshot as the best quietuses he knows; and when the optimist says, "Let be; let the discontented speak out and the wounded show their hurts," he accuses him of complicity, with treason or of blindness to danger, and predicts the armed and bloody revolution as a certainty like to-morrow's sun.

Whenever fear reigns, just judgment abdicates. No eyes see straight looking through these distorted lenses; and no rose is red, no grass is green, when viewed through smoked glass which shears his very rays from off the sun. We may be sure of this: fear is the arch enemy of truth, of happiness, of success. It is the

lingering inheritance of the jungle and the plain, of savagery and social chaos, before law was evolved out of the dawning consciousness of justice, and before the world was given up to the tyranny of might. Fear is not the attribute of a free man nor of a philosopher; it belongs to the slave and the child, the weakling who is forced to confess his own impotence in the presence of superior strength, and who has naught but craven submission to oppose to brutality. "While we live let us live," says a Latin proverb. Good. But we do not live while we fear. We exist in a state of constant deliquescence; and when our heart fails us and our knees smite together we are practically only half alive, and by our own cowardice turn danger into death and fear into destruction.

E. LYNN LINTON.

SCENERY ON THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILWAY.

THE scenery along the line of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railway, for grandeur and ruggedness is unsurpassed in any part of the Rocky Mountains. The following descriptive lines penned by a traveler who recently arrived from the east, although but descriptive of a part of the distance traversed by this road, will give the reader an idea of the grandeur of scenery met with along its route.

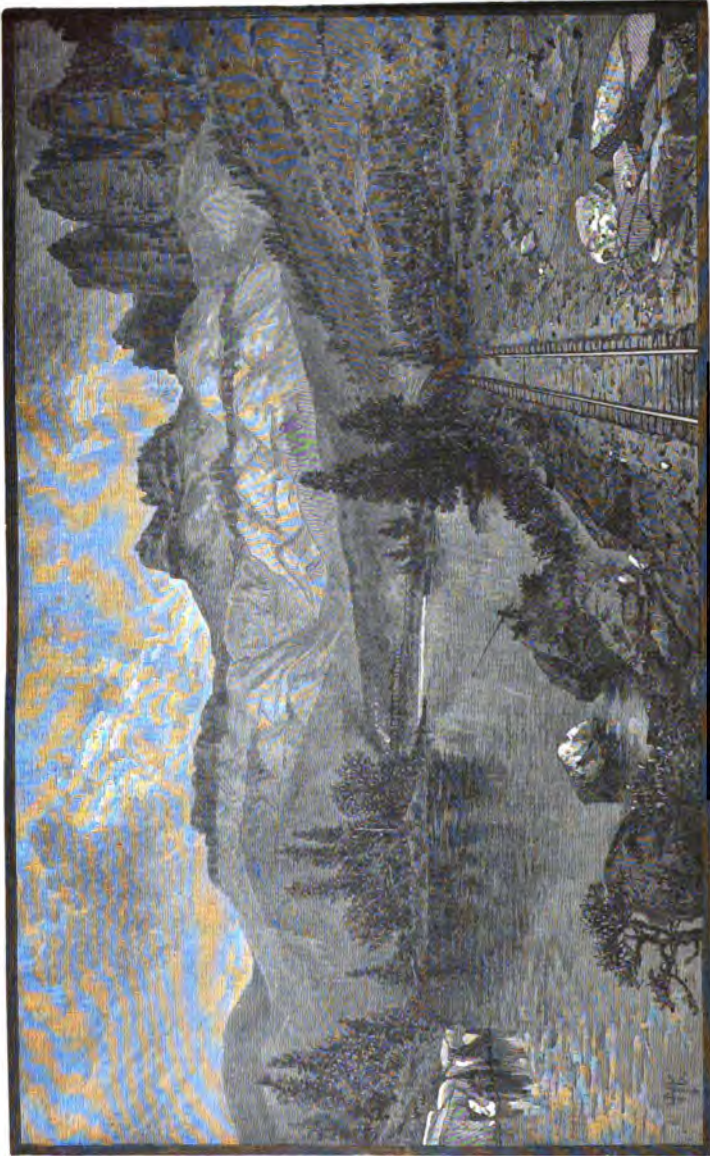
Just beyond Canyon City, Colorado, we reach the

GRAND CANYON OF THE ARKANSAS, the narrowest portion of which is known as the Royal Gorge. When first examined it seemed impossible that a railway could ever be constructed through this stupendous canyon to

Leadville and the West. There was scarcely room for the river alone, and granite ledges blocked the path with their mighty bulk. In time, however, these obstructions were blasted away, a road-bed closely following the contour of the cliffs was made, and to-day the canyon is a well-used thoroughfare. But its grandeur still remains. After entering its depths, the train moves slowly along the side of the Arkansas, and around projecting shoulders of dark-hued granite, deeper and deeper into the heart of the range. The crested crags grow higher, the river madly foams along its rocky bed, and anon the way becomes a mere fissure through the heights. Far above the road the sky forms a deep, blue arch of light;

but in the Gorge hang dark and sombre shades which the sun's rays have never penetrated. The place is a measureless gulf of air with solid walls

that distance. No flowers grow, and the birds care not to penetrate the solitudes. The river, sombre and swift, breaks the awful stillness with its roar.



APPROACH TO THE BLACK CANYON.

on either side. Here the granite cliffs are a thousand feet high, smooth and unbroken by tree or shrub; and there is a pinnacle soars skyward for thrice

Soon the cleft becomes still more narrow, the treeless cliffs higher, the river closer confined, and where a long iron bridge hangs suspended from the

smooth walls, the grandest portion of the canyon is reached. Man becomes dwarfed and dumb in the sublime scene, and Nature exhibits the power she possesses. The crags menacingly rear their heads above the daring intruders, and the place is like the entrance to some infernal region.

Escaping from the Gorge, the narrow valley of the upper Arkansas is traversed, with the striking serrated peaks of the Sangre de Cristo close at hand on the west, until Salida is reached. Here a branch of the railway bears northward to Leadville, to Fremont Pass, and the Mount of the Holy Cross, while the main line crosses the Arkansas, leaves Poncha Springs on the left, climbs into a narrowing but verdant valley running down between low-browed hills, and begins to scale the heights of

MARSHALL PASS,

that wonderful pathway over the Continental Divide. The grades at first are only moderately steep. A clear stream gurgles through the thick growth of brush, and eastward lies the range we have just passed along. Soon, however, the hills merge into mountains, and press more closely together. Looking up at the distant summit, there is seen a narrow rim of earth which marks the onward course of the road. Gradually we move upward. The prospect broadens, and soon the valley lies far below. Now the ascent begins in earnest. Two sturdy engines toil and pant, the curves are sharp and frequent, banks of snow surround us and tangled masses of half-dead forests, with fallen trees and others bent by the fierce winds, are on every side. In an hour's time we are at the summit, 10,858 feet above the sea. Looking back over the way we

have come, Mount Ouray stands, bare, solitary and high above its mates, at our left. Around it lies a sea of billows, tumbled wildly together, and holding within their giant embrace green valleys and sparkling streams. Away in the distance rise the long continued heights of the Sangre de Cristo Range, white with everlasting snows on their crests, but lower down covered with dark forests. At their base is the great San Luis Park, sloping away into an unseen distance. The wind is cold; all nature hardened; and a silence, deep, unfathomable, reigns about us. But turning to the westward, the scene changes. The view embraces less formidable heights, and is more soft, subdued and beautiful. At our feet, and doubling back and forth down the mountain side, are the loops of the road leading to the valley. It disappears in the forests, but is seen again far down the narrow vale. There runs Tomichi Creek, through sylvan shades, and beyond, hazy, obscured in the distance, is the broad plateau on which Gunnison City stands. We are above all neighboring peaks, and the country is exposed beneath us, with its every beauty shown. The eye is untrammelled in its vision, sweeping at will the mighty areas about. The descent begins, and the road winds around projected headlands, on the verge of vast precipices, treads dark recesses where patches of light fall through leafy canopies upon the green slopes, follows the windings of the Tomichi, and later courses through cultivated meadows dotted with hay-stacks and small ranch houses. As the train rolls swiftly on, a backward glance gives the traveler a comprehensive idea of the vast heights overcome in the passage.

Beyond Gunnison, the railway trav-

erses the valley of the same name, following the river closely, and encountering nothing but meadows and low, grayish cliffs. Soon, however, the

is cut off by broken summits, and the

BLACK CANYON OF THE GUNNISON

holds us fast in its embrace. This



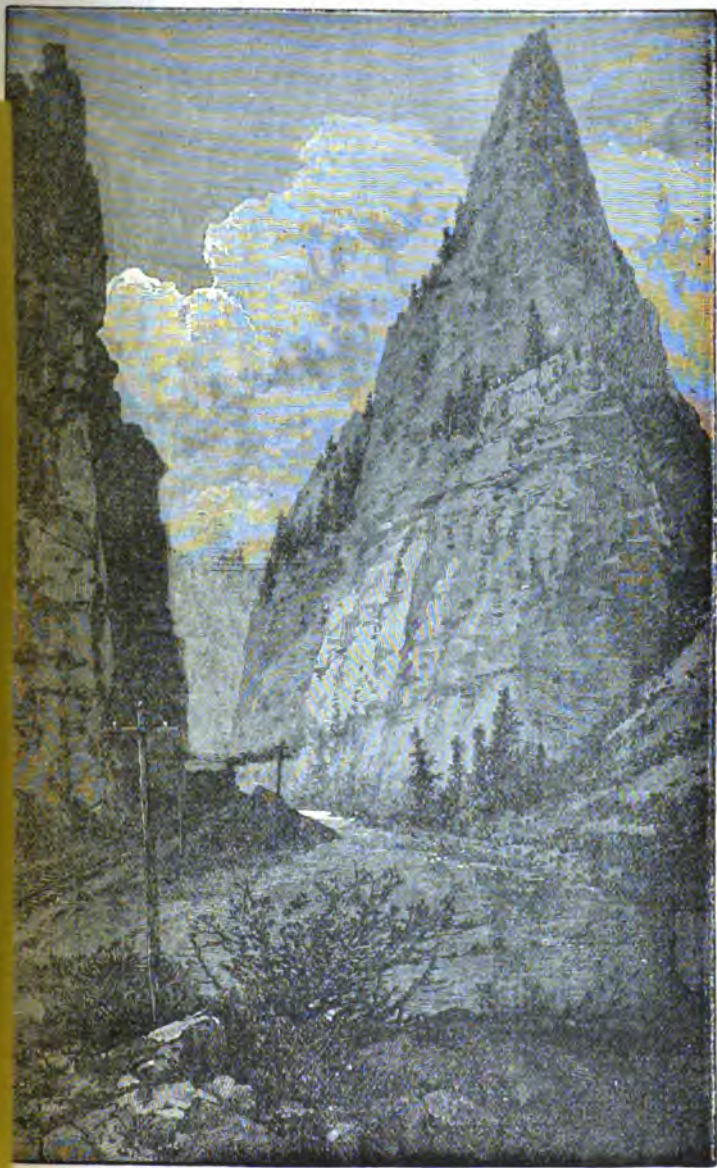
BLACK CANYON OF THE GUNNISON.

channel, which the stream has worn, becomes narrower. The cliffs grow higher and steeper, the vegetation is less abundant, and suddenly the sunlight

gorge is grander, deeper, darker, and yet more beautiful than the one we have so lately penetrated. It is thrice as long, has more verdure, and, al-

though the walls are dark-hued enough to give the place its name, still they are of red sandstone in many places, and from their crevices and on their

continues, still through rocky depths, to open country beyond. The Black Canyon never tires, never becomes commonplace. Here a waterfall starts



CURRECANTI NEEDLE,

bs, cedars, and piñons grow in abundance. The river has a deep, green color, and is followed to Cimarron Creek, up which the road

from a dizzy height, is dashed into fragments by lower terraces, and, tossed by the winds, reaches the river in fine white spray; there another cataract

leaps clear of the walls, and thunders unbroken upon the ground beside us. In the cliffs are smaller streams, which trickle down and are lost in the river below. At times the canyon narrows, and is full of sharp curves, but again has long, wide stretches, which enable one to study the steep crags that tower

son and Cimarron a bridge spans the gorge, from which the beauties of the canyon are seen at their best. Sombre shades prevail; the streams fill the space with heavy roars, and the sunlight falls upon the topmost pines, but never reaches down the dark red walls. Huge boulders lie scattered about; fit-



CASTLE GATE.

heavenward two or three thousand feet. Currecanti Needle, the most abrupt and isolated of these pinnacles, has all the grace and symmetry of a Cleopatra obelisk. It is red-hued from point to base, and stands like a grim sentinel watchful of the canyon's solitudes. At the junction of the Gunni-

ful winds sweep down the deep clefts; Nature has created everything on a grand scale; detail is supplanted by magnificence, and the place is one appealing to our deepest feelings. It greets us as a thing of beauty, and will remain in our memory a joy forever. Long ago the Indians built their coun-

cil fires here. By secret paths, always guarded, they gained these fastnesses, and held their grave and sober meetings. The firelight danced across their swarthy faces to the cliffs encircling them. The red glow lit up with Rembrandt tints the massive walls, the surging streams and clinging vines. They may not have known the place had beauties, but they realized its isolation, and fearing nothing in their safe retreat, spoke boldly of their plans.

Emerging from the Black Canyon, the railway climbs Cedar Divide. From here the Uncompahgre Valley, its river, and the distant, picturesque peaks of the San Juan are within full sight of the traveler. Descending the valley, and following the river past Montrose, the Gunnison is again encountered at Delta. Thence traversing the rich farming land of the Ute reservation, the road passes through the lower Gunnison Canyon, with its varied and attractive scenery, to Grand Junction, where it enters Grand River Valley. The space of over one hundred miles intervening between the Grand and Green rivers, resembles a billowy desert, and while the most uninteresting section of the route, it is far from dreary or monotonous. Close by on the north are the richly colored Book Cliffs, while away to the southward the snowy groups of the Sierra la Sal and San Rafael glisten in the distance. Between them may be distinguished the broken walls which mark the Grand Canyons of the Colorado, scarcely fifty miles away. Beyond Green River and Castle Valley commences the steep ascent of the Wasatch Mountains, and the beautiful in nature again appears, the first effect being

CASTLE GATE,

guarding the entrance to Price River

Canyon, and through which the railway runs into the very heart of the range. Castle Gate is similar in many respects to the gateway in the Garden of the Gods. The two huge pillars, or ledges of rock composing it, are offshoots of the cliffs behind. They are of different heights, one measuring five hundred, and the other four hundred and fifty feet, from top to base. They are richly dyed with red, and the firs and pines growing about them, but reaching only to their lower strata, render this coloring more noticeable and beautiful. Between the two sharp promontories, which are separated only by a narrow space, the river and the railway both run, one pressing closely against the other. The stream leaps over a rocky bed, and its banks are lined with tangled brush. Once past the gate, and looking back, the bold headlands forming it have a new and more attractive beauty. They are higher and more massive, it seems, than when we were in their shadow. Church-like caps hang far over the perpendicular faces. No other pinnacles approach them in size or majesty. They are landmarks up and down the canyon, their lofty tops catching the eye before the bases are discovered. It was down Price River Canyon, and past Castle Gate, that Sidney Johnston marched his army home from Utah. For miles now, and until the mountains are crossed, the route chosen by the General is closely followed. The gateway is hardly lost to view by a turn in the canyon before we are scaling wooded heights. The river is never lost sight of. The cliffs which hem us in are filled with curious forms. Now there is seen a mighty castle, with marts and towers, loopholes and wall; now a gigantic head appears. At time, side canyons, smaller than

the one we are in, lead to verdant heights beyond, where game of every variety abounds.

Still pushing westward, the road reaches the summit, glides down Soldier Canyon, through the Red Narrows, and into Spanish Fork Canyon, with its fresh foliage, soft contours, charming contrasts, and whispering waters. It is the resort of an artist. Suddenly the train darts out into

towns of Provo and Springville, shaded by the near peaks of the range. Utah Valley possesses a fertile soil, a delightful climate, and is one of the best farming sections of Utah. Fruit trees and grape vines grow as readily as hay and cereals. Eastward the oblong-shaped basin is shut in by the Wasatch Mountains, and on the west is the Oquirrh Range. Northward are low hills, or mesas, crossing the valley and



IN SPANISH FORK CANYON.

UTAH VALLEY,

a mountain-girded, well-cultivated park. It has an arcadian beauty, and resembles the vales of Scotland. In its center rests a lake, where

" * * the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue."

A little back from the lake stand the

separating it from that of the Great Salt Lake; while in the south the east and west ranges approach each other and form blue-tinted walls of uneven shape. To the left of this barrier Mount Nebo, highest and grandest of the Utah peaks, rises majestically above all surroundings; Its summit sparkles with snow, its lower slopes are wooded and soft, while from it, and

extending north and south, run vast, broken, vari-colored confreres. The valley is like a well kept garden; farm joins farm; crystal streams water it; and scattered about in rich profusion are long lines of fruit trees, amid which are trim white houses. Nothing is harsh; the lake lights up the picture; the ranges are veiled beneath a soft haze, and in autumn long lines of color reach from base to summit, where the frosts have painted in rainbow hues the maples, box elder and willows.

Passing Provo, the railway leads along the banks of the river Jordan. This stream flows from Utah Lake northward into Salt Lake through a narrow channel which it has worn among the mesas separating the two basins. The Narrows, as this gorge is called, shut off the sight of surrounding mountains for a time. Sage brush grows in abundance, and the river is the home of wild fowl. All is brown, rank and lonely. But directly the road escapes from all confinement, the hills recede, and stretching out its broad length before the observer, is

SALT LAKE VALLEY,

fertile as a garden. On its one side are the Wasatch Mountains, with high peaks, which grow mightier in the northward until they pierce the azure in sharp white cones. Opposite them, and forming the western limits of the valley, are the lower heights of the Oquirrh Range, from the base of which gentle slopes extend down to the banks of the Jordan. Northward, and lying cold and still, is Salt Lake, from out whose waters rise solitary mountain islands. Along the entire length of the valley there are countless farms. In some of the fields are stacks of hay; in others cattle are feeding or green vegetables growing. Hardly a

foot of ground remains uncultivated. In the ranges are shaded canyons, into which one may look, as the train passes, to where bright streams are flowing amid a mass of foliage. There is a wealth of coloring, bright green in the mountains; pure white on the peaks; blue in the dim distance, and nearer the traveler extended patches of yellow wheat scattered among the lesser lengths of vegetable gardens. The air is mild, and birds fill the trees. Nature seems to have smiled on the region, and basking in her pleasure the beautiful valley captivates all who see it. In such a spot might Evangeline have lived; it is the Eden of the West. At its upper end lies Salt Lake City, overlooking the lake, and pressing closely against the mountains on whose lower slopes it stands. From the Narrows the dim outlines of the city may be seen, half obscured by the thin wreaths of smoke above it, and nestling like a white patch in the landscape, under the shadow of Ensign peak, which guards it on the north. Intervening stretches the valley —

"Half drowned in sleepy peace it lay,
As satiate with the boundless play
Of sunshine in its green array."

Straight up this little world of beauty runs the Denver & Rio Grande. Along its line are small villages; now a town peopled by agriculturists, who have planted shady groves about their homes; and again a place with huge smelters and furnaces, whose tall chimneys send forth volumes of flame and smoke. Gradually the lake is approached. Its placid waters reflect the clouds above, and the peaks around it. To its right is our Mecca, Salt Lake City.

THE HOME CIRCLE. — Walking about with the baby at nights.

MARRIED PEOPLE WOULD BE HAPPIER

IF HOME troubles were never told to neighbors.

If expenses were porportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If each remembered that the other was a human being, and not an angel.

If each were as kind to the other as when they were lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work.

If both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweet-hearts.

If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes, and more plain, tidy house dressess.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public, and more common manners in private.

If each would try and be a support and comfort to the other.

If masculine bills for tobacco and feminine ditto for rare lace were turned into the general fund until such time as they could be incurred without risk.

If men would remember that a woman cannot be always smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year-old, tie up the head of a six-year-old on skates, and get an eight-year-old ready for school, to say nothing of cleaning, sweeping, dusting, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, would not let her carry as much as a sunshade.

THE AGE OF INVENTION.

The number of inventions that have been made during the past fifty years is unprecedented in the history of the world. Inventions of benefit to the human race have been made in all ages since man was created, but looking back for half a hundred years, how many more are crowded into the past fifty than into any other fifty since recorded in history!—the perfection of the locomotive, and the now world-traversing steamships, the telegraph, the telephone, the audiphone, the sewing-machine, the photograph, the cylinder printing-press, the elevator for hotels and other many-storied

buildings, the cotton-gin and the spinning-jennie, the reaper, the mower, the steam-thresher, the steam fire-engine, the improved process of making steel, the application of ether and chloroform to destroy sensibility in painful surgery cases, and so on through a long catalogue. Nor are we yet done in the field of invention and discovery. The application of coal gas and petroleum to heating and cooking operations is only trembling on the verge of successful experiment; the introduction of the steam from the great central reservoir to general use for heating and cooking is foreshadowed

among the coming events; the artificial production of butter has already created a consternation among dairymen; the navigation of the air by some device akin to a balloon would also seem to be prefigured, and the propulsion of machinery by electricity is now clearly indicated by the march of experiment. There are some problems which we have hitherto deemed impossible of solution, but are the mysteries of even the most improbable of them more subtle to grasp than that of the ocean cable or that of the photograph or the telephone? We talk by cable with an ocean rolling between; we speak with our voices to friends a hundred miles

or more from where we articulate before the telephone. Under the blazing sun of July we produce ice by chemical means, rivalling the most solid and crystalline productions of nature.

Our surgeons graft the skin from one person's arm to the face of another and it adheres and becomes an integral portion of his body. We make a mile of white printing paper and send it on a spool that a perfecting printing press unwinds and prints, and delivers to you, folded and counted, many thousand per hour. Of a verity, this is the age of invention, nor has the world reached a stopping-place yet.

THE COMING METAL.

A DIRECTOR of some of the Alabama mines, Mr. Chamberlain, thinks that sooner or later, and not very late at the latest, the mining of iron ore and the manufacture of iron will be superseded by cheap processes for the extraction of aluminum from common clay. This metal is three times as strong as steel, he says, and but one-third as heavy, and has thus the double advantage over all forms of iron of being capable of better service and being more easily handled. But it costs \$500 a ton now, and it is used in a few only of the lines of manufacture that it could easily fill altogether or improve if it could be cheaply produced. It would be the greatest and strangest of all changes that science has wrought in the material or methods of manufacture if this anticipation of the Alabama mining master should be realized. Iron has been, at least, since the "bronze age," if there ever was such condition of developing civilization,

the most valuable and indispensable of all the products of the interior of the earth. There is no form of life, no process of manufacture, no method of industry that does not need and use iron or steel. To oust it from its metallic sovereignty would be a greater change than the displacement of wood fuel by coal, or of coal by natural gas. The new metal would be the very material for shipbuilding, for its specific gravity is less than that of glass.

It was discovered by the German chemist, Wochler, in 1828, and re-examined in 1846; but its production, to any extent, dates from the experiments of the French chemist, Devillion. It is a white metal, like silver, but with a bluish tint. It is more malleable and ductile than iron, is equal in tensile strength, and takes a high polish. It melts in a furnace-heat, and is easily cast into any form. It does not rust in moist air like iron, and does not oxidize like lead or zinc. No gas tar-

nishes it. When fused and cast into molds it is soft like silver. Hammering hardens it as hard as iron, but it is only one-third of the specific gravity of iron. Its light weight caused Napoleon III. to have the eagles on the standards often being made of it, taking off two-thirds or more of the weight with an eagle of the same size. It is very sonorous, and rings with a musical tone when struck in such a shape as to allow vibrations. It forms very

hard and valuable alloys with copper and gold, the latter being much used for jewelry and various forms of ornamental work. A metal of so many and so valuable qualities, and existing in inexhaustible amount in one of the commonest of all natural forms of matter, clay, as well as others less abundant, but quite as abundant as iron ore, probably, will certainly be brought into more general use by the scientific developments of the age.

From the Church Union.

THE OLD WIFE.

BY THE bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil
sad and tender,

Where his aged wife lay dying, and the twilight
shadows brown

Slowly from the wall and window chased the
sunset's golden splendor,
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking (for her
spirit seemed to hover

Lost between the next world's sunrise and
the bedtime cares of this),

And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling
as he bent above her,

Answered, "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him.
Could he tell her? All the treasures

Of their household lay in silence many years
beneath the snow;

But her heart was with them living back
among her toils and pleasures,
Long ago.

And again she called at dew-fall in the sunny
summer weather,

"Where is little Charley, father? Frank and
Robert—have they come?"

"They are safe," the old man faltered;
"all the children are together,
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his
grief grew strong and stronger,
Till it choked and stilled him as he held her
wrinkled hand,

For her soul, far out of hearing, could his
fondest words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies
and broken verses,
Nursery prattle, all the language of a mother's
loving heeds,

While the midnight round the mourner, left
to sorrow's bitter mercies,
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the
old man listened, lonely—

Till they led him from the chamber, with the
burden on his breast.

For the wife of sixty years, his manhood's
early love and only,
Lay at rest.

"Fare you well!" he sobbed, "my Sarah;
you will meet the babes before me:

'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting
long abide.

For you will come and call me soon, I know
—and Heaven will restore me
To your side."

It was even so. The springtime, in steps of
winter treading,

Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the
old man closed his eyes,

And they buried him by Sarah, and they had
their "diamond wedding"

In the skies,

THREE KINDS OF RECOMPENSE.

It is perfectly reasonable for all people to expect and to rejoice in the recompense of their labor, whatever it may be, and no less that they should be proportionably disappointed when, for any reason, they do not receive it. Yet there are many very limited views of what this recompense consists in, and how it is to be obtained. The most obvious idea of it is that of money paid and received for labor. This, however, though the most popular conception of recompense, does not, by any means, exhaust its meaning. There is another kind, less generally thought of or sought for, but equally real. It lies in the actual accomplishment of what is undertaken—the excellence of the work itself. There is some labor that can only thus be paid. The wife and mother who devotes her energies to making a happy home for her family and securing the best welfare for her children can only be recompensed by the actual success of these endeavors. The philanthropist who devotes himself to the advancement of reform of the community in some given direction finds his requital in the achievement of his efforts. Genius, when unalloyed with personal ambition, only pants to express itself worthily, whether by the brush or the chisel, the pen or the voice. In most people, however, the desire for this recompense is a secondary one, and its pleasures are not fully known. They aim at enough superiority in their work to insure its acceptance and requital, and with that they rest satisfied. True as society advances and demands a greater degree of perfection, their aim must rise; but their endeavors will never equal the efforts of those

who, aside from all reward, desire and labor to have work of the best possible quality. Nor do the former, however richly they may be required in money or in fame, ever taste the pure delight that is the continual recompense of the latter. There are, indeed, few things which contribute so largely alike to the happiness and success of each individual and to the welfare of the community as for men and women to pursue excellence in their work for its own sake, and find in that excellence a pleasure which recompenses them for all the toil they have undergone.

There is still another kind of recompense, which is seldom thought of, yet which has a special value of its own. It is the actual improvement and development that takes place within every one who performs earnest, honest work. The laborer becomes firmer in muscle, the mechanic more skilful with his tools, the clerk more rapid and accurate in his calculations, the physician more able and experienced, the artist more effective in delineation, the teacher wiser in her methods of instruction, the statesman better able to serve his country, exactly in proportion to their intelligent and energetic efforts. There is always pleasure in accumulated power, but few pause to consider that it is only to be had through vigorous exertion. In one respect, this sort of recompense is unique, for it may come not only with success, but with much that is called failure. A man may find his hopes disappointing him one by one; he loses a position he supposed to be secure, or his business does not succeed; perhaps his work, too, appears ineffectual, and his efforts seem lost.

Yet even in all this crushing adversity, although he has failed in all he has tried to do, he may have succeeded in doing something else of which he had not thought, but which may be more important and enduring than that which he attempted to accomplish. If he has really tried hard and honestly he has gained wisdom and power and experience and caution, which will stand him in good stead in future exertions. This is a consolation seldom offered in

times of trouble, yet it is a real one. There is no such thing as utter failure to one who has done his best. Were this truth more often emphasized there would be more courage and energy infused into sad and desponding hearts. The compensation may seem shadowy and afar off, but it is not so. It attends every one who is conscientious, painstaking, and resolute, and will never desert him, whatever may be the fate of his exertions in other respects.

From the New York Herald.

WAGES OF WORKING WOMEN.

A CASE came to the attention of the authorities the other day which may stand for hundreds in this city which are never brought to light. A young girl traveled hither from Baltimore in answer to the advertisement of a manufacturer of women's underclothing which seemed to promise fair wages. After four hours work on a setam sewing-machine, she had made one dozen undershirts, for which she was paid twenty cents, less five cents for the thread she had used. The man who employed her said that his hands sometimes made \$2 a day. In that case each must make one hundred and sixty udershirts!

Ever since women have worked for a livelihood the world has heard their cry of despair at the small equivalent of their work in money. Certainly it is a hard problem for society. Penniless girls, reasonably strong, must live. Humanity forbids their extermination, though our institutions allow them to die off slowly by starvation. There are women in this city who work from twelve to fifteen hours a day, at the most exacting and unhealthy tasks who

cannot earn more than \$3 a week. With this they must provide themselves with everything—food, clothes, lodging and whatever else they need. It will support existence of a feeble sort, but under what fearful conditions. A day's illness means a day without meal, and a week without work is starvation or crime.

We may prate as we please of the laws of supply and demand and of the general inferiority of women's work to men's. But what are economic axioms to a victim of them? In a community which offers a capable girl, dependent on daily labor, only a choice between slow death by hardship, suicide or fatal vice, the conditions may be squared by the rules of political economy and yet prove deadly to their helpless objects. These questions are not new. These have been mooted in every country since men began to think for themselves. And though they still seem unanswerable, they are as full of pathos and suffering as they ever were.

When the small wages of women in most vocations is considered, astonish-

ment is felt that so many are virtuous, honest and industrious. The only occupation we know of, which is not overcrowded and in which good wages may always be secured, is that of domestic service. Unfortunately the bulk of our girls somehow cultivate the Old World notion that such service is menial or not as

respectable as running a sewing machine or standing behind a counter. That is a deplorable mistake. In all our large cities thousands of girls employed in stores or factories could live far more comfortably and qualify themselves to be excellent housewives by accepting situations in private families.

IN THE MONTH WHEN SINGS THE CUCKOO.

Will you love me still when the blossom droops ?

Cuckoo !

When the cracked husk falls and the fieldfare troops ?

Cuckoo !

Let sere leaf or snowdrift shade your brow,

By the soul of the Spring, my soul ! I vow,

I will love you then as I love you now,

In the month when sings the cuckoo.

Soft, soft is the sward where the loosestrife grows,

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

As we lie and hear in a dreamy doze,

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

And soft is the curve of a maiden's cheek,

When she loves to listen but fears to speak,

And we yearn but we know not what we seek,

In the month when sings the cuckoo.

But in warm mid-summer we hear no more,

Cuckoo !

And August brings not, with all its store,

Cuckoo !

When Autumn shivers on Winter's brink,

And the wet wind wails through crevice and chink,

We gaze at the logs and sadly think

Of the month when called the cuckoo.

But the cuckoo comes back and shouts once more,

Cuckoo !

And the world is as young as it was before ;

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

It grows not older for mortal tears,

For the falsehood of men or for woman's fears ;

'Tis as young as it was in the bygone years,

When first was heard the cuckoo.

I will love you then as I love you now,

Cuckoo !

What cares the Spring for a broken vow ?

Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !

The broods of last year are pairing this ;

And there never will lack, while love is bliss,

Fresh ears to oozen, fresh lips to kiss,

In the month when sings the cuckoo.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE USEFUL LEMON.

LEMONADE from juice of the lemon is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable for all stomach diseases, gravel, liver complaint, inflammation of the bowels and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. Lemon juice is the best antiscorbutic remedy known. It not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make daily use of it for this purpose. I advise every one to rub their gums with lemon juice to keep them in good condition. The hands and nails are kept clean, white, soft and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains.

Lemon is used in intermittent fever,

mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts and to destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. It will alleviate and finally cure coughs and colds, and heal diseased lungs if taken hot on going to bed at night. Its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it externally and internally the better we shall find ourselves. Lemon juice is useful in removing tartar from the teeth, antifebrile, etc. A doctor in Rome is trying it experimentally in malarial fever with great success, and thinks it will in time supersede quinine.

THE MORAL USE OF WEALTH.

IF "AN Englishman's hell is not to be making money," as Carlyle so savagely asserted, the American people, under similar conditions, suffer the same torment. Every avenue of business is now overcrowded, and the race for money-getting goes on with unparalleled speed, while the higher educational, judicial, and clerical professions which are comparatively underpaid, are neglected. The fact that a business career is more easily entered upon than any other, that its higher prizes are so great and comparative wealth so easily won, and that social and political preferment are so largely conditioned upon the possession of a large fortune, attracts to a life of mere money-making thousands of young men whose abilities are far more needed in the higher professions. While the pursuit of wealth is one of

the conditions of the nation's prosperity, it is liable to the penalty of promoting materialistic views of life, inordinate love of gain among individuals, and a habit of meanness in the ordinary affairs of life. Avarice, greed of gain, and miserly hoarding or misuse of wealth are the penalties the race pays for its thrift. That these are very serious penalties, having a disastrous influence upon national as well as upon individual character, is sufficiently clear. Nature always avenges herself upon the miser by narrowing his vision of life, dulling his sensibilities, and usually by reducing his family to beggary at the end of three or four generations. In the wider sphere of national life the effect of avarice is seen in slow progress of art, literature, and religion, and in what M. Renan and Matthew Arnold have both lamented as the

condition of the middle classes of England and the United States, "their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence."

Such national defects can only be removed by the voluntary enlistment of individual wealth in the cause of education and religion.

THE BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Houses of Parliament, or the new Palace of Westminster, are among the most famous buildings of London, or indeed of the world. They are located on the left bank of the Thames, between the river and Westminster Abbey, and immediately above the Westminster Bridge. They occupy the site of the old palace, which was destroyed by fire in 1835, and cover altogether an area of about eight acres. The buildings erected at a cost of \$3,000,000, are in the Tudor-Gothic style, and contain 1,100 apartments, 100 staircases, and two miles of corridors.

Our frontispiece shows the very ornate and effective facade, which is toward the river. The clock tower, 320 feet high is at the northeast corner of the building, and strongly resembles the clock tower at Bruges, so well known through Longfellow's poems. The belfrey is 40 feet square, and has dials on its four sides 30 feet in diameter, while those of St. Paul's are but 18 feet. The great Stephen bell, cast in 1858, weighs over eight tons, but is, unfortunately, defective in tone.

The central spire rises above the main dome to a height of 300 feet. At the southwest corner the Victoria Tower, 340 feet high, surmounts the royal entrance.

The House of Peers is located in the western portion of the building, and is 100 feet long and 45 feet in width and

height. It is one of the most gorgeous legislative halls in the world, and contains the throne, a chair for the Prince of Wales and the woosack for the Lord Chancellor. The stained glass windows are lighted at night from outside.

The Queen's robing room, decorated with frescoes from the legend of King Authur, faces the river, and is separated from the Victoria Tower by the Victoria Gallery and the Prince's Chamber. Since the gunpowder plot of 1605 a thorough examination of the cellars is made whenever the royal presence is expected. In the center of the building, St. Stephen's Hall is built above the ancient crypt of St. Stephen, the only relic of the old palace, which has now been restored and is now used as a chapel. The hall is of noble proportions, containing twelve statues of illustrious statesmen, and separates the House of Peers from the Commons. This is located in the eastern portion of the building, and is much less ornate than the upper house. It occupies the site of old St. Stephen's Hall, and is 60 feet long, with a height and width of 45 feet. The Strangers' and Speaker's galleries (the latter for distinguished visitors) face the Speaker's chair, and are in front of the reporters' gallery.

The foundation stone of this vast pile was laid April 27, 1840. The chief architect was Mr. Barry.

PARRY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

J. H. PARRY & Co., *Publishers.*

JOS. HYRUM PARRY, *Editor.*

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER, 1888.

HE CLOSE OF VOLUME FOUR.

WITH the nex issue of the MAGAZINE Volume Five will begin, the present number completing the fourth year of the existence of PARRY'S MONTHLY.

Four years have intervened since the publishers resolved upon issuing a small literary journal, that should gather the best thoughts, in a brief way, of the foremost writers of the day. All who became acquainted with the early numbers of the MAGAZINE approved of the venture, but much doubt was felt as to the possibility of the continuance of such a journal, which had to make its way to the homes of the people without any special claims upon any class for encouragement or support. By its merits alone, and the perseverance of its publishers, it has become to-day a household paper — a welcome visitor in nearly every town of Utah and southern Idaho. The success which has crowned the efforts of the publishers makes it very gratifying to look back upon the years of toil and study which were necessary to bring the MAGAZINE up to its present excellence and popularity. Years before its commencement its editor had contemplated the publication of such a journal, and believed it would become popular with the reading public, and that it would have a tendency to make reading more popular among all classes.

It is perhaps not over-estimating the

merits of the MAGAZINE to state that it has presented a greater and more pleasing variety of reading matter than any other paper of its size published in the west. The many flattering words of praise which the publishers have received from all classes of readers encourage the belief that the MAGAZINE has made a place for itself in the affections of the people, which will remain as long as the MAGAZINE shall continue to cater to the taste for good reading. Happily this taste is growing among the people, and, profiting by past experience, the publishers will continue to make every effort to place before the readers of the MAGAZINE the best current literature, gathered from the best English and American authors, as well as some of the best efforts of our leading home writers, embracing topics upon every subject within the scope of human knowledge and experience.

Its illustrations, which have always been neat, chaste and artistic, will continue to be an interesting feature of the paper, adding much to its attractiveness when bound in book form.

We have been asked the reason articles from leaders of scientific thought and others who have made more or less stir in the world have not appeared more frequently in the MAGAZINE. Had we followed this course the public would soon have tired of the journal. Such reading will do for a very few

only, and it is more often read even by the few because not to have read such authors is to be out of the fashion. Our aim has been to offer such subjects

as possess popular interest—written for popular reading, by authors who know how to reach the hearts and understanding of the people.



A MOTHER'S FAREWELL

TO HER DAUGHTER, ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE AND LEAVING
THE HOME OF HER CHILDHOOD.

I CANNOT, cannot see thee go,
My cherished darling child;
I cannot, cannot say farewell
In accents calm and mild.

My heart is torn with such distress
As mothers only feel,
Who see their loved ones shelterless,
Exposed to every ill.

How gladly would I shelter thee
From every grief and care!
But now thy home far hence will be—
Alas! I know not where.

But this I know, my aching heart
Thine absence will bemoan;
The very sunshine will depart
With thee, my loved, my own.

Yet, 'tis not for myself I grieve—
Forbid the selfish thought;
Nay, 'tis for thee, continually,
My soul with pain is fraught.

To sorrow, oft there is an end,
To trouble, some relief;

But well, my child, you comprehend,
Mine, is no common grief.

By day and night my thoughts will rise:
My very breath shall be
A prayer to God, the good and wise,
To guide thy destiny.

God grant the lessons learned from me,
E'en from thy earliest youth,
May yet repeat themselves to thee,
As words of light and truth.

In God's own way, in God's own time
Oh, may I yet behold
My darling child, my rescued lamb,
Safe in the Savior's fold.

Be sure of this, where e'er you roam,
Or wheresoe'er your lot:
There still will be a place for thee
Within your mother's cot.

Oh! think it not a little thing,
Thus from a child to part;
You cannot tell how deep love's well,
Within a mother's heart.

EMILY HILL WOODMANSEE.

LIFE IN HONDURAS.

THE season which in the temperate zone is the most beautiful and poetic of all—the Maytime—is, in Honduras, the dreariest of all times. It is the end of the dry season, a time of desolation. The rainy season is preferable. A fair dawn, a clear midday sky, great heat at noon and for an hour or two succeeding, then a gradual clouding overhead, a slight rumble of thunder, and at four o'clock the rain—a splendid downpouring from the rent sky. Sometimes it lasts but an hour or two; sometimes it rains, with brief pauses, throughout the night.

During this season of general barrenness, save where irrigation is extensively and expensively practiced, the chief occupation of those who till the soil is clearing new space for corn. This is done by lighting fires in an ingenious manner. The fire spreads with incredible rapidity, the dryness of everything, particularly the pine-trees and shrubs, makes easy the conflagration. Sometimes the fires burn all night long and present a remarkable spectacle. This method of clearing land is regarded as indispensable, because of the vast number of insects, which cannot otherwise be destroyed. There is, besides, an utter lack of and ignorance concerning any but the most primitive agricultural implements. The common hoe, the native plough, a triangular piece of iron, and the machete, a heavy knife or cutlass, are all the tools they know.

The most notable characteristic of the Hondurans is unflinching good-nature, particularly as displayed towards foreigners. The strangers who flock hither in mining or agricultural or stock-growing interests are always well

received. The natives seem to recognize the necessity of North American push and enterprise being infused into the country's affairs, if the country would advance. Without these it would certainly remain what it has been for centuries—a land of pleasant dreams, of sweet, quaint guitar-thrumming, of dancers moving all night long in the gay *danza* or more lively *polka*, of afternoon reveries and daybreak serenades.

In Honduras every lady has her own saddle-mule. She rides with grace and ease, acquired by constant practice from early childhood. She sits on the right side of the mule—the Central American side-saddle—being constructed the opposite to those used in the United States. The right foot is placed in the stirrup and a tiny but effective silver spur is worn on the heel. The right hand holds the bridle and the left usually carries a sun umbrella. A whip is seldom needed with the spur, although a few ladies who have been in New York have adopted the whip and discarded the umbrella. A wide-brimmed hat is indispensable, and the riding-habit is of grey linen or some small-check fancy in cotton. The poor, who have no mules, walk.

A day's journey on foot of twenty miles is not thought remarkable. Clad coolly in a clean *camisa* with modestly low neck, and short sleeves, and a skirt of bright-hued calico, with a light cashmere or faded silk shawl wound *serape* fashion about head and shoulders, the women make their way up and down the steep and winding mountain roads at an incredible speed. If, as is often the case, they carry a burden, the shawl is let down, a cloth

doubled and placed upon the head in a peculiar way, forming a sort of a nest in which is set the bottom of the basket or "olla," whichever it may be. The "olla" is the earthen water-jar; it weighs three or four pounds empty, and probably holds eight or ten quarts. It is never carried otherwise than on the head. The raising and poising of the full "olla" is accomplished slowly, carefully, and with obvious pride should any stranger stand looking on. But once it is rightly set, the woman bearing it walks away as lightly, easily, and unconcerned as a New York lady trips down Broadway in pleasant weather.

The Honduranian wedding is an event of much ceremony, especially among the richer people. It begins at eight in the evening at the bride's home. All the relatives and friends of both families are present. The patio, with Japanese lanterns hung here and there among the orange and pomegranate trees—and the moon shedding her soft light over all—is thronged as well as the house. The gay music which has been performed by the musicians for perhaps an hour now ceases, or else the band go into the patio and play very softly. The bridal party emerge from private rooms. The mayor appears. The civil ceremony is begun and carefully gone through with. This done, the cure' takes his place and performs a small part of the religious service. After this the cure' goes away. Supper is partaken of, and the ball begins. All night long the music, the feasting, the champagne, and the dancing continue. At four in the morning the cathedral bell is heard. Instantly the merriment ceases. The bride and groom set out, heading a considerable procession of friends and relatives. The priest meets them at the main en-

trance of the cathedral. There is a brief pause. The bride extends her hand and the groom places in it thirteen coins repeating the customary phrase—equivalent to "with my worldly goods I thee endow." The bride responds meety. Then the company, led by the cure', pass slowly towards the main altar and all kneel while nuptial mass is celebrated. This concludes the ceremony. Bride and groom, instead of departing on a wedding tour, go at once to their new home, where a remarkable fine wedding breakfast is immediately partaken of by the relatives and most intimate friends.

SUGGESTIONS TO SITTERS.

A NEW YORK photographer prints a circular containing eight "Suggestions to Sitters" and the following valuable advice "To the Ladies:" When a lady, sitting for a picture, would compose a mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say "Boston," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If on the other hand she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing not suggestive of sweetness, she would say "Brush," the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small, she must say "Flip;" but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say "Cabbage." If she wishes to look mournful she must say "Kerchunk;" if resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate "S'cat." Ladies, when having their photograph taken may observe these rules with some advantage to their appearance.

MONTHLY SUMMARY OF CURRENT EVENTS.

OUR RECORD is closed Aug. 15, 1888.

A NEW dynamite plot was exposed in Chicago, July 17. Its purpose was to avenge the executed anarchists by killing the police inspector, the prosecuting attorney, and the judge who presided at the trial. A lot of dynamite bombs were captured and three of the conspirators have been indicted.

JULY 18, the discussion of the Mills tariff bill was concluded in the House, after a prolonged discussion and debate of over forty days.

JULY 21, the House took up the bill and Mr. Mills made a final appeal in its favor. He said the treasury surplus now amounted to \$129,000,000. The object of this measure was to reduce taxation and lessen the inflow of money into the treasury. He defended the items of the bill severally.

"Sugar," he said, "was found at a duty of \$78.15, and the committee reduced it to \$62.31. The bill cut down the revenue from sugar \$11,759,000. This was next to the largest reduction made in any schedule in the bill. By the tariff on sugar the government got \$58,000,000, with \$6,000,000 protection. In order to get \$58,000,000 into the public coffers it cost \$6,000,000 protection to the sugar planters. But in order to get \$58,000,000 into the treasury from iron and steel and woolen goods it costs the people over \$400,000,000. Why, then, should the duty on sugar be repealed in order that a more burdensome tax at a higher rate on woolen and cotton goods and iron and steel might be retained?"

"The next largest item on the free list was tin plate, from which a duty of \$7,700,000 was received. Not a pound of this tin plate was made in the United States. The industry did not give a man employment in this country, and the placing of the article on the free list would not take a dollar from any manufacturing establishment. Tin plate could be found in the home of every poor man, and the committee proposed to remove the duty and put \$5,000,000 back into the pockets of the poor people of the country. If that was free trade, make the most of it. The next item was salt. Salt had first been put on the free list by Thomas Jefferson. God had made salt for man and beast, and it ought not to be taxed. But because a few people were interested in the salt monopoly the committee was branded before the people of the United States as being free-traders because they wanted to give

back to the people this bounty on an article which God had prepared for them.

"In placing Zante currants, which grew in but one spot in the world, on the free list, the Democrats were charged with being free-traders. Gentlemen on the other side said, 'You must tax the people on their clothes, on their food, on their employment of labor, and if you want anything free take a drink of free whisky.'

"Wool had been put upon the free list, not only to cheapen the clothing, but in order that our workmen might have the making of the \$44,000,000 worth of woolen goods that were imported into this country. It was proposed to let all the wool the people required come in free and let our own people make the woolen goods. This would increase the demand for labor, and thus increasing the demand for labor increase the rate of wages.

The relative rate of duty, by this bill is reduced about ten per cent.

The Mills bill then passed the House by a vote of 162 to 149. The vote was closely divided on party lines, three Republicans and three Independents voting with the Democratic majority, and four Democrats voted against the measure. The bill now goes to the Senate, where it will be met by a substitute revenue-reduction bill prepared by the Republicans. It is known however that the Republican leaders in the House are working against the proposal of any such measure, as they believe that the party should take its stand in a resolute defense of the existing tariff.

JULY 20, Melville W. Fuller was confirmed as chief justice of the supreme court, despite the refusal of the Senate judiciary committee to recommend favorable action. Senators Edmunds and Evarts were the chief opponents of the confirmation. The vote was 41 to 20, ten Republican senators voting in the affirmative.

JULY 20, Elliot Sanford of New York and J. W. Judd of Tenn., were confirmed as chief justice and associate justices for Utah, respectively.

THE "bill for the opening of the Sioux Reservation," sometimes called the "Dawes bill," has become a law. The reservation is situated in the southern part of Dakota, and contains in all 22,000,000 acres of land. The bill provides that when three-fourths of the tribe assent to its provisions, the half of the

reservation shall be open for entry and sold to actual settlers at fifty cents an acre. The proceeds, estimated at over \$5,000,000, is to be placed at interest to the credit of the Sioux Nation. Pursuant to the provisions of the bill for the purpose of negotiating with the Indians, the President appointed a commission, which consisted of prominent men who have had much experience among the Indians. A council of the Sioux Indians met at Standing Rock Agency, Dak., July 23, to consider the proposed treaty. The prevailing sentiment was soon shown to be hostile to the arrange-

ment. The chiefs angrily reiterated the charge that the whites had never kept faith with them, and had broken all previous treaties. The debate continued for several days without making any impression on the leaders of the tribe, and at present there seems little hope that the commission will succeed in carrying its point.

AUG. 5, General P. H. Sheridan, the head of the U. S. Army, died at his summer residence at Nonquit, Mass., after a lingering illness.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ELEMENTS OF PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC. Containing exercises for class drill, both oral and written. By John P. Payson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 55 cents.

The author has attained a very commendable object in the publication of this volume, viz: adapting all analysis and illustrations to the methods of the business world, and has made the work thoroughly practical. Every example has been prepared for the place it occupies, and we believe has never before been in print.

CHIPS FROM A TEACHER'S WORKSHOP. From the "Educational Topics of the Day" series. By L. R. Klemm, Ph. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Many of the articles in this most excellent little volume first appeared in the leading educational journals of the country, and are here collected because they were thought of sufficient practical value to be thus preserved. The "chips" here presented, like the chips used for kindling fires, are of such a practical character that they should help to kindle the fire of enthusiasm in the hearts of all teachers who read the book. Every sentence offers a practical suggestion, and many of the most difficult educational problems are made clearer by the writer's elucidation.

THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS WHO LIVE ON THE ROUND BALL THAT FLOATS IN THE AIR. By Jane Andrews. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 142 pages. Price 55 cents.

This a most charming little classic for home and school, and will prove very interesting reading for the young. The seven little sisters are typical of seven races; and the author's idea is to portray how these "little women"

live in diverse parts of the world, how the products of one country are brought to another; the manners, customs, etc., of different peoples.

BRITONS AND MUSCOVITES; or Traits of Two Empires. By Curtis Guild. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 230 pages. Price \$2.

The present volume is one of a series of experiences abroad or the sights and scenes of foreign travel as seen by an American tourist. The author begins with his trip through England and takes the reader through many of the most interesting and picturesque places of interest in England. A descriptive sketch is also given of the author's journey to Russia, and the result of his observation of cities visited in that country. The book is particularly valuable and interesting to those who may travel over these countries, as it presents such facts representing the localities visited as cannot be found in any guide book.

MEXICO: Picturesque, Political and Progressive. By Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 228 Pages.

The authors give a most interesting narrative of their travels and observations through this interesting country. The attractiveness of the volume may be estimated from the following table of contents: Into the Sun Land, Glimpses of a New World, City of Mexico, Through Lanes and Highways, On the Southern Slope, Shrines and Pilgrimages, Literary Mexico, Blossoms of Verse. Of "Political and Progressive Mexico," its chapters are — From Conquest to Independence, Constitution and Government, Religion and Education, and Revenue and its Application.

SALMAGUNDI.

A dead letter— H with the cockneys.

The wasp has one strong point, but it is not in its favor.

LOVE conquers all things, but it does not always concur in all things. Love is very unreasonable.

"I PREFER my butter bald," said an American boarder to his landlady, when he discovered a hair in it.

HE: "It is strange, dear, we cannot speak without quarrelling." She: "And yet when we quarrel, we never speak."

GUEST: "Do many people visit this beach?" Landlord: "We have quite a floating population during the bathing season."

"I DON'T think you are very smart," said a wife to her husband; to which he responded; "No dear; but everybody knows that I am awfully shrewed."

IMPRESS on your wife that early to bed and early to rise, is the best motto for a woman to live up to. This will insure you you a warm bed at night, and a hot breakfast in the morning-

OLD LADY, to little boy caressing dog: "That's right, little boy; always be kind to dumb animals." Little boy: "Yes, I've a kettle ready to tie on his tail as soon as I get him quiet."

"No, MR. SMITH," she said gently but firmly, "I can never be your wife." Then he struggled to his feet, and said in broken tones: "Are all my hopes to be thus dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?" This was too much for the girl, and she succumbed.

HE HAD been to a high priced oculist about two dozen times to have his eyes operated on, and at his last visit the oculist remarked confidently,—"You're getting along finely, sir, and you'll be all right in a few weeks." "I hope so, doctor, but I can't see now as well as I could at first." "Oh, yes, you can. There's a marked improvement." "But doctor, I know better." "You only think so." "Oh, no; I know." "How do you know?" "Why, doctor, when I first came I could see quite a snug little sum to my credit in the bank, and I'll be hanged if I can see a dollar there now." The doctor ceased his argument.

OLD maids know what a miss-spent life means.

NEVER put off until to-morrow what is due you to-day.

A CITY man is credited with the idea of calling a newspaper *The Umbrella*. He thinks everybody will take it.

THE Latin proverb, "The absent get nothing," was surely never applicable to the American cashier in Canada who got all.

YOUNG man: "Is Miss Brown in?" Maid: "Yes; but she's engaged." Young Man: "Well, I'm what she's engaged to. I should like to see her."

THE French are a queer race. They have a proverb, "Marry your son when you please, your daughter when you can." Evidently the French are not a conventional people.

LANDLORD (to stranger): "The property is worth thirty-five thousand dollars, I wouldn't take a cent less." Stranger: "I don't want to buy. I am only the tax assessor." Landlord: "Oh, I beg your pardon, I should consider myself a very fortunate man if I could get seventeen thousand dollars for that property."

A SCOTCH judge having sentenced a sheep-stealer to be hanged on the 28th of the then current month, the prisoner called out to him, "My Lord, my Lord, I hae'na got justice here the day!" The judge who was arranging his papers previous to leaving the court, looked up with a twinkle of grim fun in his eye, and consolingly answered—"Weel, weel, my mon, ye'll get it on the 28th!"

A GIRL'S COMPOSITION ON BOYS.— Boys is men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls is young women that will be young ladies by and by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam, he said to himself, "Well, I guess I can do better than that if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than he did Adam that there has been more women than men in the world ever since. Boys are a trouble; they are very wearing on everything but soap. If I could have my way, half the boys in the world would be little girls, and the other half would be dolls. My papa was so nice to me that I guess he must have been a girl when he was a little boy.

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